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THE WAY OUT

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A Solution of the Temperance Question

BY REV. HUGH MONTGOMERY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY DANIEL DORCHESTER, D.D.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Rev. Hugh Montgomery is a well-known Irish minister of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is eminent throughout that section for his vigorous and effective use of pulpit, press, and platform in the interest of the temperance reform. Those who have read his entertaining autobiography * need not be told what a fund of wit and eloquence he has at his command, and those who follow this volume to its close will, we think, be repaid by many a quaint expression or glowing figure which could flow from the lips of none but "a live Irishman" of the fine old sort.

Mr. Montgomery takes his own way to tell his story and make his argument. The opening chapters are autobiographical, as are many other enjoyable and powerful passages. The larger part, however, is made up of addresses, sermons, and lectures, which embody the author's answer to the cry of the thousands who are slaves of drink and the millions who are slaves of the drink seller.

THE EDITOR.

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* *Hugh Montgomery; or, Experiences of an Irish Minister and Temperance Reformer.* New York: Hunt & Eaton.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR twenty-five years I have known Rev. Hugh Montgomery. He is one of the livest of Irishmen. Witty, quaint, bold, eccentric, but withal tender, gentle, and persistent; as devoted to humanity as Wilberforce, as incessant in labor as Wesley, as abundant in resources as General Grant, and as true to God as St. Paul.

As a minister, as a reformer, and as a friend, Mr. Montgomery always has had a large following. He soon gets a hearing in every new community entered. In reform work he is always at the front, and with him counsel many public men of large influence.

A radical of radicals, yet he is not hidebound, dry, or bitter, but cheerful, sympathetic, and tactful. The variety of his expedients, the freshness of his methods, and the buoyancy of his spirits is wonderful. In his hands no enterprise drags.

Probably no man is so much feared and at the same time so much revered by the liquor dealers as is Montgomery. He has been the most efficient of all the men I have known in bringing such offenders to justice, and multitudes who have been ensnared in the toils of the alcohol demon call him "blessed."

If any man can show "the way out" of this evil of intemperance Mr. Montgomery can do it. He knows

the case, not as a mere theorist, but as a practical expert from personal inspection and contact.

I am glad this "apostle of reform" has put his views into a volume that the public may have the benefit of them. His style is ofttimes quaint, abrupt, and epigrammatical, but altogether his own. It is certain that at the present time the prime need in the temperance reform is work by fundamental, practical methods such as he outlines.

DANIEL DORCHESTER.

Natick, Mass.

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THE WAY OUT.

CHAPTER I.

The Temperance Leg.

MY life might be considered under the similitude of a three-legged stool, the legs being Temperance, Politics, and Religion. I was born on the old Montgomery estate, which has been three hundred years in the family, near Enniskillen, County of Fermanagh, in the north of Ireland, in the year 1839, of excellent parents, named Alexander and Hannah. Originally from France, the Montgomery family is known principally for its military record through well-nigh a thousand years. The name "Hugh" began with the family and has continued through all its branches. They were Protestants, and bore their full share in the sacrifice and heroism by which the reformed faith had so largely penetrated the British kingdom.

Their daily lives were in harmony with their profession, and their children graduated from the best of schools—a godly home.

When I was fourteen years of age I came to America, and on account of the famine in Ireland, which brought my father into poor circumstances, I was obliged to work. I lived in Lower Canada, and was employed in a store where they had groceries on one side, dry goods on the other, and a bar in the

back end, which was then a department of all stores that did any business.

The proprietor was a religious rumseller; he belonged to the church, and one night he put me at the bar to wait on the customers. Previous to that time I had never heard a lecture on temperance; I had only had the advice of a godly mother, who impressed on me the declaration of Scripture that "no drunkard" could inherit the kingdom of God. That night an Irishman got drunk in our place, and, as usual, he was boisterous in his talk and very wicked and lewd in his language. This pious rumseller didn't want that kind of talk on his premises, and so took him by the collar to put him out, but couldn't do it, and called on me to help him. He finally got him out of the door and threw him into a snowbank five or six feet deep, and then kicked him.

I got along very comfortably about it until I got on my knees that night to repeat the prayer my mother taught me. I got through with the Lord's Prayer all right, but when I came to that prayer that mother taught me, which I hope I never shall get too big to repeat, "Now I lay me down to sleep," I couldn't repeat it. There was that poor unfortunate man before my eyes. Then I thought, if he gets frozen to death he will be damned; or if he goes home and destroys the life of his wife, as he will be liable to do, then what will become of him? I had the tremors that night without drinking rum. I lay all night without sleep, and I went to my employer in the morning, and I said to him: "Sir, God being my helper, I never will

again, under any circumstances, deal out a drop of liquor to any man, nor will I ever touch it myself." That is the way I commenced this warfare against the liquor traffic, and I have kept it up forty years, and intend to till the infernal business is dead. The liquor seller did not discharge me, and respected me as an honest crank in that tippling age.

For years after this episode I was a champion of total abstinence, and influenced many of my companions to walk in the same safe road.

It was an adage in my childhood that an Irishman was sure of three drinks, if he failed to get in any more. One when he was born, "to set the hair;" another at his wedding, "to show how much he loves his wife;" and the third at his death, "so as to scatter the gloom of purgatory and still the pains."

This boy of fourteen who refused to sell liquor continued stanch in his principles and would "touch not, taste not, handle not," in the midst of a dissipated community till he reached his majority.

In 1860 I came to Littleton, N. H. My temperance work was blended with my religious work, and contributed to my usefulness among the people, and the intensity of my religious life made it impossible for me ever after to compromise with the drinking custom, and for forty years I piled up facts and legal weapons and fought "this gigantic crime of crimes."

In 1862, at Newbury, Vt., my trial was greatly intensified when a tipsy man met me, hugged me in his arms, and blubbered out, "You're the kind of a minister I like. You give us the pure Gospel of

the Son of God, and don't mix it up with temperance or politics." I then and there resolved that I would mix it. In many States and on both sides the sea I have presented this cause in all its aspects and relations, not less than twice and sometimes ten times a week for thirty-five years, my audiences ranging from the rustics of the "way back" schoolhouse to the elite of London, in the largest auditorium of the world. In these three thousand five hundred or more speeches every phase of this wide question, physiological, social, moral, industrial, legal, political, and religious, has been thoroughly canvassed to the conviction of unbiased minds, while even liquor sellers by the hundred have been forced to exclaim, "Well, Montgomery's honest, anyway."

From preaching temperance I was soon led to more vigorous efforts against the liquor evil. Some of the incidents which led me to take the matter into the courts may be of interest.

The first was when a reformed man who had received fifty dollars from an absent son was enticed into a "speak easy," got drunk, and I found him beating his pious wife, whose blood was running over her body to her feet. She went to the rumseller and begged him not to sell Colley more rum. He responded to her plea with the vilest epithets, and set a big dog on her, to her great peril and alarm. I went to the selectmen of the town to close up the dirty hole, and got the reply, "We deplore the whole thing, but Clark [the rumseller] is a Republican, the nation is in danger, and it will not do to hurt the party and risk an election. We can't do

anything." I replied, "While we need to save the country, we need help to protect suffering humanity." Next Sunday all these facts were published from the pulpit. This incident fixed my decision that these foul dens can only be suppressed by unflinching use of law, so I tried it on Clark and bottled up the only grogshop in town.

In the towns of Piermont and Grantham my aid enabled the town officials to suppress the "speak easies." In Seabrook, a suburb of Newburyport, the drunken town of the State, I found Frank Jones's lieutenants in open and defiant rebellion, and the place was noted for squalor, vice, and rags. Meeting a parishioner under the swim of rum, I saluted him: "Well, Dudley, what's the matter?" "O, I have got the colic."

"Nonsense, a man don't have the colic in his legs." Dudley replied, "You attack the liquor dealers at the wrong end. They don't care a snap if you pray your kneepans off, so long as you don't prosecute them."

I took the reproof as a bit of wisdom. While pondering this matter, a man woke me up in the morning: "Sir, I have criticised you severely for meddling with that which is none of your business, but my boy of sixteen came home drunk last night, fell over a lamp, and came near burning himself and the house up. I have a few thousand dollars saved by hard toil, but I am willing to sacrifice my money and democracy that the rumshops may be shut up."

I answered, "That's a noble resolve, but it would have been wiser to have come to it before he was burned."

I now felt the obligation, which every conscientious citizen ought to bear, to make these wolves obey the law. Summoning to court at Exeter about forty citizens and two selectmen with whom some of my own converts had drank and played cards, I persuaded the State solicitor to have them testify one by one, the rest excluded from the room, and got forty indictments against the five liquor dealers—such a dose of law that they did not venture to open again during my stay. This resulted in the grandest reformation that ever occurred in this section. I also attended more temperance meetings than the four other ministers put together, and, curiously enough, celebrated more marriages and funerals than all of them. At my departure the liquor dragons held a high jubilee; but they shouted before they were out of the woods. About six months after I returned and gave them a similar dose of bitters. One of the witnesses was tried and convicted for perjury at this same court for his testimony in the defense.

The shadow of this history cast itself before me to Greenland, N. H., my next appointment. The rummies here, like Davy Crockett's coon, shouted, "Are you Montgomery? Well, then, don't shoot, we'll come right down."

The Portsmouth Times, Frank Jones's journal, said that Montgomery would set a half barrel of flour, a pair of boots on it, and a chromo added, to induce drunkards to get religion, because so many of the drunkards were converted there. Many indignant Democrats stopped the paper. In contrast with the chromo theory, we give an illustration of the means

which were successfully used. Winning a little ragged girl to me with a silver coin, who could not be caught with candy, I gained her confidence and secured her attendance at Sunday school. The father was putting her to bed, and had to listen to her evening prayer; she earnestly cried out, "O God, take this nasty whisky out of my papa, and put thy Holy Spirit into his heart." This brought conviction to the hearts of the father and mother, and worked out the conversion of eleven heads of families who were intemperate.

At Great Falls, which had been one of the most debauched and rum-sodden communities in New England, I had a great variety of tragical episodes.

First, I secured the cooperation of the agent of the mills, so that all tipplers who neglected or spoiled their work would not be allowed in the mill unless they signed my temperance pledge and told me where they got their liquor. This furnished the best ammunition for the war, and gave direct testimony for convicting lawbreakers. The officers, who respected their oaths, cooperated faithfully, so that the gin peddlers were driven to great straits, and had to use the most elaborate devices to supply their thirsty customers. Some carried the stuff around in tin bosoms under their jackets. This enforced prohibition had a most happy effect on the population, socially, industrially, financially. For instance, the aid to outside poor dropped from eight thousand to one thousand dollars in a year. The mill agent said that his three thousand operatives netted thirty dollars each per year more to the corporation. A splendid reformation was be-

gun in which all the churches shared, and a new society was built up on the east side of the river. The Rev. A. J. Church was the occasion of my transfer to another field of work. He shall tell how it came about:

"In 1877 my presiding elder used to come and say, 'What shall I do for Norwich? I wish we could do something for Norwich; they have had our brightest young preachers for years, and the churches are going the wrong way all the time; thin congregations, few conversions, societies disheartened, property running down.' I listened to this plaintive strain two years, when I answered, 'Send for my Irishman.' 'Well, who is he?' I told him. 'Ah,' he sighed, 'he will never do. They are so scholarly and refined that they would not listen to a man whose rhetoric limps and whose grammar is broken. O, no, he cannot help me.' 'Well,' I replied, 'if their faith stands in literary taste and finished manners, let them go down. This man can accomplish as much as anyone in New England with a fair chance, for he is a man of energy and resources. If your people wish a preacher to convert, and not a neat performer to entertain them, he will fill their demand.' After close querying and doubting he authorized me to send for Mr. Montgomery without stipulated salary or conditions, except they should find no fault with him the first quarter. In one year the handful in old Central was a crowd demanding extra chairs, and his pastorate of three years is the brightest chapter in its chronicles. The church dressed up in fine shape, a new roof, a one thousand five hun-

dred dollar organ, a membership doubled, a chapel built on the west side, generous benevolences, a debt for current expenses of other years canceled, more dissipated men reformed than the same period ever brought about in the Rose of New England, are some of its items. His first year they consecrated five thousand dollars to God's service. His genial tact in dealing with eccentric people is shown in his success with Father Bently, the most liberal and 'set' man in the church. He always hotly opposed the organ scheme, even driving away noble families who offered to put in an organ free. He declared 'it was a device of the devil,' and he 'would as soon hear a two-year-old bull roar when his tail was twisted as to hear an organ in the church; there is as much worship in one as the other.'

"When Montgomery got through with him fifty dollars of his money had gone into that organ, and he listened to it every Sunday till his infirmities shut him out from the house of God."

That there was hard work to be done at Norwich may be judged from this program of a single Sunday. At 9 A. M. I held a spirited reform meeting in one of the largest halls in the city. At 10:30 A. M. I preached my best sermon of the day. At twelve a large Bible class, sometimes one hundred present. Many drunkards and others were converted. At three I preached or found a substitute at the Tabernacle. On pleasant Sabbath evenings I spoke to crowds on the wharf at six. At half past seven I preached in the church; and these six taxing services were so effective that few Sabbaths passed without signers to the pledge and accessions to the

church. There were four meetings in the week which I attended if in town. In addition I published *The Vim*, which cost about twenty dollars a week, and was paid for by out-of-town lectures. I delivered about as many temperance lectures in New England as the State agents, and the congregations seemed anxious to hear me a second time. Another achievement of the three years was the prosecution and conviction of over two hundred liquor sellers, rebels against the laws of Connecticut—more than any attorney or committee had ever secured in the same time—and holding those who sold by license in terror-stricken obedience to stipulated conditions.

As prosecuting agent my jurisdiction extended over two cities, Norwich and New London, and twenty-one small towns. During two years of my pastorate, many times going to the towns before dawn, I would arrange my forces at daylight to search every suspected den. Seizing their bottles, barrels, and stuff, I would have them arrested and tried, and as soon as they found I could not be scared or bought, the larger portion of the culprits would plead guilty and take their punishment on the spot. This shows that prohibition not only prohibits, but that it also prevents a large part of the accursed traffic where men are in earnest to make it and care as much for the public weal and honor as they do for their ease and dignity. Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain found after careful analysis that no license during this period had reduced criminal and pauper expenses two thirds in New London County.

Half a dozen leading citizens heard some one say,

"Montgomery is going away." "For what reason?" "Three years is all his Church allows in one place." "Go away?" they all exclaimed; "no, never!" That old hero, Moses Peirce said, "Go away? no, he must not go away. He shall not go away. Why, Norwich would go back to where it was. He has done more than any other man here." So I was engaged to ask Conference to be appointed to a little church and be free for this temperance work. The citizens supplied me with an office and clerk, and paid him two thousand dollars a year.

Some one suggested that Dr. Palmer write out a contract and rules for my guidance. That noble benefactor, John F. Slater, exclaimed, "Not a line will I sign of anything of the kind. Here he has done magnificent work three years without any contract or backing in his own way, and paid his own bills! Send him out on this mission with only this limit and charge, 'Go for 'em, and we will pay the bills.'"

"For six years from that time," writes a friend, "Mr. Montgomery went on seeking the lost, lifting up the weak and broken, reforming the fallen and helpless, preaching all over New England to sublime reformation, making life a joy to many who were sick and sad, and making it a burden to those who kept what Father Griffith denounced as the 'Sinks of iniquity and schools of hell.'"

Securing one hundred convictions a year I made the liquor sellers' contributions to the county treasury large, and the profits of the dirty trade very small. Their feelings were very bitter. While making a search in Baltic, some rum miscreant, with

intent to kill, flung a four-pound stone on my head from above, knocking me down, and disabling me for months. I resigned my position because I thought it incumbent on me to do so. In accepting it a series of most complimentary resolutions were passed, closing with these words: "He has fulfilled the duties of his mission with most self-sacrificing fidelity, with great wisdom and kindness, and with the most praiseworthy efficiency; and we would hereby express our profound appreciation of the high value of his services, and the great benefit they have been to the interests of morality and charity in Norwich, and to the general welfare of our community." The committee that signed it represented probably as much wealth and character as any group of men in the place.

Perhaps it was something in my old country blood that generally helped me out of tight places. On one occasion a crowd of angry Irishmen had come to the wharf meeting with pockets full of stones to fusilade me and rush me into the river. The chief of police gave warning beforehand, and begged me as I loved my life not to go. But the service went on. A crowd of the roughs grouped about heard me say, "It is interesting to look into the faces of so many of my countrymen. There is one grand quality about Irishmen, they are always devout. Unlike so many of the Yankees, they are always religious, if not pious." Following a vivid picture of Mary, the holy mother, seeking her resurrected Son, I shouted, "Where is the Irishman who would not promptly take off his hat at the mention of the holy mother and her Son, the

Saviour of the world?" Instantly every Irish head was bare, and everyone was attentive to the service. Then I said, "See these Yankees, who have not respect enough for the occasion to take off their hats," when one Irishman hunched his neighbor and said, "Begorra, don't he give it to 'em?"

Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon said one day to a wholesale liquor dealer, "You could well afford to send Montgomery to Europe for a year and pay all his expenses."

"Yes, we could," he replied, "and we would be mighty glad to do it too, if he would only let us alone."

A few months after I left Norwich I addressed a large audience at Worcester, Mass., on the enforcement of law. At its close Dr. D. O. Mears, the most influential clergyman in the city, said, "I believe that God has decreed that this man shall be here," and moved that all who were in favor of calling Montgomery to this place should rise. The whole audience affirmed the motion with cheers. A committee was appointed to secure a transfer; after six weeks' consideration I took up quarters in Worcester, planted my batteries, and opened fire.

A Worcester paper gives this picture of the first public demonstration: "Curiosity was on tiptoe last Sunday to hear what Montgomery had to say. There was a feeling that he would not have the nerve to tell out in public meeting the names of hotels and drug stores that he found in open violation of law. Others believed he would do it. Mechanics' Hall was crowded like a sardine box, though the largest hall in the commonwealth. Hundreds, and

some say thousands, went away. All classes of society were present. . . . Rumsellers had a large representation; more than sixty of those in the liquor business were present. . . . The temperance people with hardly an exception think Montgomery is the right man for the work, and they propose to stand by him and see him through. A man of wealth and influence said, 'The present movement is the most practical one that I have ever known. It means business.' Another said, 'The temperance tide was never so high in Worcester as at the present time.'

"Professor Fuller, of the Polytechnic School, introduced him in an eloquent speech.

"Some questioned the propriety of his reading out in public the names of the druggists and liquor sellers whom he had caught selling. Others thought that was all right and proper, and others insisted that he ought to prosecute them. Montgomery explained to the people at this meeting that he did not make these purchases as an official or a detective, but for his own information. But if the city marshal sees fit to take up the matter it is open to him to do so. If, however, they are caught selling liquor hereafter this ammunition is ready for service. His explanation was satisfactory, and all approved the operation. A most ludicrous variety of opinions concerning Montgomery and his mission were given in interviews with the liquor sellers during the succeeding week, but it is safe to predict that the hotel keepers and druggists will not frame his picture to hang upon their walls, and they frankly stated they would contribute liberally to buy him off."

Now for want of room the meetings were adjourned to the rink, which would seat six thousand people, and Sunday afternoons each Sunday school of the city which was organized as a No License League marched from its church in a body to the rink. Every Sabbath the rink was filled. A grand chorus choir led the devotion, and to the throng I related a chapter of the doings of the week, closing each address with an earnest appeal in behalf of total abstinence and prohibition. Local speakers rendered efficient service in this splendid educational campaign.

The reports of the work in Worcester going out through the State created a desire for a like agitation everywhere. Answering an invitation for each town and ward to send two delegates to a grand State rally, there came together the best temperance representative body ever gathered in the Bay State. Here was organized the Massachusetts No License League, and a demand went forth which was echoed so heartily from all parts of the State that the Legislature was forced to submit the Constitutional Amendment to a vote of the people. The representative committee of sixteen which was elected to select officers for the State League unanimously requested the Worcester people to surrender their agent for general of this campaign. After deliberation they consented to this arrangement, stipulating only that he must reside in Worcester still, in order to render aid and to counsel them in their local work. Addressing more than one thousand audiences, making up more than half a million of people, holding private conferences almost nightly before or after the

lectures, furnishing something for the press almost every day, taking collections enough to pay all the expense of my own campaign, and pressing these matters with the most urgent motives of humanity, economy, patriotism, and religion, made up my record of service for the next two years and a half. Welcomed to nearly all the Protestant pulpits of the State, greeted with kindest hospitality and cheerfully assisted by all classes of temperance people, it developed a strength of conviction and a unity of action which promises to carry on the reform in the Bay State to a complete and final victory over this "infernal business."

Owing to exhaustion and an intense desire to see souls converted, I returned to the pastorate at the close of this service and accepted the appointment at Woburn, Mass., which is spoken of elsewhere. Here I found a city with a large ratio of foreign population, and, perhaps, as badly besotted as any in the State. Rum held sway without opposition. One man who had served over two years in jail for selling liquor, and had the habit of being elected to every office he wanted, ruled the town, yet within one year Woburn was carried for no license, and an alderman and a councilman had shared the hospitalities of the county jail. The lawyer of one plead before the judge for leniency of judgment because his client was a popular man and was now an alderman of the city. The judge responded, "I will take into consideration that your client is an alderman, and took his oath to make and enforce the laws of the commonwealth, and I feel it my duty to the State and to your client to increase the

penalties from fifty to one hundred dollars fine, and from four to nine months' imprisonment." Such judgments as this would soon unload the docket of the multitude of cases that are appealed, and would make the law effective throughout the State and bring an immense revenue to take care of the paupers and criminals, by paying the fines into the cities and towns where they belong.

This vigorous crusade against the schools of vice in Woburn continued for three years, and had largely improved the administration of law and the moral condition of the town. The reporters of the Boston papers met me as I left, and said, "We are very sorry you are going away, for who will be left to make the news for our reports?" It is a pleasing fact that we may bear record to the zeal and courage with which our successor prosecuted the same line of Christian service, and forced an Irish woman to pay him this compliment, "Och, Montgomery was a bad man, but Dr. Crawford is worse than the divil himself."

Yielding to a unanimous call of the Central Church and of many outsiders in 1892, I was stationed at Lowell, a city ruled by foreigners of the baser sort. On the very first Sabbath I set forth to a crowd the character of the aldermen of the city, giving the names of the aldermen, and showing that they had signed licenses which made them criminals, and they ought each to be subjected to a fine of fifty dollars and costs. In some of the later chapters will be found a full account of further proceedings with the city government of Lowell.

CHAPTER II.

The Political Leg.

HOW I became a politician.

In the fall of 1860 I came to Littleton, N. H., as innocent of politicians and their ways as a schoolgirl. One of the shrewd masters come to draw me to the Democrats by saying that "the Republicans were opposed to all foreigners, like 'the Know-nothings.'" I answered I could not be qualified to vote inside of five years. Politician said, "O, nonsense! We will attend to that; you can be naturalized at once." I refused to take a false oath, and decided that I was done with politics.

Then I began to study the purpose of the Republican Party to abolish slavery and the whole liquor trade. So I could not help join them, and this gave the second leg to my stool, and from that time when the party has put forward worthy temperance men I have used my energies to elect them, while antitemperance and dirty candidates have found me something of a stone wall over which they must scale into seats of power. I have followed the tactics of Neal Dow by going into the districts of base nominees and working up the means of their defeat. This volume is not large enough to contain an account of the many proud aspirants who have picked themselves out of the dirt, though they have often laughed at the fanatic who supposed he could arrest their ascent to fame and power.

A few illustrations of this sort must be given.

One of my first essays in politics elected a Republican governor in New Hampshire and saved the prohibitory law in the hour of its greatest peril. I secured all the best Democrats in Greenland, N. H., to pledge that they would go to caucus, and that they would not use liquor to carry the March election in town. It cost them a four hours' squabble, but it passed. Then the officers were nominated from my church—good, clean men. "Now," says the boss, "you will vote for them, of course." "Yes, for the selectmen, not for representatives." "What, vote against your own brethren?" "Yes; for your party is pledged to repeal prohibition in the State, and they must go with the party, right or wrong. No, I cannot go for the rumshops anyway." My action made the vote a tie, and Greenland was not represented in the Legislature. The governor, a Republican who failed of popular election, was chosen in the Legislature by one majority, and the best of New Hampshire statutes still provokes the wrath of the liquor gang. Soon after this, Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, and I were the orators at a great convention at Fabyan House, N. H., when the six New England governors combined to develop the State Reform Club, and commit their party to the same. Governor Van Zandt said in his impassioned speech on that occasion that he was graduated in a class of twenty promising youths. "I alone am living," said he, "and the nineteen lie in drunkards' graves, and but for the blessed woman at my side I should have stumbled to the same dark doom."

In making a plea for prohibition in Norwich,

the governor said that when presiding in the Rhode Island Senate the question came up, and the liquor men depended on him for he had voted license. He found that certain Senators had, by some sinister influence, been put on an even balance so as to make him cast the deciding vote on a tie. As he was about to cast his vote, he saw on one hand the low-browed, corrupt rumsellers and their victims, and on the other clean Christian gentlemen and women with their faces turned heavenward and beaming with light, and though he knew he should incur everlasting enmity, and probably ruin his own political prospects by doing it, he looked up to God for guidance, and felt an instantaneous repulse fill his soul, and said out loud: "I'll stand by prohibition and cast the vote for the right." It was his best card. He was nominated next year, elected; elected again the next year, and the next, each time increasing his majority. Virtue and integrity won in that fight in spite of the bawdy press, the liquor gang, and Rhode Island's usual political bosses.

In Norwich, Conn., on a later occasion, sixty liquor dealers had been arrested, convicted by the police court, and bound over to the Superior Court. Of course, excitement was now at white heat. Another great outburst of public interest came out in a crowded meeting at Breed Hall, when, on Sunday morning, I brought forth the liquors bought at the druggists. Loud complaints were rife of the sale of liquors on Sunday by the apothecaries, who strenuously denied any such dastardly accusation. Then I gave notice to them that unless they came to me,

confessed their crime, and promised to stop Sunday sales, I would expose the liquors bought in their stores on Sunday, the kind, quantity and price, and denounce them before the public. My friends came and urged me not to do it, "for rumor has it that they have raised five thousand dollars to prosecute you and your detective, and lock you up."

Sunday morning came, and amid a pouring rain came the biggest crowd Breed Hall ever held (fifteen hundred, nearly all men) to hear my accusing speech. Amid breathless anxiety, as I begged the people to care for wife and children while I took my vacation upon jail hill, I displayed the bottles of liquor bought on Sunday at seven apothecaries—giving quantity, kind, and price. It will be impossible in reading this cold story to imagine the profound impression made on the whole city; but there was little grog peddled out on Sundays after that.

When threats did not avail, the threatened dealers resorted to all sorts of slanders and slurs in gin mills, streets, store, and newspapers. They said, "Here comes a wild Irishman, an ape who goes on his rounds of mischief, who pays no taxes, owes responsibility to nobody; comes here to meddle in and break up our business and rule the town." Soon after came the town election. A number of meetings in parlors of influential citizens prepared a good company to attend the general caucus. When it came they marched in in numbers so as to bury the candidates which the saloon politicians had arranged for, three to one. This is the place for diplomacy and effective politics. Get the good

men into the caucuses. The rum Republicans made up wry faces at swallowing the pill, but took it rather than be beaten. As a natural sequel to this victory, drinking and drunkenness were diminished so that the expense of the support of the outside poor came down from thirty-one thousand to fourteen thousand dollars per year.

Here is a nice exhibition of a wily politician caught in his own trap. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, went to Thomas M. Waller, Mayor of New London, to ascertain the results of no license law as we enforced it there. Mr. Waller said, "It is marvelous, and if this continues we will never have licenses again. There are but three prisoners in the jail, and the wardens will be discharged for lack of anything to do. There is nothing for the police to do; the community is all quiet." This was published in a Chicago paper by Dr. Chamberlain's friends. About two weeks after four lawyers were paid three thousand dollars (so it was reported at the time) to go before the Legislative Committee on Temperance at Hartford, "to have local option abolished and substitute State licenses." This same Mr. Waller represented to that committee "that local option was only free rum—that New London was flooded with liquor, and the young men were going to swift destruction, and the only remedy was a high, limited license under the rule of the State. He complimented Mr. Montgomery very highly in his hour's eloquent plea, but insisted that his work was futile, and local option demoralizing." He had earned his fees. Before the others could get in, Chairman Hoyt recognized me. I remarked that I

was sorry that I could not return the mayor's compliments, but I must say that in prosecuting the liquor sellers he had done his work well. I then handed to the clerk the paper with Mr. Waller's statements made before to Dr. Chamberlain, and said, "Gentlemen, it might interest you to know how his honor talks to ministers when he is in his own office and not under pay, and when he talks to you under pay of the liquor sellers. You shall decide when he speaks the truth." The article was such that the other lawyers did not make an argument, and when Waller went out he said, "I've made an ass of myself." It killed the whole project.

Commissioner G—— was in those days the most adroit and powerful politician in Norwich, if not in Connecticut. Elected by the Legislature to be county commissioner, he made his pull on the liquor sellers a rope for tying them to his team. Before these commissioners came all the toddy peddlers, pleading for a chance to be poisoners wholesale to their fellow-citizens, each with one hundred and fifty dollars in hand to silence objectors and pay patriots for voting them a license. My appeals had stirred such a profound interest in the matter that a delegation of the best citizens attended this court daily for five weeks to keep down the number of licenses and prevent the license of lawless characters. At one hearing Dr. Bacon cross-questioned one applicant, Margaret Donovan, whose husband was a drunkard, and demanded what she would do with him. "Do with him, your riverence? I'll keep him sober, sir. I would not let him have a single drap."

Lawyer Shields pleaded for her license and said the difficulty of the drunken husband could be removed, as she had applied for a divorce. Dr. Bacon responded, "What, applied for a divorce, Brother Shields? A member of the Catholic Church apply for a divorce, and break one of the seven sacraments of the Holy Church and expose her soul to eternal damnation, just for a chance to sell liquor for one short year?" She did not get her license. But G—— went on licensing the favorites, whom he could use as political heelers wherever he thought they would do the most good.

In the case of Reuben Brown the license was refused. A week subsequent Brown's license was granted and not a word said about the objections raised. So gross a violation of all rules of courtesy could not be submitted to, and with indignant protest the objectors retired. I had to say, "I can do more for the glory of God and the welfare of my fellow-men in a better place than this court." The day of reelection was coming, and G—— went to Hartford "to see to his fences." Just before this I hired Breed Hall, and to an immense audience set forth the conduct of the commission and gave the history which follows in this epitome: "G——, of Norwich, whose term of officeas county commissioner expires July, 1883, and who is seeking a reappointment by the Legislature, is, in my opinion, a most unfit man to be intrusted with the office. This opinion is based upon his public reputation as a citizen, and my personal knowledge of him as an officer. In 1875, an ex-mayor of the city of Norwich openly charged him in the columns of

the *Bulletin*, when a nominee for the election as first selectman, with being a cool and deliberate liar, with having obtained, or having endeavored to obtain, a bonus on contract for public work, and with having used public positions of honor and trust for his personal advancement. These charges were supported by affidavits, and have never been disproved. A distinguished citizen, referring to his conduct in office, said in a public address, 'He is a man of whom no good is said or expected.' Within a year and a half he has, to my certain knowledge, settled a claim for bastardy brought against him by a soldier's widow in Greenville, paying her three hundred dollars to settle the case. I find that this man is the first director of the Agricultural Society of New London County; one of the by-laws of the society is, 'All intoxicating liquors are strictly prohibited on the grounds. The police will see to the enforcement of this rule.' And yet he broke this by-law by signing himself, and influencing Morgan to sign, the license of Jacob Lierer to sell intoxicating liquors on the fair grounds. I had requested the board before the fair not to grant a license, as the mass of our people were opposed to it. The Norwich correspondent of the New Haven *Register* says, 'Mr. B. is now interested in the Lyles' Beach Hotel, and seems to have struck a rich lead; it was the only public resort hereabout where one could get all the beer he wanted on a Sunday, hence it was well patronized. Fishers Island is in New York State, and rather out of the reach of search warrant officers.' Commissioner G——'s public record is far from being creditable to him. He is a cunning,

unprincipled, machine politician; a disregarder of the Sabbath and a special friend of the rumsellers, the worst of whom he does not hesitate to favor, and the best of whom he dares to dally with, probably from personal motives. As a man, I regard him as unfit for a public position of honor and trust."

The commissioner defiantly proclaimed "that all this bluster would not affect his political prospects. It was all rubbish." And his saloon heelers made heavy wagers that he would be reelected. But we had sent that character sketch to every legislator and the Governor of Connecticut. His horoscope is soon cast. On joint ballot, with all the liquor howlers clamoring for his vindication, he received not a single vote, and has never held public office since.

CHAPTER III.

The Religious Leg.

MY real Christian life began in 1856, at a Methodist camp meeting in Melbourne, Canada.

Seven of us, neighbors, came together in a lumber wagon amid a steady downpour of rain. I was there early enough for the love feast at eight o'clock. An aged saint related his experience in words of sweetness and power, and a tear rolled down his cheek and fell upon the straw. I never saw a tear sparkle as that one did. God used it to awaken my soul. All the day long, amid singing, preaching, and praying, I could hear the testimony and see the tears of that old Christian. Two ministers with arms locked stood up and sung, "Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast." While they were singing Rev. Benjamin Cole, now in heaven, took me by the hand and earnestly exhorted me to give myself to Christ. I yielded to his solicitations and went weeping to the altar. In the four hours on my knees the more I prayed the more wretched I felt. A Christian lady laid her hand on my shoulder and said, "Hugh, you cannot save yourself; just throw all upon Christ." I obeyed, and by faith caught sight of him "who was bruised for our iniquities." The burden of sin rolled away, the glory of God came into my soul, and I arose, praising the Lord. My heart was almost bursting from very joy, and I wanted wings to fly home to my father and mother, that I might tell them what great things the Lord had done for

me. The rest of the night was spent in prayer and praise. On the way home my companions taunted me with all manner of speeches and questions, but I turned to them frankly and said, "Boys, I know God has converted my soul, and all the powers of earth cannot turn me away from Christ." My mother received with incredulity the story of my conversion, but my father took the old family Bible and remarked, "Hannah, it's time we were doing differently when our children are leading us." He read a portion of Scripture, tears filling his eyes, and said, "Hugh, won't you pray for us?" The Lord graciously helped, and during that season of prayer both of my dear parents were powerfully converted. The old log cabin was luminous with light and gladness. That family altar was never broken down till these parents were translated to heaven.

I soon formed the habit of asking permission to pray with families where I tarried for the night. A revival commenced, and between eighty and ninety were received into the Wesleyan Church. Stopping for a night with a farmer, an unbeliever and a fiddler at country dances, I listened to many things said against Christian ministers. It was a great struggle to pray with such a family; in spite of all fears I asked the privilege of praying with the household. Attempting to read the Bible, I trembled so much that I could scarcely distinguish one word from another. I closed the book without reading, fell on my knees, and poured out in broken utterances the pent-up yearnings of my soul. The man and wife remained on their knees, bathed in tears,

and thanked me heartily for the interest I had taken. This brought on my soul one of the most blessed baptisms, such as I cannot find language to explain. With this great blessing came the deep conviction that I must preach the Gospel. Though four years passed before opportunity opened to carry out this conviction, through all the varied and checkered scenes of an intense life, this has been the potent and imperative motive of my action.

Having attained my majority, with my earthly goods in a handkerchief I traveled to Littleton, N. H., and found employment with a farmer for six months. The scrupulous performance of every duty and the conscientiousness which would not let me do extra chores on Sunday won the respect of my employers. The lady was soon converted. My first Sabbath was spent in going to talk with the people about their soul's salvation, and to arrange for prayer meetings in their homes. I said one day to some men boiling sap on Sunday, "You will lose more than you will gain; you cannot outwit the Almighty." As I retired they shouted after me, "Hello, bub; you mustn't come and steal our sugar." "No, sir; but I will talk to the Lord in prayer about this matter." While they slept next day the sugar was all burned up. One of them was heard afterward to say, "I guess that young Irishman and God have an understanding with each other." Afterward I held meetings in their houses by their invitation.

In 1888 Rev. J. E. Robbins, presiding at Claremont camp meeting, said, "Twenty-eight years ago a young Irishman came into my father's neighbor-

hood and wrought as a farm hand six months. An enthusiastic Christian, he held prayer meetings almost every night in home or schoolhouse, till the whole community was deeply moved and greatly blessed. Well-nigh a hundred people were converted during that season from this scattered district. During the heat of summer this revival continued to draw in the very cream of the town. Among the converts were Rev. Nelson Cobleigh, his sister, one of the missionaries in Turkey, Rev. Ellery Carter, and your speaker. Let me now introduce the Irishman." The results that day were like many another incident in my life, the marvel and joy of my colaborers. Scores were converted, saints were sanctified that day. Considerably annoyed by an Adventist, a "soul sleeper," and always quoting, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" and insisted they were both alike because man and beast both breathe air alike, I sent for a mirror. The Adventist asked what I wanted of a mirror. "I want Mr. Shute to have it so that he can look into it and see which way his nose hangs, for it is evident from his last statement that he don't know. I have always thought that a man's nose hung downward, and the nose of the ox inclines upward." Amid the hearty laughter of the country audience there was no more trouble from the dear old soul sleeper.

With a large Bible under my arm, I once met with an ardent whiskyite who threatened to whip me, and seized the Bible to take it away. The intruder quickly found himself lying on his back with

a strong man's knee on his chest, and begging for mercy. This incident moved me to preach my first sermon from "The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." I remarked that I believed in the personality of the devil; not a devil seventy feet high, with cloven hoof and horns, but a devil from five to six feet high, and at the close of the sermon I would exhibit several of them to the people. At the close of the discourse the congregation turned round and saw a band of roisterers who had disturbed the meeting. Pointing to the guilty band I said, "There they are!" I gave them the option to behave or go. They chose to stay, and a number of penitents came forward for prayers. Later this gang met me in the woods, with the intention of whipping me, and mocked me, saying, "If we hadn't any better religion than you have got we wouldn't have any." I replied, "You ought to thank God that I have a religion, for if I hadn't I would break every bone in your bodies." In less time than it takes to tell it the valiants had disappeared.

In June, 1861, Rev. G. S. Barnes handed me an exhorter's license, not making me any more a minister of God than before, but bringing me into the order of the Christian Church as a minister. That autumn I entered Newbury Seminary, whose advantages I enjoyed for the next three years, although at the same time doing more Christian service in the field than most of the ministers in the neighborhood. By the kind attentions of the Rev. W. D. Malcolm I accepted an invitation to preach my first sermon before a cultivated audience. The

anxiety preceding it so affected my physical system that for two days my stomach refused food. The faculty and the people seemed to listen with great sympathy, and to entertain a favorable opinion of the first effort.

As an illustration of the warm friendships with which I have been blessed, and of the fidelity of God to his children when in need, there comes this instance, when I was stricken with a fearful fever. Becoming unconscious on the train, I was left in Littleton in that condition at the station. Deacon Cobleigh heard of my illness and took me to his beautiful home. There for thirty-three days I continued unconscious, and for two months the good deacon cared for me as well as if I had been his own son. Reduced from one hundred and seventy-five pounds to seventy-one pounds, feet and hands cold, the physicians pronounced the end near and certain. My sister, putting her arms around my neck, said, "Hugh, do you know you are dying?" In a faint whisper I replied, "No, I am not going to die. See what a harvest of souls! There is work yet for me to do; the Lord does not want me in heaven just yet." From that moment the tide turned; my recovery was rapid.

In 1861 and 1862 I was pastor in Piermont, where serious dissensions were allayed, the church lifted out of her embarrassments and troubles, and large additions made to the body of Christian people in the town. I was followed in this place by Rev. M. T. Cilley, one of God's royal line, who found the field in fine condition, and it did not deteriorate in his hands. In 1863 and 1864 the presiding elder

put me in charge at East Haverhill, a very weak society, which was greatly strengthened, its church property improved, and the membership more than doubled. The salary was increased from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars.

On the first day of November, 1865, I was married to Miss Anna E. Roberts, of East Hartford, Conn., a young lady of excellent education, a teacher, a good Congregationalist. She has exemplified her fitness to be the itinerant's partner by the evenness and stability of her disposition, and her hearty co-operation with her husband in all his beneficent undertakings. Her firmness and self-possession were instanced when an infuriated man came to the door swinging his fists in the air and demanding, "Where is Montgomery? He lied about me last night, and I want to see him and lick him." She calmly replied, "Won't you step in, sir, and sit down and wait until he comes in?" The man dropped his head and seemed confused, turned on his heel, and quit the field. In a circle of Congregational ministers one of them banteringly said, "Brother Montgomery, how came it that such a noisy, brawling, shouting Methodist as you are should come among the Congregationalists to get a wife?" I responded, "First, I thought I could get a better one; second, I thought I would take a woman who had talent and put her in a Church where she could use it for the glory of God; third, I could add one more to the Methodist Church."

In 1866 I was received on trial by the Conference, and ordained deacon by Bishop Simpson, and appointed to Grantham, N. H. This was formerly a

strong circuit, but, largely demoralized by Millerism, had become a weak and sickly charge. Here the spirit of faction and division was exercised, the great essentials of religion preached and believed, the revival spirit brought to life two hundred souls in the circuit; social meetings were held in all parts, a fine Union Church, which had been a center of demoralization, was brought into Methodism, and the whole society left in cordial union and activity. The only liquor shop in town was closed up, and the conversions of noted drunkards and infidels were marked enough to go into the Acts of the Apostles.

In 1867 the Committee on Conference Studies refused to pass me on one of my studies. The presiding elder, Dr. Church, who had examined me satisfactorily on that study in private, insisted that the Conference would make no mistake in passing me on the studies of that year. "The opposition was so sharp," says Dr. Church, "that I took the liberty to tell the Conference what kind of a man Mr. Montgomery was; that, though not expert in technicalities of book learning, he was a man of profound mind, thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, expert in reading the intricacies of human nature, and a wonderful memory of events and incidents; that he was a man of infinite tact and adaptation, of tireless energy, of robust constitution, and if spared would accomplish more good than any man on that floor. 'I have more calls for him,' said I, 'than any other man has this year. He is a lion, and to my mind the lion is as handsome as a lapdog, although the lapdog is the popular pattern. If he does not understand all the technicalities of history

he will be found every year making epochs in history.' As a sequel to this debate he was passed in his studies, and the bishop sent for him and offered him a situation in Nevada, which would have paid him three times as much money as the circuit to which he insisted on being returned because he must look after the converts and the interests there."

In 1868 my charge was a neighboring town of Wilmot. This place, which had no church organization, no Methodist ministry within fifteen miles, found itself at the end of the year with a good Methodist church out of debt, a fine camp meeting ground, a good congregation in three places in town, and a membership of one hundred. In addition to this work classes were organized and visited regularly in five different towns. A few years after this, before preaching at the Kearsarge camp ground, I raised a subscription of five hundred dollars to complete the payment for the property. To give a clew to this victory one of the converts rushed upon the stand shouting with joy, and gave the evangelist a hug and kiss, shouting, "We shall meet in heaven." In one of the neighborhood meetings a drunken man came in and said he wanted religion, and asked them to pray for him. His wife said to him the next morning, "Do you know what you did last night?" "No; what did I do?" She rehearsed what he had done. He said, "I wish I had been sober; God knows I need religion bad enough." That evening he went, made a full confession of what he did before, and said, "Now I know what I am doing; won't you pray for me?" He was mar-

velously converted, and his family, who made constant disciples, and reached many more of his kind. From this town also we banished the wolves that plunder the people in the grogshop.

The weak and discouraged society at Seabrook did not want a preacher sent them, for the Adventists had drawn largely on their numbers. The authorities of the Church felt that they must be saved, and selected me to do it. By kindly intercourse with all the people, by emphasizing the great essentials of Christianity, by taking personal interest in all their families, the confidence of the community was won over and many of the scattered sheep refolded. Interesting cases of conversion occurred every month; the church was kept in a healthy state of activity, and the singing of birds was heard in the land. In another part of this volume will be found an account of the complete victory over the rum forces of this town, so that the chief antagonism to Christianity was swept out of the way. The spiritual pulse of the church was warm; its membership trebled; its house of worship renovated; a new bell put in; a vestry built, and all left in order and paid for. It was the era of prosperity for the town of Seabrook.

At Byfield, into which the drainage of Newburyport's distilleries carried their miserable victims, I next went with a tent and Gospel service, in which many were impressed, some were converted, and the general condition of the community was sensibly improved. A deacon who was fond of secret toddy talked freely in these meetings, to the annoyance of the good people and amusement of the boys out-

side. He struck up to sing "I'm drinking at the fountain," when the boys shouted out, "Tuttle's fountain! Tuttle's fountain!" (the noted rumshop of the place.) It was a word in season; his exposure resulted in his reformation.

In 1873 my labors were transferred to Greenland, N H. This was a contrast to the wild and reckless population I had dealt with in Seabrook; an intelligent, sober, pharisaical community, who thought well of themselves. They had everything in their religion except the power of God; they loved their church, treated the pastor with politeness and consideration. For the first six months my labors seemed futile; large congregations waited on my ministry; the people were attentive and kind; they paid their church debt and said, "How nicely everything goes!" But the minister was heavy-hearted. No break in the rank of sinners, no hearts subdued by grace, no yearning among the professors for souls, no place for God's spirit to do his work. His burden increased till he was moved to preach from Jeremiah's lament, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," which made a very deep impression on the congregation. I was soon holding meetings in every house that I could find open, where inquirers soon began to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" A good and wholesome revival pervaded the town, and Greenland is a bright spot in the memory of the pastor and his family. From Greenland I answered the call of my friend and former presiding elder, Dr. Church, to help him in a desperate case in Providence. Dr. Church says of this experience: "An

old and discouraged society had reached about the ebb tide of its misfortunes when I was sent to be their pastor. We were building a new and costly church; the cruel panic of 1873 had prostrated business, and it seemed as if we must close the history of Power Street with a funeral. But Mr. Montgomery came to my aid, and in four weeks seventy-five hopeful conversions had occurred, scattered families had returned to their homes, old animosities had been buried, and a movement started that within a year brought us one hundred and fifty conversions, doubled the membership of the church and the Sunday school, and gave us a congregation of five hundred people." About this time my services were called for as an evangelist in a number of large towns. They were especially fruitful in Provincetown, Mass., and in Tilton and Dover, in New Hampshire.

At the earnest solicitation of Bishop Haven I refused flattering offers and devoted whatever energy I had to make the most forlorn field a fruitful one. The influx of foreign population to work the mills had so reduced the Protestant people of Great Falls, N. H., that all the churches had as much as they could do to live. Main Street was the youngest and the weakest of them all. With a membership of forty-two, a slender and disheartened congregation, they could barely promise eight hundred dollars' support. To this field I was sent. The few brethren and sisters there rallied with great courage to the pastor's side. Soon evidences of revival developed, stout-hearted sinners were every week seeking the Saviour; at almost every service the

church was crowded. The ablest men in the village lent their cordial aid to this struggling society. On the east side of the river quite a village had grown up, among whom we organized a class; soon we had preaching, and the second year the church was built which has become one of the strong stations in Maine. So general was the religious interest that all the other churches took new courage for pushing God's war, and the most hearty cooperation of all denominations signalized this period. During one season the converts were so numerous that I baptized in the river every Sunday morning nearly all the summer. Our people repaired and beautified the church, put in a pipe organ, built a barn, paid the pastor a third more than ever before, and contributed a full share to the benevolences. Before Salvation Army methods were known, with an improvised platform and a corps of redeemed drunkards, I would hold a fifteen-minute service in front of two or three of the kitchen dives. They would sing to gather the crowd; I would pray a most fervent prayer into the face of these dens; and two or three of their former victims would relate what they suffered while customers there, then show their good clothes and healthy countenances, and relate what religion had done for them. The procession would then march for the church, where the usual week-day service was held, and sinners be convinced and conquered. It was run on the principle of free church, and the expenses met by weekly offerings. The numerical results were as gratifying as any church can show in the same time. The most notorious rumseller in

New Hampshire resided here, the terror of the village, whose location was named "Blood Corner." His talented and beautiful daughter felt so keenly the wrong of his business that she refused to participate in any way in its income. He would have her richly dressed; she wore the plainest. The beautiful piano she refused to touch for fear she might hear the wailings of robbed children in its cadences, and when her parents went to the Exposition in Philadelphia she emptied his old choice liquors on the ground. He was so enraged that he secured a jury of physicians to pronounce her insane, and in secret hustled her off to the Concord Asylum, from which she was released when her aunt discovered her condition, and took her to her own home. Such is the tender mercy of the man who can make his living by selling rum.

In one of the most abandoned districts of the town there existed a most wretched family, slaves to drink, both husband and wife. The pastor found them out, drew them to the church, got them sober and converted, and they remain to this day faithful Christian people, owning their own house and supporting liberally the Church of God. A large number have exhibited equal proofs of the genuineness of true reform which begins with the grace of God in the heart and works outwardly in lives uplifted and blessed.

Elsewhere in this book it is related how I came to go to Norwich, Conn., where I pushed forward the work of a pastor while doing two other men's work in the lines of reform. A brother minister says: "He preached more than any other pastor in Norwich;

to larger audiences than any other man in Norwich, though, perhaps, not with all the arts of oratory and the ingenious devices of learning. The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, a free and full salvation offered to every human being with the alternative of death and damnation forever if the overtures were rejected, were the tremendous themes of the preacher's discourse. He wasted no time in theological hairsplitting. He spent no energy in making war upon any part of God's army, but with a catholicity that every good man could feel, he stood the champion of the truth and the ally of all that is good. His critics have often said that he was a sensational preacher; that he studied to produce instant effects. It is not true if that means to conjure up oddities or to make the people stare at his extravagances, or to hurl immense anathemas at obsolete sins. There are no studied efforts that make these profound impressions. But if to be a sensational preacher is to seize the living truths of God and put them to human consciousness with the force that carries conviction; to seize the grand march of events and tragedies which take place about us, and so combine them that the indifferent public shall own its relation to them and help alleviate, he is a sensational preacher. Rare are the men that can see current events, and much rarer the men that can utilize them in marshaling the careless and selfish in efforts to reduce the sum of human misery. He is a great student, not merely in books, but of all the phases of human nature and of human life, and of all the marvelous transactions of the day's doings. Few men can preach as many

sermons and give as many addresses in a year, and repeat themselves less, or say less that is flat or trite or irrelevant to his subjects. No man's words have been repeated in the public press of New England as much as his the last fifteen years. None have discussed more pertinent and important questions; none have addressed the ruling minds of New England, on subjects which ministers are generally afraid to touch, than the subject of our sketch. While the rum politicians have been holding their close scrutiny over the ministers of the Gospel, and have forced thousands of them into a guilty silence upon this subject, this champion has given courage to thousands of them to scorn these trammels and dictates of the boss, and to preach the truth on the temperance question as boldly as any other. Not sneaking along in the rear of public opinion, he comes boldly to the front regardless of personal consequences, determined to make public opinion, and to set it right." *

Central Church, Norwich, had a membership of one hundred and eighty-two, all told, when I came there. The Sunday school numbered one hundred and fifty; the congregation seventy-five; poor in everything but its wants. At the close of three years' service the church membership was three hundred and twenty-five; Sunday school, three hundred and fifty; and over one thousand persons had, in answer to requests for prayer, been lifted up and blessed in connection with the work. More than two hundred drunkards, degraded, abandoned,

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* Rev. A. J. Church.

hopeless, had taken the pledge, started on a new life, and most of them were walking on the sunny plains of prosperity. Some wealthy drunkards had been reformed and had saved themselves and their estates from wreck and ruin. Hundreds of homes had been brightened by the smiles of love and happiness which liquor had once driven away. During this three years the saloons adjoining the place of worship had disappeared, and comely surroundings succeeded. The society, numbering no wealthy people, had raised five thousand dollars in addition to its large current expenses. During the next six years I was retained in Norwich by a committee of citizens not Methodists, for the work of religion and reform, preaching, lecturing, visiting in every part of Connecticut, and successfully prosecuting the liquor sellers. The results of these years cannot be tabulated, but they ushered in an era in which practical Christianity produced rich fruitage, in which eastern Connecticut saw her happiest days.

Suspended from activity by a cowardly and well-nigh fatal assault, I resigned, and accepted a call to a similar service in Worcester, Mass. Here the work in reform was as extended as ever, and, I think, not less useful—certainly so exhaustive that I had but little time to give to religious work. Even then I preached more than most ministers do; but the execution of the no license law in Worcester city and county, engrossed nearly all my time and strength.

One of the most influential committees ever called in Massachusetts, sixteen strong, came and solicited that I might canvass the State in the interests of

no license, independent of sect or party. The Worcester friends surrendered me to this broader field, and in a little more than two years I addressed a half million of citizens in a thousand gatherings. By these endeavors a lively interest was stirred up, and if the constituency had contributed for the campaign one fourth of the money and effort to carry constitutional prohibition that its enemies did to thwart it, Massachusetts would have regained that station where she proudly lived before debauched politicians and journals destroyed her dikes in 1868, by listening to the paid attorneys who persuaded them to enrich the State by taking a revenue on the vices of the people.

Yielding to the very urgent call of an imperiled church at Woburn in 1888, I returned to the pastorate. At the end of one quarter the presiding elder declared that he could hardly believe that it was the same society, and that the preacher was more wonderful as a pastor than as a temperance worker. Selling out their valuable property on the public street, they liquidated their oppressive debt and went forth to build a new and comely sanctuary in a choice spot, sufficient for the needs of years to come, and its expense, twenty-three thousand dollars, was either paid for or covered by subscriptions. Many who had wandered away or relapsed into chronic discouragement now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. The congregation filled up with a thoughtful throng, and sinners were seeking the Lord every month of the three years' service. Many of the disciples marched up to the heights of Zion, walked in

the sunlight of God and delighted themselves in the sweet fellowship of the Spirit. All this time I was intensely interested and much occupied with the work of the Massachusetts Anti-saloon League; with the effort to carry the State for local prohibition, and also in compelling venal and reluctant officers to execute impartially the laws of Massachusetts and save themselves from the shame and sin of perjury.

At the close of the third year I declined a reappointment, to accept a larger field at Lowell. The poor people of Woburn, in their high appreciation of their usefulness to them, presented Mrs. Montgomery with an elegant dress, and the pastor a costly gold watch, and would not receive a dollar toward it from any person of means, or who drew a salary. Both Protestants and Catholics worked together in this kind demonstration. The society enjoyed a healthy growth during the subsequent ministrations of Dr. Crawford.

The "Great Iron Wheel" thus dropped the writer in Central Church in the "City of Spindles." This has been an enterprising and useful church for many years under able and eloquent pastors, but by reason of the change in the nationality and character of the mill operatives, the Protestant churches of Lowell have had a much more arduous struggle in later years. The congregation and membership were reduced, the church in a dilapidated condition, but the new preacher was warmly welcomed by a kind and devoted people, who have heartily supported him in his efforts to build up scriptural holiness in this town. The great variety of religious

and reform services which he has operated elsewhere have been efficiently worked here with an addition of a "Gospel Wagon;" this is managed by a dozen young evangelists who sing and exhort the gathering throngs, which have always been quiet and attentive, and many of whom accept the invitation to attend the vestry service at the church every Saturday night. In this way both Protestants and Catholics have heard the "old, old story," and many of the converts in the church were drawn hither from the open-air service. This has stimulated religious work and temperance efforts all over the city, so that the Baptists have a Gospel wagon in service, and employ a French missionary to labor with their people, and within the last year have organized a French Baptist church, within which sixty French converts have avowed their faith in Christ. The Young Men's Christian Association is also doing a good work in the same line.

In four weeks from the time they attacked the black ceiling, broken windows, awkward pews, and worn-out carpets of the old Central Church they were ready to rededicate one of the brightest and most agreeable assembly rooms in the city, newly furnished. The bill of thirty-six hundred dollars was nearly all subscribed and was paid within seven hundred dollars, which deficit is owing to the hard times. The current and benevolent expenses for the year 1893 were forty-three hundred dollars, all of which was raised without a collector, or rented pews, or festivals, or fandangoes. Furnishing the pulpit with supplies of excellent talent, I spent my summer vacation in my first trip to my native land.

During an absence of ten weeks I addressed the public forty-two times. Spending a week in Ireland at Enniskillen, Irvinstown, and Bella Nemallagh, the center of the Montgomery tribe for three hundred years, and then away to London in the great assembly hall of the "World's Mission," where I addressed thousands thirty-four times.

Here Fred N. Charrington, one of the most fearless Christian reformers in the world, is giving an exhibition of practical Christianity never surpassed in its value. This man, son and partner of one of the largest brewers in the world, refused to be sharer in the infamous business which would have brought him five million dollars annually, and consecrated himself to save the victims of drink, and undo the mischief his father had done. A Scotch merchant said of him, "I know of no man in the world whose history is more like Moses than Fred N. Charrington's." Here on the Mile End Road he has created the noblest building consecrated to charity, costing not less than half a million of dollars. He has a splendid coffee palace, a book saloon, a hall that will seat five thousand people so posed that every person can see the speaker on the platform, and a suite of offices for his secretaries, for ten different clubs, Christian associations, and building societies—all of which are run on strictly Christian principles, and no services are allowed in the great hall, or in the clubrooms which would be discordant with a Sabbath day service. The establishment is thoroughly Christian, and allows none to become a member of the mission, or to preach in its clubs or hall, unless

thoroughly evangelical in sentiment and pledged to total abstinence. On no condition will he allow a man to preach who is confined to his manuscript. I asked him, "Why not?" "Because," he said, "no man can do it and hold my audience."

This glorious mission has been run for twenty-five years without the break of a single night, and seldom a service that does not bring some trophies into the Redeemer's kingdom. I asked a Primitive Methodist pastor near by, "Doesn't this vast assembly, with best of preaching talent and chorus choir, draw away from all the churches of the neighborhood?" He replied: "It does not harm those where the churches are alive and aggressive, but where they are dull and prosy it draws away from them, for the people demand something different from dead formalism." Here I preached for five Sabbaths and on twenty-four other occasions. In one of the hottest summers of this generation my Sunday congregations averaged four thousand people, and week days from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred. A little of the fruitage of this mission was the conversion of one hundred and thirty sinners—a number of whom were Jews, some Catholics—and the reformation of scores of drunkards. Every Thursday night is devoted to the reformation of drinking people. The crowds are immense and the enthusiasm is intense. A band furnishes the music; the best of talent is employed, and the whole house is thoroughly canvassed for signatures at the close of the appeal. As soon as anyone starts for the platform to take the pledge the band

bursts out in a jubilant strain, and the crowd strengthens him with vociferous cheers. As soon as the big meeting dissolves the dissipated who have refused to sign have to run the gauntlet of a crowd of exhorters, men and women, for squares away, who say: "Come and sign! Come and sign! See what temperance has done for me! Good fare, nice clothes, money in my pocket—that's what temperance has done for me. Come and sign, Bob." Often they are captured, march up, and sign. But, alas, London has thirty thousand schools of vice that ply the villainous art of temptation seven days in the week and most of the nights, tended by the prettiest women they can find "as barmaids," where they strive to undo all that these noble charities have done by corrupting the innocent and dragging down the reformed. And these have the indorsement of many church people, and, sadder still, many of the breweries and saloons are owned by members of the church, and some by the clergy.

A very handsome greeting was accorded the pastor, with singing of original hymns, addresses, and warm cheers, on his return home. The Gospel work was carried on with the same fidelity on the voyages over and back, and it is hoped with beneficent results. During these five years of pastoral work his temperance lectures, formation of anti-saloon leagues, thwarting the schemes of political bosses, and efforts to compel the execution of laws by officials have probably amounted to more labor than any temperance agent has been able to do, and it is a surprise with what cheerfulness his churches have accorded him the time necessary to

perform these special efforts for the public weal. And in spite of all the fears and shakings of the timid, lest in doing their duty they should drive patrons from the congregation, we are proud to say that not a single member has taken a letter or forsaken him on account of his strenuous temperance career, and the men that other cautious pastors feared in other denominations have come forward to pay his bills.

CHAPTER IV.

Enthusiasm.

NO greater need of these days exists than the demand for Christian people who are full of enthusiasm. Through the history of the race some men have been filled with the inspiring love of God, and made the centers of his uplifting power, to carry on God's enterprises with grand energy and profit. What a large portion of his witnesses have fallen short of the full measure of their influence for lack of this sublime endowment! Their religion has been a formalism; their work a prosy routine, and their products *nil.* Now, why should a Christian man be slothful or dull? The successful business men are enthusiastic, the politicians are hustlers, and the crowned soldiers heroes. In contrast with these how large a portion of the Church goes through its services as if they were an irksome task, as if it were tedious, and they were glad when it was done.

How few of the advocates of religion bend all their energies to convert and save men! They see an attorney before a jury put himself with intense zeal and tireless labor to carry his point where a few thousand dollars are involved, yet they, while infinite interests are pending, are formal and dull.

While so many of us in religious matters are content with easy pace to tread the round of our ceremonies, few saints quickened, few sinners converted, few missionary fields occupied, let us look at the

inventors of this century. How almost every man who has mastered a secret of nature has been a self-forgetting enthusiast, using up his time, his energies, his health, all his own money, all he could beg and borrow, often risking the insane asylum, that he might make "that thing work."

Bishop Foster, returning from his around-the-world journey, gave us a "description of the beggary, squalor, misery, and blindness of the heathen nation, eight hundred millions of which have never heard a missionary. He said: "O brethren, could you see and hear them in their agonized cries for help, could you then be so indifferent, would it be so difficult to get a missionary and a support? Could you see the horrible abuses of Romanism and rum among these helpless heathen, you would feel it a stern rebuke of the apathy and stinginess of the American Churches." What a contrast to the sleepy and impotent formalism of our times was the zeal and sacrifice of the Crusaders in the Middle Ages. True, it was only a bit of sentiment that sent them away into far-away lands to rescue the holy sepulcher from the hands of the Saracen. But it emptied Europe of the flower of its chivalry, of its culture, of its cloisters, of its yeomanry, that it might possess this bit of the Holy Land. And we, who have the world to conquer freighted with human souls, more precious than the jewels that shine in the crowns of royalty, how negligent we are, how sluggish and selfish while the Master commands, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

A like humiliating picture may be drawn at

home. Mark the intense zeal with which the politician pursues the wreath of official preferment. Night and day, by fair means and by foul means, using friend and foe, even wives and daughters beyond the limits of modesty and reserve, all are forced to the point of his success. And is "not an eternal weight of glory" which may be won in Christ's service worth as much as the petty place and honors which this worldling seeks with such intensity of heart, and is short-lived at the best?

How does the man who says, "I will be rich," subordinate all other things to this one ambition, and yet we who may get the "true riches" are so often frittering away our high opportunities in inglorious ease and self-content! O, happy will the Christian be who can say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Happy the Christian woman who tramples on the calls of luxurious and frivolous society, and earns the encomium of the Master, "She hath done what she could."

Do we realize the value of a human soul? It stands at the head of creation, last and grandest that was made. It is endowed with capacities which an angel might covet; it has wrought achievements of vast and sublime character; it was purchased with something more than human notation can measure—"the precious blood of Christ." It will live on when Bunker Hill Monument is wasted to dust, and a diamond is fretted to atoms. This is the object for which we toil, and yet with a coldness and shiftlessness that would be a shame to the politician or the inventor.

During the first hundred years of Methodism in

this country a sublime religious enthusiasm carried them forward, so that with an apostolic, a chivalrous courage and indifference to personal ease and honors, they spread an intense religious fire and human impulse that made this nation. No grander success of a hundred years was ever written of any Church. If with all our appliances, churches, schools, presses, societies, we could devote ourselves with equal enthusiasm to the divine mission, we could expel the demons of rum and Romanism and make this great nation intelligent, sober, free, and make this God's country, and convert the slaves of Rome and liquor into pure and patriotic citizens. Our fathers did it, so might we.

Alas, alas, that so many who have tasted the heavenly gift are content to be respectably pious and go through the motions of a formal and lifeless religion!

Shall we compel the Master in his disgust with lukewarmness to say, "I will spew thee out of my mouth?"

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city." Break the bands from thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion, for great is the Holy One who is in the midst of thee!

CHAPTER V.

Christianity in Politics.

"But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"—James ii, 20.

OUR praying for better government and wishing for prosperity for the people will amount to nothing while we fail to vote for good men. Government is an ordinance of God and an organ of public will. Good government is necessary to the improvement and happiness of the human race. When a government fulfills its proper functions, what do we owe to it?

First, Obedience. This we should render cheerfully, constantly, and conscientiously; it is due to ourselves, to our fellow-man, to God; we must not demand perfection before we render obedience.

Secondly, We owe it honor. He who does not respect the maker of the law, its judges, and ministers, will be likely to infringe the law. Reverence for rulers has therefore an important religious bearing.

Thirdly, We owe it support. Righteous rulers rightly deserve their compensation. It is wicked to rob the revenues; we should pay taxes, not merely as a patriotic duty, but also as a matter of duty to God.

Fourthly, We owe to civil government our prayers, and our rulers should represent our prayers. What is our duty, then, if government fails to protect its subjects in their health, property, and morals?

Some feel no concern provided their own rights are secured. This is a gross injustice ; by the very compact of society it is bound to protect its members and their rights and interests, and the government is its agent. Every man is responsible to the extent of his power and influence for the wrongs which government inflicts. He is to be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well, who bears the sword of authority ; and the golden rule is a perfect gauge by which every citizen may measure his obligations to his fellow-men. But suppose government requires the subject to do wrong, shall I obey? Not while there is a God in heaven. The higher law is the good citizen's rule ; but we can do something more than to refuse to obey wicked and corrupt men ; we can, and should give our people light on how they should vote. But I see some pious soul turn up his nose and say, " Ministers should not interfere with politics; they are ignorant on political subjects." Perhaps we may inquire if politicians are not ignorant on moral subjects and political subjects also. Whence the horrible blunders, abuses, extortions, which have so largely prevailed ? There is a certain sense in which ministers should not be politicians, and the Church and State should be always separate; but, thank God, the pulpit of this land has nothing to fear in the exercise of its proper duties toward the State.

The churches of America outgrow and outshine all the other churches of the world. No longer let the Church be found in league with the State against the liberties of mankind upon the plea that she cannot live without royal favor. From the first Jesus

said, "My kingdom is not of this world." His birth, his life, his death, furnished the comment on these words. He would have his ministers free from political scheming, not neutral—this is unworthy of any man—but independent, so as to be able to judge without reserve or hesitancy when men "frame mischief by law;" in other words, legalize the liquor traffic, which in magnitude rises above other evils as Mount Washington rises above Bunker Hill. But some one will say that the course that you now advocate will carry religion into politics. The redemption of the world from sin and ignorance and vice can never be accomplished until the Christian religion is infused into the politics of the whole world. The best Christian work is not all done in the prayer meeting, but in the caucus, the convention, the editorial rooms, and at the polls. In order to genuine reform ministers and members, male and female, must work practically in politics. When caucuses are opened by prayer, and conventions are governed by principle, then will the legalized liquor shop be abolished, the holy Sabbath be observed, and heaven be near. If there is a man on earth whose character should be framed of sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform to scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. Therefore we ought to see to it that he is not a pothouse politician. Let me draw you a picture of a pothouse politician: He is a mirror of no face of his own, but a smooth surface from which each man of a thousand may see himself reflected; he favors law and dislikes it; he

approves temperance and sells it out; he is on both sides at once, and wishes he could be more on one side than on both sides. He is known to attend temperance meetings, and at election make every grogshop free to all drinkers; he can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance or toss off his glass of grog with dirty politicians in the low dens. He thinks there is a time for everything: at one time he swears and jeers with the vulgar crowd, at another place he poses in the attitudes of devotion; he is a Methodist when he is with the class leader; the next day he makes himself one with the Presbyterian; he advocates Andover doctrines with the Congregationalists, and when he meets the liberalist he abhors all creeds. He is not a bigot, and you will find him very complaisant with the Roman priests. Upon the stump his tact is no less versatile; he roars and bawls with great plainness on points upon which all agree, but on subjects where men differ his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot, that he may tip either way.

Now the object of the Antisaloon League in this State (Massachusetts), independent of party, is to support clean, conscientious men who are not in sympathy with the saloon, and to get the clean men and women to the polls, and to draw into concert of action all classes which are hostile to the rule of the saloon. There are in Massachusetts six hundred and twenty-five thousand men, and as many women who ought to vote, yet the highest vote in the most fiercely contested election has only been fifty-four per cent; the balance, or the dumb vote, is forty-six per cent of all the citizens, and the worst

feature of it is that what we commonly call our best citizens are the dumb voters who stay away. Were these voters to unite with us, the liquor business, mother of these enormous abominations would be suppressed, this flood gate of crimes would be closed, and peace and plenty fill the land. The time has come when all good men and women who stand aloof and leave the management of political affairs in the hands of political bummers should come forward and take their share in the battle for temperance, education, and religion.

Is it right to license? Can good men and women license that which gives men power to mar the image of God in their brother man, to deal out insanity, idiocy, disease, and vice among men, women, and children? Right to license that which commits five hundred murders and five hundred suicides every year? Right to license that which makes seven hundred thousand paupers in a land of plenty, and drives one hundred thousand women to the street as vagrants to beg or to do worse; which thrusts thirteen thousand little boys into reform institutions, where a mother's love can never reach them? Right to license a monster which destroys our people, consumes our substance, impoverishes our nation, debauches our people, and lays its ruined victims in every cemetery in the land; which is tearing the sinews, poisoning the blood, and frenzying the brain of millions of people? Right to license a system that corrupts the ballot box, scoffs at justice, subverts the will of the people, and defies the judgments of God? Following in its train are licentiousness, hate, revenge,

cruelty, madness, and all the furies. Right to license its fiery fingers to burn out the love of father, mother, sister, brother, wife, and child, to leave their bosoms calloused and blackened as with caustic of hell? No, we cannot have these dens open under our church spires, alongside our day and Sunday schools, to ensare the thoughtless and careless to their ruin. Is it right to license a system that costs us twelve hundred millions of dollars a year to blunt the intellect, deaden the conscience, and debase the morals of the body politic, when our whole system of education and religion costs less than one tenth of the same? Do we comprehend the enormity of this national vice, or consider who pays the bills? With these facts before us we vote for license, when from the reports of judges, wardens, and police, the conclusion is certain that eighty per cent of all the crime, poverty, and wretchedness among us are the issues of the liquor trade. Who can plead for such a system? What minister is brazen enough to justify such a practice? What journal would dare to say the liquor trade is right and useful, and a good citizen will encourage it with his vote? No, "it is evil, and only evil, and evil continually."

Let us seize the strong arm of the law and smite it down forever. The bottle is to-day the mightiest barrier against the salvation of the world, and yet there are men who would brave eternity unpardoned rather than vote for prohibition. Can you, in your family, on your knees, repeat the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," and then go and

vote for license, or vote indirectly for a man who you know will license? O Christian man, try to measure this ever widening area of misery, crime, and death before you vote to perpetuate it! Is it nothing to you that a wail of anguish arises from millions of American women who sit down in despair amid the hopeless ruin of their homes and hopes? Is it nothing to you who sustain them that nearly all the men who will get these licenses care nothing for their oaths, laugh at the restrictions of their licenses, and will tread under ruthless feet the covenants they made and the laws you have sworn them to obey? He is a criminal, he is accustomed to do evil, "he cannot sleep unless he causes some to fall." In the name of the merciful Christ let us help to stay him in his ruthless course of brigandage and ruin, and defend him against himself. Come, then, all who have been standing aloof from public affairs and let us revolutionize American politics, break up these bad partnerships and inaugurate an era of just laws, purified politics, and upright officials.

The only way out of this awful muddle of confused forces is for all good men and women to come into concert of action and decide that they will vote for no man and no party that holds alliance with the license system. We cannot perform our political obligations by repeating impotent prayers, hackneyed resolutions, and fervent wishes for relief.

This interpretation of the Lord's Prayer and license shows the folly of believing one and voting the other way. Think of praying "Hallowed be

thy name," and then voting to license the liquor traffic, which causes God's name to be continually blasphemed; "Thy kingdom come," and then voting for that which hinders the coming of his kingdom; "Thy will be done," then voting it shall not be done; "Lead us not into temptation," and then voting to place temptation in everyone's path; "Deliver us from evil," and then voting for the greatest of evils, if so be a little money may come to the city or town treasury; "Give us this day our daily bread," and then voting to license that which takes bread from thousands of almost starving children.*

* This sermon went to over five hundred thousand readers the day after it was preached.

CHAPTER VI.

Church Union in Antisaloon Work.

HISTORY informs us that every moral reform has been born and nursed in the Church. No work has a stronger claim upon Christian men and ministers than that of saving society from the crime of drunkenness. We want every man within the reach of our churches to become a member of some working force and a total abstainer, for our Lord says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself," and the great apostle clinched this glorious precept, when he said, "It is not good to drink wine . . . whereby thy brother stumbleth." Upon this immutable rock of self-denial we want to organize. We, as Christians, have in our hands the only remedy, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and we should so mold public opinion that the licensing of this abominable traffic would be impossible. Vice of any sort only asks of the Churches to be let alone; grant to it toleration and it will take care of itself.

The object of the movement I present is to secure the active cooperation of our Churches in the great work of drying up the fountain from which all this misery flows, and to quicken conscience as to the great sin of granting licenses to sell this liquid poison. There is no other human occupation that is restricted by a license; therefore it should not be limited or regulated, but destroyed. But I hear some men say this is an intrusion upon their personal liberty. One says, "I have a right to sell, if it

does bring misery upon others." Another says, "I have a right to drink." But I ask, Has not the wife of a man, whom he has sworn to protect, and who, by his drinking habits, has been reduced to penury and want, some rights? Have not his children, whom he is bound to clothe, educate, feed, and protect, some rights? Is it not the duty of the State to make such laws as will fully protect every otherwise defenseless member of society, and secure the greatest good to the greatest number of people? Now the rum traffic benefits the dealer and the manufacturers; but for every dealer who profits there are a thousand persons who suffer by his business. Shall the law favor the one or the thousand?

There is but one thing to do with the traffic, and that is to crush it out. But we hear some say that moral suasion ought to be the principal agency employed. I admit that it has been a useful agent in bringing the poor drunkard to Christ; but it has not been the only method. We are told by the liquor dealers and their sympathizers that law never made virtue. It is certain that law asserts and defends virtue. Law has proved itself to be the friend of liberty, and every American citizen ought to see that it is enforced. Hence, we, the friends of temperance, should never relax our vigilance in the rigid enforcement of the law. Experience has proved that the only thing that reaches the root of the evil is that which expresses itself in legal arrests and penalties. It is at that point we begin to endanger their business. Rumsellers are well satisfied to have us confine our work to redeeming the fallen; to sing and pray as loud and as long as we

please. All they want us to do, is to let them alone in their hellish work. The moment we ask for the enforcement of the law, we are denounced in the vilest terms that the saloon and dramshop can invent. I know it will take time, tact, nerve, brain, common sense, and a self-sacrificing spirit to enforce the law.

To plead inability to suppress the liquor traffic is to cast reproach on our republican institutions, by confessing them a failure. For what is the use of law, if when enacted it cannot be executed? Such a confession is unworthy of a free State. The violations of law cannot and must not be tolerated unless we want to commit national suicide. The greatest harm and hindrance to prohibition has been the neglect to enforce it where it was law. There is no question but that the grip of the law is tightening every day around the neck of illegal liquor sellers, and the faces of these bloated villains are growing black. The sentence of death is upon them. The traffic is doomed. We have laws against murder, and they hang murderers; still murders are committed. We have laws against burglary, against arson, against seduction, against rape, and against all manner of crimes; still these crimes are committed. Shall we then repeal these laws? Nay, verily. By as much as the liquor traffic defies and violates the laws of the nation which it insults, and presents a mighty obstacle to the Church of God, by so much the more should it be stamped out by the rigid enforcement of the laws of God and man.

Liquor does no good; nobody claims that it

does. It endangers peace; it corrupts morals; it fosters crime of all kinds; it poisons politics; it destroys religion; and wicked men are moving earth and hell to defeat prohibition. Would to God our ministers could organize themselves and their churches for a manly and faithful defense of the home against the saloon as firmly as the toddy peddlers do.

The liquor dealers and their allies say that prohibition is a failure; but we have only to look into history to prove the statement as false as that of their father, the devil, to our first parents, "Thou shalt not surely die." We find four hundred and fifty millions of prohibitionists who, through the experiences of two thousand years, declare that prohibition is a grand success. Read the laws which for two thousand years have governed China and other parts of Asia, and you will find that the traffic in, and use of, all intoxicating liquors is and has been prohibited. Read the commandments of Buddha, who is worshiped by more than one third of the human race: "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors." If Buddhism has succeeded in making China a sober nation, if Islamism has succeeded in making Mohammedan lands temperate, then, I say, shame on us as a Christian nation. What a humiliating comparison!

Now, brethren, it is not mere preaching and singing, but earnest work that is needed. The greatest, the most terrible and destructive of all the foes of God and man is the liquor traffic. May

the Lord help us to strike it with his flaming sword until it be utterly consumed. For over two hundred years this nation has been contending with the curse of liquor selling. It has become trite to say that it is one of the greatest evils of our time—the sum of all villainies. The enlightened conscience looks at the tippling shop as the source of idleness and crime, as the propagator of falsehood and theft, as the school of dishonor and shame, where the voters are bribed, elections currupted, and our free institutions underminded. But the nation is low enough and mean enough to use it as a source of revenue, and thus make it legal and honorable.

Therefore it is absolutely necessary for us to organize for a manly and faithful conversion of the nation. For the Church to be silent on this subject will be to betray the cause of God and man—to merit the scorn of friends and the derision of foes. All who are acquainted with the tactics of the liquor dealers know that their aim is to obstruct wholesome legislation, pervert the judiciary, paralyze the executive, and defeat the end of good government. The Church has been compelled to proclaim war against the saloon through all her branches.

The Methodist Church says: "The liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the homes, to the Church, and to the body politic, that it can never be legalized without sin. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy."

The Presbyterian Church earnestly recommends the ministers to continue a vigorous effort until laws shall be enacted in every State and Territory of our beloved country, prohibiting entirely the liquor traffic. The Free Baptists declare that the "Licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is a snare and a sin, and that it is the duty of the Christian to unrelentingly, persistently, and eternally resist any man or party that indorses the liquor laws." It would be very difficult to find stronger language than this Church uses.

The Cumberland Presbyterians declare: "Nothing short of constitutional and statutory prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages by the United States and the several States will be satisfactory." The United Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Reformed Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the United Brethren, and many of the smaller Churches say, "We are unalterably opposed to any and all forms of licensing and taxation, by whatever name called," and say it should be forever outlawed and condemned. The Baptists proclaim: "We favor the speedy and entire prohibition of the liquor traffic, and we oppose licenses for the traffic in any and all of its forms through which men may buy the right to destroy human hope and happiness and blight human souls, as offensive against the public morals and sin against God."

Thus the Churches give no uncertain sound on paper, but the apathy and double dealing of Church people, the divisions and criticisms of our members, the stinginess and ignorance of those who ought to be our champions render us impotent and ridiculous

to cope with the great and powerful organizations of the rum fraternity. Never were the resolutions and declarations so bold and uncompromising, and never has so much of the Church's forces laid inert and loose in the field. The liquor men waive all differences and unite as one to defend the trade. We allow frivolous and whimsical reasons to divide and paralyze us. Ballots are as needful here as bullets at Gettysburg. But we must not shoot each other. We remember with shame the pusillanimity of the nation fifty years under the domination of a few slaveholders, and with pride the awakening which fused its enemies and brought divers classes to vote as one to resist the encroachments of slavery. Can we not do as the loyal people were compelled to do forty years ago, and unite for the extinction of a more malignant force? The enemy was encountered on chosen field and defeated by land and sea at an expense of blood and treasure that seems appalling. Does anybody grudge what it cost? Are not all, North and South, glad and grateful that patriotism prevailed, and the chronic disturber is dead? The hour has struck for a like movement against the saloon without respect to party or sect, to smite with the freeman's weapon this bloody cursed Bastille till it is thrown down.

There must be union in effort. Parties and partisans must not divide us.

The yearning to-day of the best hearts in all Churches is for union, and the word of hope in the religious as in the industrial world is cooperation. There have been distinctive epochs in the history of our race, but none so fraught with vital issues as the

present one. The colossal evils which menace the Church and, in fact, our Christian civilization, it is now felt, can only be successfully met through the massing of all, of every name, who are combating them. Our enemies are well organized, they present an undivided front, and are not weakened by disagreement of purpose or plan. All friends of temperance fight at a disadvantage, because divided in counsels and methods. Even while agreeing as to the magnitude of the drink evil and the defiant saloon power, they have not united along even common lines for aggressive effort. The situation of Christian denominations in modern society is like that of a jealous, disunited army before an invading foe. The times are full of omens of a better spirit, and there seems to be a disposition to confederate together for those ends which all friends of temperance, of every name, feel to be essential. Wherever the temperance cause has made any real advance, it has been where concert of action has been secured. Where the churches of any given community have cooperated for the realization of common moral and spiritual aims, there their influence has been most effective and helpful. It is the weakness born of their individualistic style of life labor, that is prompting, so generally, the longing for cooperative effort. If the industrial world has found a new source of power in "Union" for common and necessary purposes, what an augmentation of power would accrue to the Churches if they would unite for those things which are held by each of them to be imperative. Denominational zealotry must be superseded by a spirit of brotherhood and a service which is unselfish.

What means "The Layman's Congress," which promises to revolutionize some of our home missionary methods; what "The Brotherhood of Christian Unity," which designs to create a bond of union among all the disciples of the Master; what "The Civic Church," which, according to its earnest advocate, W. T. Stead, is designed "to bring all the sound moral forces of every community into some kind of cooperative effort to combat social evils?" Are not these protests against a divided Church, and prophets of new and wiser methods in Christian work? The truth is, that the effectiveness of our churches in any municipality is going to depend on their union of effort, on their cooperation in some broad, general program for the overthrow of the saloon, and the suppression of those evils which have their stronghold in our cities and are the common foes of the Christian faith. The churches ought to be brought into touch with the actual life of the communities in which planted. To them, in some collective form, should come reports from their own accredited representatives, which would acquaint them with the city's sins and sorrows; with the poverty that may be hidden and gets no distinctive Christian ministry; with the intemperance, which is the prolific source of not only the major portion of wretchedness and crime, but which also infects to weakness the churches.

Until this is done, we shall find the churches shorn of much of their strength, and their religious work only partially and unsatisfactorily accomplished. There is a missionary work which the churches can and ought to undertake in cooperation,

while it is undoubtedly true that in regard to intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, gambling, and kindred vices, the Church, cooperative can alone hope to effect anything. We have had instances of this sort of united effort, which have resulted most happily. In fact, the progress made in combating the saloon has been in the proportion of united, cordial church effort. Arrayed in front of the above-named evils there should be all Christian churches—united to fight their own deadliest enemies. The hour is ripe for an aggressive movement. But let us agree to sink out of sight our differences and disagreements, and unite to do what we all believe should and must be done. Let us waste no more time or strength in insisting upon the exact method in which the temperance reform shall be pushed. Let us, as citizens and Christians, stand together to oppose the drink evil, to secure good men for office, and to see that the laws we have are enforced. In such union lies our strength. They that think alike must vote alike, and certain victory will come. "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Let us, then, rally with the inspiring challenge of our great statesman: "The Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

CHAPTER VII.

The Press.

"Woe unto you, ye blind guides."—Matt. xxiii, 16.

NO mind can comprehend the vastness of the issues of the daily press. Such piles of reading as are poured forth would once have been inconceivable. From the New York *World*, with its three hundred and fifty thousand copies a day, down to the lesser lights, each crammed to the full with a strange mixture of good and bad goes into the minds of our people, molding their thoughts, feelings, votes, and destinies. What an intense engine of power, and their influence on character and institution more permanent than the stereotyped metal from which they are printed. In 1871 for many weeks the *Times*, owned by a brewer, followed a lecture which the writer delivered in Portsmouth with most malignant perversions, slanders, and falsehoods. This impressed me with the futility of the efforts for good, while the press was so hostile to all virtuous reforms, and thenceforth I sought to use its influence in behalf of truth and light, and by this machine to sow beside all waters. At Great Falls the paper published my sermons, and I soon learned that I was reaching a vast crowd outside the Church. Then I started a little journal of my own, and a butcher who gave his money, but dared not advertise lest he lose two saloonist customers, was brought to see how it was penny wise and pound foolish to allow them to

rob forty customers that he might get two men's custom, and exclaimed, "Advertise all you can, and shut the saloons, so as to sell meat and not whisky." From this my use of the press advanced. They would publish a little from me and about me, now a lecture or sermon, then a vicious story or waspish reply to some personal exposure of the liquor seller's crimes, till it has come to pass that the writer's words have been multiplied in the New England press, perhaps, more than any other man's during the last fifteen years. Scarcely a week elapses that some sermon or address of his is not well reported in one of the leading dailies of New England, or some of his biting criticisms answered.

The departure of the daily American press from lines of truth and righteousness has been by such slight gradations, that the public has not perceived the extent of its apostacy. With a few noble exceptions the reading poured into the homes of our people is infectious with falsehood, corruption, and death. This fearful perversion of the power of the press could never have been achieved except that some representative of the Roman hierarchy and the rum power were installed as censor in these offices. The immense growth of the liquor traffic, the Sunday papers, and of these huge liquor journals, has been so simultaneous as to show that they stand in the relation of cause and effect. They have grown rich and powerful on the money of these two lawless powers. I have repeatedly said to large assemblies, "You Yankees are absurdly patient when you allow us foreigners to come here and throttle you, lay you on your back, fill your mouth, eyes, and

ears with dirt, then take the holystone and rub it in. This you do in submitting to the atrocious misrepresentations of the press. The partisan press was never so vulgar, so venal, so debauched, so determined to suppress the truth, and impose on us instead every sort of falsehood, shams, perversions, sophistries on moral subjects as it is today."

Now, for our proofs:

Dr. E. E. Hale, most distinguished Unitarian of our day, said to a Massachusetts legislative committee, "It is a well-known fact that about twenty men known as wholesale liquor dealers can get together in their parlors, and dictate terms and shape the future of either party of the commonwealth."

And the press will be their machine. Charrington, an eminent Englishman, head of the largest philanthropic enterprise in the world, told me that the brewers and distillers literally controlled the press, not only of London, but of the world, and ran it in the interests of the liquor power. That the English brewers had made large purchases in the United States so as to dominate the press and politics of this country, and roll up larger fortunes to swim in luxury and buy up titles for their lawless or idiotic children. On all sides of these huge blanket sheets are paraded full accounts of the rum-shops, theaters, races, prize fights, games, dances, seductions, divorces, hangings, and all scenes of blood, and all pictures of nastiness, with a very small show for temperance, virtue, and religion. The reader will find lines for purity, morality, and righteousness, with whole pages that are charged

with the elements of evil and infectious with the seeds of impurity. They could scarcely be more hostile to every wholesome reform if they were edited in a Jesuit's retreat or the back room of a wholesale liquor dealer.

In Pennsylvania, in 1889, Harry Crowell, manager of the liquor sellers' campaign against the amendment, was asked, "How did you get the papers pretty much all on your side?" "Why, I bought them, paying so much money down on the spot. I paid the weeklies from fifty to five hundred dollars each, but the dailies I had to pay more; they cost me from one thousand to four thousand dollars each (the latter sum I paid to the *Times*) to print such matter as we might furnish as news or editorials, without a sign of advertisement, during the campaign." A full itemized account of this whole transaction was sent in three hundred thousand copies over the country, and Mr. Crowell has never contradicted the statement, but said to the man who published it, "It was cruel of you to give me away." It cost them three hundred thousand dollars to control the political papers of Pennsylvania. The temperance committee which managed that campaign, General Palmer at the head, and two ex-governors, after an earnest appeal to the temperance public received six thousand dollars with which to fight this mammoth power of sin.

Charles Brayton, the political boss of Rhode Island the last twenty years, controlling whatever party was in power in the interests of the liquor trade, gave away his campaign for the repeal of prohibition to a Western inquirer. He told how much money he

received, named the brewers and distillers that paid it, and the politicians and journals which received it.

The executive committee of Massachusetts on the amendment, made a contract with some of the leading dailies of both parties to publish for seventy-five dollars a column such matter as they might furnish. Some days before the election they backed down from their contract, refusing a single column, saying, "You must pay us two hundred and fifty dollars a column as the liquor sellers do or we will let them have it. We are running our papers for the money we can make." Nearly every daily of Massachusetts came out with a whole broadside of articles which teemed with falsehoods, misrepresentations, and sophistries which would have digraced any infidel journal in the world. A Kansas man furnished quite a part of the lies by which they misrepresented the workings of prohibition, for which they paid him four thousand dollars. As soon as he reached his home Attorney-General Bradford put him on the stand as a witness in liquor cases, and he said he could not go to any place and buy liquor as far as he knew; that he did not know of a place where he could send his clerk and buy liquor; and so contradicted all he had said in Massachusetts about the sale of liquor; but all his manufactured facts were good enough material for the dailies of Massachusetts to humbug the people. He owned frankly to the district attorney under oath that his stories in Massachusetts were false.

On the letter heads of a large distillery house in Louisville, Ky., a gentleman wrote to one hundred

and twenty of the leading political journals of Nebraska to inquire how much they would charge per column for matter furnished by the National Liquor Sellers' League to defeat the Constitutional Amendment. Eighty-five of the journals replied, telling how much they would charge per column for matter as news or as editorials—ready for the bargain.

We have thus furnished all-sufficient proofs that the political press is in the hands of the rum power, that instead of being the free organs of thinking men they are the cheap chattels of any base power that has money enough to pay their price; that they can be suborned to support any cause or defeat any cause at the will of their masters.

The political press of America with only obscure exceptions, is equally servile and cowardly toward the Roman Catholic power. Dr. L. T. Townsend denominates it "such a Jesuitical press." He says that a Jesuitical inquisitor sits at the elbow of a reporter or editor, metaphorically or really. "The aim and policy of the Papal Church are to secure control of all agencies that can the most effectually aid the Church in securing its own aggrandizement, and in overthrowing all religious, educational, and civil institutions that cannot be made to serve its own interests." Durant, founder of Wellesley College, predicted that the leading journals of our country would soon be under the control of the Papal Church. The Council of Trent "decrees that nobody on the face of the earth shall publish, print, keep, or have on sale any book, magazine, or paper that does not bear the *imprimatur* of an inquisitor who is appointed to suppress heretical depravity."

"If any one shall keep or read the writings of any author condemned for heresy, let him immediately incur the sentence of excommunication." So this decree of the Council of Trent places the literature of the world in the hands of papal ecclesiastics, and the Papal Church has put itself under perpetual obligation to suppress free thought, to silence free speech, and to stagnate the imperial throbbings for light and truth of the human intellect. The Roman Catholic Church in our country is making constant and strenuous endeavors to do this, and has met far greater success than many of our people imagine. The printer's trade union, the news companies, the news gathering agencies, and the editorial rooms of our leading journals of Great Britain and America are so servile to the management of Roman Catholics that they have become their special patrons, and obsequiously serve the factional interests of the Papal Church. *The Weekly Register*, of London, says: "There is not in London a single political paper of which some of the reporters or persons on the staff are not Romanists."

General T. M. Harris assures us that the Jesuits in the United States have found means to colonize one or more of their graduates in journalism on the staff of nearly every great daily paper in our country.

"The Boston *Evening Transcript* was for months the only paper in our city that editorially gave a word of encouragement in support of the Protestant side of the school controversy." The fact that the great assemblies gathered, and addressed by some of the ablest orators, if unfriendly to Romanism are never reported, or if so, are caricatured, while

every movement of Romanism is set forth in its fairest light, verifies all these statements of Dr. Townsend.

When Mr. Blaine's daughter was buried from the cathedral in Washington among the *elite* of Romanism, Mr. Blaine as chief mourner, walked into the pew without kneeling and crossing himself, but simply like a good Protestant reverently bowed his head and prayed, as did also President Harrison. Instantly from this select audience of papal saints there issued a hiss from all the galleries, but this frightful insult was carefully suppressed by the daily journals, and only slipped into a small paragraph in the first edition of the Boston *Herald* and was then torn out. Had this occurred in any Protestant church to any Catholic official it would have been showered like autumn leaves all over this nation.

In *A Plain Talk About the Protestantism of To-day, by Papal Authority*, of which six hundred thousand copies have been sold, all the arrogant pretensions of the Church to supremacy over human conscience, life, governments, and laws are repeated and asserted, while Protestantism is pronounced as not a religion, as worthy only to be execrated and exterminated as a system of deceits and frauds, and every form of infidelity is extolled as superior to Protestant principles. They denounce the martyrs of the reformed sects for their fanaticism, defiance, self-glory, and madness. They declare the Holy Bible is not nor can it be the rule of faith, and claim that the Catholics know it better than Protestants. And it must be told to the shame of the American people that the

journals that are so venal, so lost to principle, so prolific of vice and crime, are the only ones that receive a decent support. The Protestants who represent eight tenths of the wealth and intelligence of the country allow their own well-conducted religious journals to drag along at a poor, lingering rate, and many of them to die, while the Satanic press builds up colossal fortunes and rules the land. Thousands of our most capable men and women have undertaken to promote the reform by temperance journalism, and millions of dollars have been sunk in these enterprises. No temperance journal has ever run ten years that did not bankrupt its treasury, and then the Christian citizens of America supporting their most vindictive enemy, the liquor press, have wondered that our cause has not prospered more and succeeded better. All the failures of the temperance reform, all the successes of the liquor fraternity, can be simply accounted for by the nature of the journals which the American people read, and it would seem, by the quality of the daily most of our people take in their homes, that they actually care less for the diet on which they feed the brains of their children than they do for the diet of the pigs in the sty.

Twenty years ago one of the ablest journalists of the country published a daily temperance journal, *The Witness*, clean and Christian, and appealed to the conscience of the nation for support. It sunk hundreds of thousands of dollars; the paper and its proprietor were killed by the sordidness of the Christian public, who let it die because the Associated Press, ruled by rum and Romanism, made it very ex-

pensive to get the outside news. In the history of national delusions and impositions there was never so monstrous a fraud practiced upon any other nation as that now played upon the American people by the champions of the liquor trade. It was a monstrous cheat that made the American people consent that slavery was right, was constitutional, and its arrogant demands and behests must be obeyed; but it was not half so frightful a lie as that which the press of America is forcing down our throat that the rumshop is a necessity and must be sanctioned by law. When a quarter or half a century hence the people wake up to find the saloon system wiped out, their children will be as much astonished to learn that saloons were licensed in the midst of churches, schools, and homes as that once the Church sold indulgences, burned heretics, and sold men and women on the auction block. It is an amazing and an astounding villainy that can never be explained, justified, or accounted for on any principles of reason or justice, and yet the political press of America makes it the dominant force and the lucrative business in our land.

O Christian America? Do you wish to know the The Way Out? Will you ever patronize a journalism that will tell you the truth? The way out is clear. We cannot always submit to the mischievous misrule of a mercenary minority. We must be free. The religious bodies of this country, with two exceptions, have affirmed on general principles that total abstinence for the citizen and prohibition for the State are right and just. Nearly all the women affirm it, the majority of the men

who have voted on this question for the last forty years have affirmed it. In the schools thirteen million of children are taught scientific temperance by law; our Sunday schools are nearly all total abstinence societies, and we have but honestly to consolidate these forces and drive "the Hessians from the field." The Supreme Court of the United States stands firm to assert the right of a State to suppress the saloons and to take any measures necessary to suppress them.

The only way out of this howling wilderness "of doubts and sins and fears" is to create a press that will speak our sentiments, defend our principles, and not confuse everything touching the temperance reform, and keep the people in the dark. We must come together at the polls from the North and the South, from the East and the West, independent of party and sectarian bosses, and vote for a statute that will suppress the importation, manufacture, and sale of alcoholic beverages, and then put a party in power in general and State governments that will inflexibly execute that law, and give those who will publish the truth our support.

This reform must begin in the homes of our people, so that the public press may know that no journal enters your doors which persecutes the minister who dares to tell the truth which helps to secularize the Sabbath, abets the Romanist war upon our public schools, and fosters the licensing and patronage of the rumshop.

In one year, with the support of the Christian families of this country, the temperance press can excel the value of the rum press. Shall it be so?

Shall we deliver ourselves from the bondage of this corruption into the glorious liberty and sunshine of a truth-telling journalism?

The above arraignment of the venal press may seem to you severe; we protest to you most earnestly that it is not one tithe of the truth which we could give you to show its cowardly submission to the powers of darkness, and a good justification of our arraignment of these rulers of wickedness is found in the twenty-third chapter of the gospel of our Lord by Matthew, where their portraiture is skillfully drawn and their infamous deeds plainly rehearsed. Do not pass on till you have read it. Can any sane thinker question that the mutterings of riot and rebellion which shake the national temper are the product of the falsehood, intrigue, and misrepresentation of affairs by American journals, because they have with lies "made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not turn from his wicked way, by promising him" immunity in his evil ways?

The Treatment of Woman.

The treatment of woman by the political press exposes its perfidy and the hatred of the rum power. They have welcomed the ladies with bland smiles and effusive flatteries. They have promised a fair and full discussion of the subject; they have shoveled out to them tons and tons of taffy; encouraged them to press on in their sacred cause; and never failed to stab their principles under the fifth rib, and have secured their discomfiture in State and

national Legislatures whenever there was the least prospect of the passage of female suffrage. With the words of manliness and chivalry on their lips in public, from the editorial chair has issued every sort of sneer, caricature, and innuendo which could be rung to defeat them. Every sophistry, deceit, and perversion has been tiresomely reiterated. Every bugbear and threat which, dressed up in ghostly rig, can be brought out to frighten the legislator from his desire to deal equitably with the fair sex has been used, and full proofs are not wanting that this industry has been roundly compensated by the rumsellers. Time and time again one house has granted their petition by handsome majorities and the other house has buried it in ridicule; while for thirty years our noble sisters have stood at the halls and pleaded the justness of their cause that all that pay taxes and obey the government shall have a voice in selecting it. Many wealthy ladies have had the valuation of their property piled up by liquor assessors to punish them for the interest they have taken in the temperance cause, and they have so reported to me. Bishop FitzGerald put it in good shape at the Social Union when the women were knocking at the doors of General Conference and could not be admitted, saying that the situation reminded him of a gentleman who sat at a sumptuous feast and blessed himself in the luxury of his fare, and said, "Isn't this delicious; how my wife and daughters would enjoy this, but I can't afford it."

As another illustration of this meanness the late vote of the Massachusetts Legislature is a vivid picture. We quote *The Woman's Voice:* "Now that

the smoke of battle is over, the causes of the defeat of the municipal suffrage bill brings startling facts to light. Even the *Globe* admits that at least a hundred thousand dollars was spent by the rum-sellers to influence votes in the Senate against the measure. Just how this money was used is not stated, but the better class of men in the Senate ought to clear themselves of the charge of being bribed, unless they are guilty. They stand in a very bad light now, and at the next election will probably realize more fully what effect on their advancement their vote against municipal suffrage for women has had. For many opposed to the measure are very indignant with senators who lay themselves liable to the charge of corruption. Men who are in the Senate avowedly to protect the liquor dealers are more to be respected than those who pass as men of principle, yet yield to corrupting influences when great pressure is brought to bear on them. Have the daily papers sold out? Since the magnificent vote for municipal suffrage for women, the attitude of the daily papers has greatly changed. When there was a possibility of such a vote, the papers were loud in their praises of the woman, but now scarcely a day passes that some slur or vicious editorial does not appear. Are the daily papers reaping a harvest on the rumsellers by their opposition to a movement which means death to the saloon?"

An editor of a Massachusetts paper was known to be for suffrage. Just before the vote a man stepped into his office representing the liquor dealers and laid a large sum of money on his table, say-

ing, "If you turn your paper against this bill editorially, this pile of money will be yours." Thank God there was one man who could refuse such a bribe. *The Woman's Journal* says: "In the Senate a change of six votes would have carried the law. Of the Republican senators, fifteen were in favor and eighteen opposed. The seven Democratic senators voted against it. Three Republican and two Democratic senators who had given assurances of support, were induced to vote against the bill. The adverse vote of the Senate was obtained by desperate effort. The Liquor Dealers' Association raised a large sum of money to defeat it, and both the Democratic and Republican machines were used."

Lawrence, the big distiller of Medford, said: "If these women can vote, they will not cease voting till the whole liquor business is wiped out, and compel us to live in a State under prohibition with free rum."

The wicked treatment of the laboring men by the press is an atrocious crime against humanity. These organs of the great brewers and distillers often repeat the beautiful euphony and philosophy uttered by our great President Lincoln, that ours is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." O, what a travesty of this beautiful principle is the history of this last decade in which we have a government of the people by gold which uses as its chief agent the prostitute press. The slavery of today in our cities is scarcely as humane as was that of the plantation. They worked the Negroes on cheap fare, but they cared for them when sick and old. Now the sweater cares only for how much

work he can squeeze out of them on the stingiest wages, and flings them out to starve. And saddest of all, these liquor sellers, whose press fosters the liquor trade, have themselves robbed the laborer of his money and flung the helpless out in hopeless beggary. The massing of wealth by every sort of competition and monopoly in the hands of a few, and the reduction of the masses to where want will compel them to labor is one of the most threatening signs of our times. In 1840 there was a millionaire to one and a half millions of our people; now there is one to every fifteen thousand. Then it took a quarter of our citizens to buy a half of the the nation's property, now one twentieth of one per cent owns one half. A monopoly of wealth seven hundred times denser than it was fifty years ago. Egypt, Babylon, and Rome perished in corruption when two per cent of the people were owners of half the wealth of the nation. One per cent of our populace now owns three fifths of our property. Advancing at this ratio, in thirty years one per cent of our people will own ninety per cent of our substance. Beecher said fifteen years ago that a few men had their hands on the reins of power, and if they needed a president, ten men could put him there. Mr. Lincoln said, "I feel more anxiety over the aggregation of wealth in a few hands, than I felt for the perils of the republic amid the struggles of the war." Our present system puts a million dollars in the purse of some idle dude, who can load his industrious neighbors with misfortune and debt. It rocks a million in the lap of luxury and leaves ten per cent in chronic pauperism; ten per

cent poorly fed and clad, and forty per cent more peeled to the skin. At the same time that the feast of the Gould wedding cost thousands of dollars, and the wedding presents swelled into millions, this sycophant press fawned and frolicked and flattered the whole performance without a word of rebuke, and ten thousand families in that city supped on stale bread and water and slept on rags, while fifty thousand working women could scarcely afford so sumptuous fare as this. Is cruelty less cruel because the victims are absent, and is not this hungry crowd helpless, hopeless, hapless, made up of the victims of drink, the product of business which is the special foster child of this Satanic press? Men are found in the sweat shops of New York working fourteen hours a day for seventeen cents, and Vanderbilt's cook gets ten thousand dollars a year. A thousand ministers in the United States try to live on an income of one hundred dollars a year, but the advertiser who puffs Wanamaker's goods has more salary than any minister in the United States. An actress in foul dramas which please the scum of New York society takes fifty thousand dollars profit in a week, and all the press applaud her; five hundred worthier women work a whole year for a like sum with a scant pity from the press. A witty and faithless pettifogger gets one hundred thousand dollars for screening the necks of the nation's thieves; five hundred better men bend to hard labor a year for that amount.

Twelve hundred millions of dollars are annually wasted in alcoholic liquors, two thirds of which comes from the hands of the sons of toil, all of which

belongs to the toiler and his family. For every hundred dollars invested in the liquor traffic the poor laborer gets one dollar and twenty-nine cents in preparing it for market. On every one hundred dollars invested in other goods, the laborer gets twenty-four dollars and twenty-four cents in preparing them for market. Where is the political organ that editorially will set these facts before the people? While they carefully conceal the truth of the crimes of the liquor traffic against mankind, they are very industrious to belittle all temperance workers, and caricature all measures of reform, but their chief calling of late has been to fling mud at the millions unemployed who cry out for help or work.

The only way out of this difficulty is to leave this accursed press to the support of its own allies, Rum, Rags, and Romanism, and refuse to allow it to dump its heaps of malodorous offal in our Christian homes. We must have a journalism which, at once awake, alert, and comprehensive, is still the exponent of patriotism, piety, and purity. We know it will take tact, talent, time, money, and a self-sacrificing spirit to achieve it, but it can be done, and it must be done, or this nation will go the way of the corrupted nations of antiquity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mischief Framed by a Law.

PROHIBITION is right. The Bible is a prohibitory book. God's system furnishes no instance of a permission to do wrong. With respect to our moral obligations its simple word is, "Thou shalt." With respect to all evil, false, cruel, and destructive practices its unequivocal fiat is, "Thou shalt not." There isn't a license law in the Bible, nor rightly interpreted is there a single license to commit a wrong in the whole economy of nature. God is the power that works for righteousness in reason and in revelation, and the nation which does right will work nearest the economy of God and insure its largest development and richest blessings.

No person can honestly say, "My conscience does not approve the suppression of the liquor business;" no person can pray to Almighty God, "Multiply the liquor shops and give them an accession of customers." The moral sense of this nation revolts at the idea of licensing men to do wrong, and the woe of God is pronounced against "him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken." The woe of God was pronounced with equal emphasis against the voters "who justify the wicked for a reward," and those who "take away the righteousness of the righteous from him." And our Saviour comprehends both in the terse anathema, "Woe unto that man by whom the offenses come."

A Christian citizen's duty is expressed in Paul's law of self-denial, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." License is wrong. Almost every religious body has asserted with emphasis the last forty years their entire condemnation of the license system. The Methodist Episcopal Church has declared, "It can never be licensed without sin," and the other great representative bodies have put it with equal force and clearness. Even the heathen Chinese revolt at such a monstrosity. When the last treaty of commerce with China was made the British minister urged them to license the traffic in opium and gain a large revenue for the government. "Sir," replied the heathen embassador, "the government of China will never collect a revenue off the vices of her people." When the French government forced Roman priests and French brandy upon Madagascar, the queen was compelled to take a revenue on the brandy. She stipulated that the revenue should be paid "in kind." Before the French gun boats were out of sight her officers were executing her will upon "the devilish stuff" by knocking in the heads of the brandy casks; such is the heathen estimation of the system of licensing vice.

The rum traffic gives the dealer and manufacturer more money than he could make in an honest trade, but for every dealer who profits there are a thousand persons who suffer. Can the law honestly favor the one to the injury of a thousand? There is no attribute of the Almighty which can take the side of this cruel trade; there is no con-

science, no humanity, no benevolence, no wisdom in the plan which fastens this huge iniquity upon the vitals of a nation. "This gigantic crime of crimes" as a huge octopus is exhausting the life of the nation. It is a depraving force in every line of its influence. It debauches the press, it muzzles the pulpit, it corrupts Congress, it dwarfs manufactures, it governs parties, it suborns courts, it annuls laws, it vitiates voters, it wastes resources, it sanctions crime, it neutralizes Christianity, it ruins souls, it murders women by inches, it robs childhood by stealth, it nullifies Christianity, it defies God, and yet the license system compels a Christian people not only to submit to its outrages and horrors, but personally to indorse them and give them the solemn sanctions of a vote. This is a sin against God and man, so cruel, so monstrous, so vast, that when we get beyond the spell of its deceit we shall be more astonished that we ever gave it our sanction than we are that the Church ever sanctioned the sale of indulgences or the State encouraged the traffic in human beings. Let every citizen who indorses it take home to himself the apprehension of Thomas Jefferson, when he exclaimed, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." If there was ever any curse which was "big with enormous woe" it is the licensed traffic in what Gough so vividly described as "distilled damnation." Licenses high, licenses low, licenses strict, licenses loose, licenses by Church, licenses by State, county, city, and town have all been tried in every possible way to restrict and limit the resultant evils. There has been no change in the results; no matter what

the form of legal sanction, the distillery has sent forth the same bitter waters of death. After four hundred years' experimenting in licenses there can be no more preposterous crime committed by a State against the innocent and the helpless than to give these wolves still further legal sanction to plunder the people of a State. In the chronicles of the future its cruelties, atrocities, and abominations will read like the horrors of the Middle Ages when God's children were pursued with fiery vengeance and tortures even unto death. The rumsellers' persecutions are more cruel and damnable than those of the soldier and the inquisitor. To sell rum for a livelihood seems bad enough if the liquor seller take his own responsibility, but for the community to share the guilt of such a traffic for a beggarly hundred dollars is a worse bargain than that made by Eve or Judas.

There is a class of visionary theorists whose argument against no license is, "Put the liquor business into hands of honest, respectable dramsellers, and it will be safer there than anywhere else." Granted; but in this nineteenth century who knows any such character asking for a license? Do you know, reader, a moral pirate, an honest burglar, a respectable assassin? No more can you produce an honest rumseller. How can it be otherwise since holy writ long since pronounced upon him "woe."

Judge F. M. Hubbard, of Iowa, in sentencing a convicted rumseller, uttered some truthful but most appalling words. He said: "There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the mind of all; and yet can you look

upon the man that takes the human life quite as freely, but as a slow poisoner, if not without condemnation, at least without horror? You who stand before the court for sentence are in every moral sense a murderer, and you in the spirit, not in the letter, are guilty of manslaughter; for the law says whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen themselves from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty, and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declares, as from the house tops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with widow's tears; you are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy and industrious homes into misery, poverty, and rags. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and the smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery."

Judge White, of Pennsylvania, says: "From thirteen years' experience in the criminal courts I am thoroughly convinced . . . that the liquor traffic in this country has become a most gigantic evil. . . . The immoral and lawless character of many in

the business has, to a certain extent, demoralized the whole business. The open and notorious violations of law have led to disregard of laws in other respects. The frauds and trickeries resorted to, in order to escape punishment for violations of liquor laws have led to fraud and trickeries in other matters."

The *Catholic World* said in 1885: "A few years ago it was stated that in New York city there were 8,034 legalized saloons; of their keepers 2,004 had been committed to prisons, 2,693 had been confined to county prisons, 1,769 had been confined in city prisons; the total was 6,466, leaving only 1,568 to escape the clutches of the law."

Similar figures could be stated from every licensed city or town in our State. My own experience, coming through legal contact with the liquor dealers for many years, gives me the right to say I never met but one saloon keeper with any regard for the sanctity of an oath. We have nurtured the traffic until it has become intolerant, kicks at all restrictions, devouring its millions, sows the city with immorality, violence, and crime, fattens on ruined hopes and fallen characters, and flings it in our faces with the gigantic taunt, "You have no remedy, for we are hedged about with protective statutes, for the majority of this city said at the ballot box we have a right to sell rum." A few mad dogs at large in our city would set every man to work in protecting his home, and the dogs would meet with instant death or effectual restraint, while the man who would dare to protect the dog would meet the same fate. But legalized alcohol

has sent every year multitudes to death with delirium tremens, which is the maddest of all mad things that can fasten its tooth upon the soul and body of man and poison the generations to come.

Prohibition is simple and easy of execution. License is complex and difficult. The first makes no partial distinctions or sectional or sectarian feuds. "No person shall manufacture, sell, or keep for sale any alcoholic liquors as a beverage," is a simple, universal rule, and where it has been continued any length of time leaves the officers but little to do in freeing the community from the pernicious traffic. If it could be made national, so that the rascals of one State could not interfere with the order of another, a single generation would see a community without grogshops, drunkards, paupers, and scarcely a criminal. The liquor dealers and their friends have used boundless *funds*, *frauds*, and *forgeries* to repeal prohibition because it did radically cripple the liquor traffic. The testimony of five governors of Kansas, of two governors of Iowa, of twelve governors of Vermont, of thirteen governors of Maine, of United States senators and congressmen, of judges, sheriffs, and police, with tens of thousands of the best of citizens, confirms the statement that it has very largely reduced the liquor traffic in every place where it has been honestly tried, has driven the rum trade into secret holes, and made its pursuit a very risky business, and promises the extermination of the whole business in the near future. Even the *Brewers' Journal* says, "In all States having prohibition laws the brewing business will be driven away."

In a district of Liverpool covering sixty thousand people, in the district of Northumberland, covering one hundred thousand people, in a district of North Ireland, in a thousand counties of the United States where prohibition has been tested, the simplicity and effectiveness of its workings have been illustrated to the satisfaction of all good people. The most emphatic indorsement of tried prohibition was given by Maine, when her people, having shared the benefits of statute prohibition for thirty years, nullified and hindered largely by the rogues who had forced liquors into the State from every side, went to the polls in September, 1884, and said by the largest majority ever given in the United States to a public measure, "Prohibition shall forever be in the constitution of Maine." The vote was more than three to one.

But license is complex and difficult of execution. We cannot make this plainer than to report a conversation. Dr. Dorchester and the writer called on Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, at the State House to ask him to preside at a great no license demonstration in Worcester. The governor said:

"Mr. Montgomery, you are honest, and I respect you, but I can't indorse your principles, for I believe in a license law rigidly enforced. My reasons for voting license are that my long experience in the criminal court has proved to me beyond a doubt that the men who sell illegally and drink illegally have lost all sense of the sanctity of an oath. It is an awful condition of affairs. What are your life or property worth when the people disregard the sanctity of an oath?"

I replied: "Governor, you have given your case entirely away. I suppose you are familiar with the prohibitory features of the present license law?"

He said: "Certainly, and I would make it two-fold more stringent than it is."

"You know, Governor, there are twenty-nine prohibitory features in the present law, such as: 'He shall not sell to a minor for himself or anybody else, nor allow him to loiter upon the premises; or sell to a person that has been supported by charity in whole or in part within one year, or sell to a man that has been drunk within six months, or sell to be drank upon the premises, except with meals, and that only to strangers and travelers,' and you know, Governor, that the Supreme Court has so decided it on the question 'who is a guest.' Now, Governor, you know that there isn't a man in Massachusetts who would give ten shillings for a license to sell liquor according to the spirit and letter of that law. Now, let us see where perjury commences. The law requires that the licensee shall bring two securities of two thousand dollars each. These three conjointly solemnly swear that if this license shall be issued they will live according to the terms of the license. Here we force these men to commit perjury at the very bar of granting the license, when we tax him fifteen hundred dollars, which he forfeits if he breaks any of the provisions. In addition to this his costly rent, furniture, and stock of liquors is imperiled by the violation of any of these provisions. Have we not increased the temptation to perjury a thousand-fold by the conditions of this license?"

His answer was, "Yes; and if I can I will preside at the meeting, and if I can't, I will write you a letter indorsing your movement."

This same day I met Mr. Washburn, an eminent lawyer of Worcester, who replied to my request to sign a petition for no license, "I shall not sign it," giving reasons similar to the one above.

I said, "Please give me ten minutes of your time and you will sign my paper. Imagine the Saviour in this chair between us, and we as Christian men asking what we shall do? You have taken your child to the church, the minister has baptized it on your promise that you will bring it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and have it confirmed in the Episcopal Church at the proper age. After taking these solemn vows, and with a father's tender love in your heart, would you vote to have a liquor shop placed at the end of the lawn where your boy is to spend his childhood, and be exposed to what you know to be the profanity and obscenity of a grogshop?"

He exclaimed, "No! do you think I am a fool?"

"O, no," I replied, "I never talk with fools when I can help it. Have you any right to place in anybody else's dooryard what you wouldn't have in your own? Suppose that Jesus Christ sat here and we three were consulting what we could do for that poor neighborhood down yonder, for 'the far-downers and bog trotters,' or those who had been reared in drunkenness the last three hundred years. Would he say, 'Go to the polls and vote license to establish groggeries in those neighborhoods where

they would reproduce themselves in debauchery and vice for future generations,' or would he say, 'Go down there and open a mission and teach them sobriety, purity, and salvation?' Which of the two are you going to put here, the mission or the grogshop?"

He grabbed the paper and said, "Let me sign the paper; I should like to sign a hundred."

But the richest episode followed Mr. Washburn's conversion. The Monday night following, at a mass meeting called by the Episcopalians, where R. D. Graham, of New York, was to preach for high license and restriction, Mr. Washburn presided and gave the above conversation in full, in his clear and masterly way. He said, "I am converted to no license, and shall throw my influence and energies in that direction." It turned the meeting into a no license rally, and Mr. Graham said that he had no doubt from what he had heard, that no license was the best thing for Worcester, though it would not do for New York city.

Another difficulty in the execution of license law comes from the fact that the State has said to the seller, "Take thou authority" to keep this liquor shop, and he expects to conduct it as it has been for years past. You undertake now to punish him for the violation of the conditions of that license with penalties that may ruin him; he meets you with the sympathy of the community and the jury, because he has conducted it about as all have before him, and has paid for his license, and it becomes a very difficult matter to convict him or revoke his license. I have spent over twenty years

and thousands of dollars of other people's money, with the very best counsel that could be secured, and so far as I know I think less than ten legalized liquor dealers have lost their license. This shows that the entire system is a humbug, and intended to befriend the liquor trade. When the high license men came out in the role of temperance men, and offered high and limited license to defeat prohibition, the writer set forth these six facts as an answer in an hour's address in Tremont Temple.

1. Every dealer persistently violates the provisions of his license daily. They themselves say their license is given in bad faith.

2. The more you make a man pay for doing a certain business the more drunkards he must make to get his money back.

3. It creates illegal selling. Each bar can have fifty walking bars in the streets, for the man who wishes to sell illegally can get his bottles filled every few minutes and defy the law, for you cannot search a man's person and can find no evidence to convict him.

4. The larger the company that collects together the greater the danger of becoming drunk, for when they have treated round they are usually drunk.

5. High license makes a man more bold, and he claims because he has paid his money he has a right to sell in defiance of law; it creates for him a sympathy that makes it difficult to convict him before a jury or to procure evidence to revoke his license.

6. It throws around the business a respectability

that encourages thousands of young men to enter and drink who would never think of entering a low, contemptible groggery, at least for their first drink.

Prohibition is wise economy, and license is extravagant waste. Thrift and prosperity have blessed every State that practiced prohibition long enough to affect the habits of the people, and license is the waste of twelve hundred millions of dollars per year on a beastly lust that adds no good to mankind. If the liquor trade did not consume this money it would be spent for what is needed in the families of the consumers, and instead of there being a surplus of goods in our storehouses, we have not farms nor factories enough to supply the necessities of our people if our liquor bill went for wholesome commodities. We are not suffering from overproduction, but from underconsumption; millions of families live on one or two hundred dollars a year that would have from three to four hundred dollars' worth of goods, but the breadwinner has robbed them of half the money belonging to them. It was not the administration of Grant in 1873, or of Cleveland in 1894, that produced those awful panics, but the vast fortunes piled up by these rum lords, taken by stealth from the laborer's families, and is now used to control the politics and corporations of the country. Much of this money was owing to grocers and merchants for goods furnished. The saloon man got it. The honest traders failed.

As specimen straws we give a few facts. In Worcester, in the month of May, 1886, forty-one grocers sold eighty-six thousand dollars' worth more

of goods under no license than the preceding May under license.

The same month seven clothiers sold twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth more than the preceding May. Other legitimate business had corresponding increase of sales in the same period.

As an illustration of economy, at the end of three months of no license, an Irish woman went into Mr. Kendall's secondhand store, inquired the price of a chamber set. He said so much on installments, and ten per cent off for cash down. She took out her wallet and paid for it, and said, "My husband has earned fifty dollars a month for the past twenty years, and on an average has spent thirty dollars of it for drink. But on the first of May, when prohibition took effect he swore he wouldn't drink their dish water, and I have furnished him milk instead, and his face has become as clear as an infant's. He has put his whole wages into my hands, and I am going to let the ould man know that he can slape on as good a bed as anybody if he don't drink rum."

A broader illustration and one that can't be questioned: Maine is a State poor in native resources, in which Ohio is rich. Maine is rich and Ohio is poor. Governor Burleigh said in 1890, no State has so little property under mortgage, according to valuation, as the State of Maine. There are whole counties in which there is not a farm under mortgage, and Maine loans more money than any farming State outside of her borders. Governor Foraker said that the Ohio people were suffering dreadfully from their heavy debts, and that thousands of their farms were mortgaged for more

than they would ever bring. Maine had in 1891 forty-four million dollars in her savings banks, and Ohio had seventeen millions. Maine had sixty-six dollars to every person, and Ohio had six dollars to every person, in these provident institutions. Maine forty years ago put her ban upon the rum-shops, Ohio in spite of her constitution, has fostered and nurtured them; and when, in 1883, she voted by a majority of eighty-two thousand to adopt the system which has made Maine so rich, the unscrupulous villains in her Legislature nullified her vote and robbed her people of the benefits which prohibition would have secured them.

In 1889, Iowa, under prohibition, had fifteen thousand arrests, less than eight thousand in prisons, with fifty-five jails empty. Massachusetts, with a smaller population, under license, had eighty-seven thousand arrests, with nearly fifty thousand in her jails, and she asked for more than a million of money to increase the capacity of her prisons. That year Kansas had more than half her jails empty, and in most of her poorhouses the only guests were wandering tramps from other States. Iowa is out of debt, and Massachusetts, in her municipalities and commonwealth, is heavily burdened. The arrests in Boston alone are over ninety a day, and in the year amount to twice as many as all the arrests in the State of Iowa. Governor Larrabee said at the close of six years of prohibition, no State has been enriched by a nobler emigration, and those who have been driven away by prohibition have been the villains that have sold liquor, and the bummers and paupers that hang about the dramshop; and nearly

all the arrests that have been made have been in those six cities which resist the execution of the law, and for whose bummers the prohibitory law was slaughtered in 1894.

It appears after careful inquiry that the liquor bill of this nation is not less than twelve hundred millions of dollars, and the indirect expense to care for its victims aggregates a sum equally large; that seventy per cent of those who support the liquor shops are the laboring classes; that the liquor traffic is a financial injury to every legitimate productive interest to the nation; that prohibition is the only way out of this wilderness of waste, and, therefore, the issue with this awful crime overtops that of the tariff as the Alps do a molehill. What a reformation would be wrought in our nation if this vast waste for liquor could be spent for food, clothing, education, religion, and other useful ends! What a boom it would give to business! What happiness to the people!

An eminent financier says, "Stop our national liquor bill and the wealth of this nation will double every eleven years." Can any human comprehend the magnitude of such a waste? All the questions affecting wealth, health, enterprise, government, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the waste and ruin with alcoholic drink.

Prohibition is constitutional.

For the first thirty years of our efforts we were baffled and defeated, and the law nullified by the decisions of venal judges who destroyed the law in the interests of rum, but through all this litigation the reformers have patiently plodded their way until in

every phase, prohibition has been put to the arbitration of the court of last resort, the Supreme Court of the United States, of whom the premier of England, Lord Salisbury, has said, "It is the ablest and most impartial tribunal in the world." Before this court this infamous business, with unlimited piles of money and the best trained, forensic talent, has fought for its life. In spite of all their resources, their political arrogance, their defiance of God, religion, truth, and the powerful lawyers employed, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided in favor of prohibition.

1. Has decided that no man has an inherent right as a citizen to make and sell intoxicating liquors.

2. That the State has a right in the exercise of its police functions to forbid the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors; and,

3. That it has the right to make any laws and use any force necessary to effect this object.

The National Temperance Society furnishes a printed copy of this decision for ten cents, and every temperance man ought to read it, and every rum-seller might learn lots out of it.

License is NOT constitutional. For many years the conviction has grown among students of the temperance reform that such a monstrous system of vice and injury cannot have any place in a system of equitable jurisprudence; that the legal right to sell liquor had been assumed in fraud in some such manner as the slave system claimed to be a legal system. More than twenty years ago the writer came to the conviction, and formulated it in writing, and published it to the

world that the whole thing was a trespass upon just and constitutional law. Seventeen years since he expressed the ideas in an address to which six governors and a number of lawyers and judges listened, and many of them said, after debate, that his opinion was correct. The reasons on which these judgments are based have been given in decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. One is: "No Legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals; the people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them." "The police power extends not only to things *intrinsically* dangerous to the public health, but to things which maybe used so as to be dangerous to life, health, or morals." "All rights are held subject to the police power of the State, and this extends to the protection of the life, health, and property of the citizen, and to the preservation of good order and the public morals." "The Legislature cannot by any contract divest itself of the power to provide for these objects." "*Salus populi suprema est lex.*" A fair and logical application of these principles to the obligations which lie upon any government forbids it to make any contract which divests it of the power to provide for these objects. The license system prevents the government from providing for these objects, but still more, it makes the government with malice aforethought, "*particeps criminis*" in a business which inevitably injures the public health and morals, and very often destroys them both. In a late decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana,

"On the saloon as a nuisance," they say, "No person can maintain a private action for a mere public nuisance, but where the damage or injury to one is more than to the public, he may maintain a private action." "No man is at liberty to use his own property without reference to the health, comfort, or private rights of others." "Thus anything offensive to the sight, smell, or hearing, carried on in a public place is a nuisance at common law." "It is no fanciful notion that makes one located in a peaceful part of a city protest to the maintenance of a saloon on the adjoining lot; even the man who frequents such a place would object to the traffic obtruding itself within ten feet of his threshold, where it is admitted that it has injured the appellant's property both for selling and rental purposes." We find, therefore, that the complaint stated facts sufficient to constitute an action for nuisance. This principle carried out to its legitimate conclusions will make every saloon liable for the injury it inflicts upon neighboring property, and prove that in licensing it the authorities committed an unconstitutional act. So when we have pushed these opinions of the Supreme Court through the vast morass of fogs, subterfuges, frauds, and falsehoods which rum-paid attorneys have thrown over this system, some court will immortalize itself as did the High Chancery of England, when it swept away the traditions of centuries, and declared that no man could be a slave under the flag of England. That day her bondmen were free. Many who read this to-day will live to hear such a decision as will sound the death knell of the legalized rumshop.

All honor to Colonel Eli Ritter, whose patience and sagacity have carried this question of "the saloon a nuisance" through the Indiana courts in such a long tedious struggle to such a conclusive issue; menacing every saloon which is near residences or improved property. The late W. Jennings Demorest deserves national thanks for his determination to push the constitutionality of the license system to the highest tribunal.

CHAPTER IX.

Can the Law be Enforced?

THIS is not a matter so intricate but that ordinary people can master it. A persevering study and practice will make them efficient in a single year. It must be distinctly understood that judges, attorneys, jurors, and police are not makers of law, but are there simply to apply it; are sworn and paid to execute the law, and the most important service of the citizen is to secure the execution of the law through the appointed channel, or to take an appeal to the public conscience. If this had been honestly done by all friends of the temperance reform for the last forty years, the Maine law would now be universal in the United States, and no rum-shop would flaunt its infamous license in the face of our people and say, "My business is as legitimate as yours," nor would the pettifoggers be able to insult, abuse, and smirch every man or woman who makes a complaint of liquor dealers.

First, We must be thoroughly convinced of the wickedness of license. Nearly all evangelical bodies heartily indorse the often quoted utterance of the Methodist General Conference: "It can never be legalized without sin." And yet in most of the States we have a license system, and it is a Christian man's duty to see that the limitations and restrictions which are laid upon the trade shall be observed. If we have prohibition, it is our bounden duty to see that the law is obeyed and the com-

munity protected from the infinite curse of rum. The cowardly failure in this respect has been the most serious blunder of the temperance army. Law can be enforced. Difficulties will rise, criticisms will be sharp, violent threats will thicken the air, but to the man of courage the way is straight and success certain. For more than thirty years the author has faithfully endeavored to meet this obligation, and no attorney has secured more convictions or respect for law than have we. And what we have done thousands of others ought not to have left undone. Most of our judges are upright men, and give the prosecutors a fair chance. The prosecuting attorneys and police are double-dealing officials, and generally have much more regard for the will of the political bosses than they have for the public weal or the duties of their office. These pages will relate many instances of the trickiness of these men. One of these occurred in my first appeal to a Connecticut jury. I had sixty cases. The best one was put before them; the culprit was acquitted. I knew that two parties were at fault. The prosecutor took me one side, and asked, "Mr. Montgomery, is this your best case?" "It is." "Well, then, I guess we better *nol pros* the others, for it will be a waste of time and money to go before this jury with liquor cases." Then I replied, "I shall appeal the case to the public. Is there no law for perjury?" This case was as clear as daylight. Three unquestioned witnesses to the fact of the sales, and no one contradicted them.

The attorney said, "Didn't I try that case well?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Well, can I make jurors?"

I responded, "Yes, you can make jurors! If this had been a case of arson would you have taken these papers from the jury and let them gone free? Wouldn't you have arrested them for perjury?"

"Yes," he said, "I would."

"Can't you do it in this case? Are the rumseller and rum drinker and a set of dead beats to run this commonwealth? Now, if something isn't done in this case I will appeal to the public conscience."

We returned to the court and called for that jury, and for half an hour he set before them in fiery eloquence the duties of a juror, the weight of testimony, the supremacy of law over all private interests and opinions, and risks and penalties of perjury. They quailed before him with the consciousness of guilt. Then Mr. Waller, for it was that distinguished politician, put the next case on trial; the jury retired, and in fifteen minutes returned with a verdict of guilty, and that year one hundred cases in New London County brought eighty convictions before the Superior Court.

The editor of the Norwich *Bulletin*, in correspondence with the writer in 1886, says: "Nine years ago it was almost impossible to find a jury of twelve men that would agree to convict a rumseller on any testimony. Now it would be almost impossible to find twelve men who will not convict one upon fair evidence." An able lawyer told me that the success of these prosecutions in New London County depended largely upon the wholesome tuition which the officials had received and feared

they might receive if they dallied with liquor cases. Under prohibition the succeeding year the liquor dealers undertook to evade the law by substituting Schenck's beer. The city authorities took a test case from every liquor seller. It was done to deceive the public. Some of the clergymen swallowed the sham. When the jury justified the pretense, the bummers of New London County held a jubilee and telegraphed me, "We can drink Schenck's beer in spite of you." An immense crowd gathered at the wharf meeting to hear our opinion of that jury. They heard a Gospel sermon, without an allusion to the case. At the close was this story: 'An Irishman once stole a pig, for which he was arrested. He took counsel, and after the lawyer heard his case he said, 'My friend, you have no defense, and you had better settle for it the best that you can.' The Irishman asked him what was his retaining fee, and handed it to him, and said, 'Do the viry bist you can for me, and you will hear no whinin' from me.' The case went to the jury, and after hearing the evidence he was acquitted. The lawyer congratulated his client and said, 'I am glad we got the case, but how it came about I cannot tell, for the evidence was clear against us.' The Irishman replied, 'An' do you know nothing at all, at all, in this country? All ef thim fellers, do you see, had a piece of the pig. Ha! ha!'" The speaker raised his hands and pronounced the benediction, and left the people to make their own application.

The collection of testimony is the most difficult step in the prosecution. In this we have had some

experience. Instead of leaving the officials to select their own help, I would say, "I have my help to assist you in this search and seizure. I want to superintend my own job." In the excitement of the arrests and seizures, the accused would very often talk so freely and admit so much that testimony for conviction would be obtained before a lawyer could padlock their lips. One of the secrets of our great success was by pressing the suits to immediate trial, so that I soon was nicknamed "The Irishman's court on wheels." One scene taken from a New York pictorial may illustrate this court. The sheriff and I visited Voluntown in the night and made an unsuccessful raid on a rumhole. The man who was raided said, "It is Marm Kinney that has given me away." I laughed and said, "Is that so?" "Yes," he said, "she sold half a pint last Saturday afternoon to one of my neighbors, and it was Jersey Lightning and almost killed him." "What was his name?" "Pendleton." "Where does Ma'am Kinney live?" He related it all. We hastened to Ma'am Kinney's with a warrant. The old woman met us at the door and invited us in. I asked her if she had any whiskey. She said, "Come in." But when she saw me she knew me, and denied emphatically that she had any liquor. I looked her square in the face and said, "You are too old to lie; you know you sold it last Saturday afternoon to Pendleton. I told her the time, the place, the quantity, and the price. She drew a long breath and sighed, turned white, and said, "It was mean for him to give me away." We searched the house and found some liquors; she begged for mercy, sent

out for the court, pleaded guilty of the offense, paid her fine and the costs. All this was done in an hour. The next day at one o'clock a man told me the following instance: While we were searching the house the night before, when we were in one part of the house she took a jug of liquor that she had and hid it between the two girls in the bed; and it was so cunning that the girls, when they got into the mill the next day, gave it away, and told how mother "skunked" Mr. Montgomery. A new search warrant was at once issued. We returned to the house with the horse on the dead run; the sheriff and I leaped from the carriage and ran for the house, found the old lady in the act of taking a pinch of snuff. Flinging her hands wildly in the air she cried out, "O Lord, what's up now?" I replied, "You lied to me last night; you said you hadn't a drop of liquor in the house excepting what we got. Now where is that jug that you hid last night between the girls in the bed?" She said, "Are you a prophet?" And I said, "No, nor the son of a prophet." "Well, then," she said, "who told you?" My reply was, "Now, I have no time for your nonsense; now get me the liquor." So she got down on her knees, crawled under the bed, and got me the liquor. "Now," I said, "get me the rest of it." She went trembling to an air-tight stove set in the parlor filled with pint and half pint bottles of liquor, and we left.

An illustrated paper puts it thus: The first picture was Montgomery, the sheriff, and the horse on a race. The second was the old lady in alarm taking a pinch of snuff. The third was the two girls

in bed with a jug of liquor between their faces, chuckling. From this time dated the name of "The Irishman's court on wheels."

A woman whose place was notorious, and who shrewdly eluded search and conviction because she kept her liquors in places that couldn't be searched, received a visit from us one day. One of the party noticed that she was unusually cumbrous this day. He carelessly and accidentally fell against a large chair, which tumbled against the woman so violently that her "pocket dive" was smashed and evidence procured for conviction.

Another case of clandestine rumshop was found in a triangular house which had caused great trouble in the community, especially as a Sunday dive; entering from either side in the night they found a woman sick in bed, apparently dying, and another standing over her wetting her lips, smoothing her pillow, and preparing her for her departure. It seemed rude to interrupt the solemnities of this dying scene, but knowing the tricks of my countrymen I asked her what was her sickness. Groans alone responded. To a second question she responded, "Dropsy." I said, "I think I can effect a cure." The officer was ordered to search her, and instantly relieved the sufferer by hauling from the bed a three-gallon jug of whiskey which she had concealed with her in bed. The cure was so remarkable that she sprang from the bed and attacked the officers with a chair.

Another picture exhibits the demoralizing effects of liquor on Sabbath school scholars. A repentant liquor seller, who was touched by an address by

the writer that he heard one evening at Niantic, distributed five hundred dollars which he had made in his clubroom among those families whom he thought had been injured by his business, and reported the name of a man who had been selling liquor to at least twenty of the young boys of the Sunday school of the village on Sunday under the guise of ice cream. These boys were summoned before the magistrate; every effort was exerted to have them tell the truth, but they deliberately swore that they had never bought anything intoxicating of him, thus exhibiting what is one of the worst features of the liquor business, the total loss of conscience in those addicted to drink. In thirty years of broad experience I have found but one liquor dealer that ever hesitated to lie in order to spare himself from conviction, and this was a Frenchman who had pleaded guilty. After he had pleaded his lawyer came into court, took his client out, returned to the court after a time, and asked the court's permission for his client to change his plea to not guilty, and he said that he could satisfy the court that the man was innocent of the charge, and did not understand the plea of guilty. The court asked me and I did not object. Then they put the evidence in for the government. Next the accused was placed on the stand in defense, and under cross examination he came to the point where he had got to convict himself or lie. He didn't want to do either, but apparently fainted away. When he recovered and took the stand again, I stood up and said, "Your honor, this is the first liquor dealer that I have ever met that has ever hesitated to lie. I

want the privilege of shaking hands with him, and asking your honor to *nol pros* the case." There was great jubilation over it; the Frenchman came and thanked me for it, and took me home in his carriage.

Among the artful frauds which liquor sellers and their attorneys will operate let me tell the case of Alice R——. A lady who had long befriended Alice R——, a woman whose mother had been forced into the grave by the cruelties of a drunken husband, went with a basket of food for the family of eight children; she found Alice with her head tied up. She told this story: Sunday morning her father ordered her to go to Murphy's for whisky. She positively refused, when he seized her by the hair of the head, flung her across the room, jerking a piece of skin from her head the size of a dollar, and forced her to get the liquor. The lady at once entered a complaint and ordered justice to be done no matter what the costs.

Alice's story was repeated before the sheriff, judge, and myself. Next morning when they came to try Murphy before the court for selling the liquor, Murphy, the drunken father, his wounded child, and the lawyer came from the lawyer's office to the court. The child went upon the stand, hesitated and cried, denied she got liquor, and said that Mr. Montgomery offered her a new dress if she would testify that she got liquor. Of course, the liquor seller was not convicted, but the accused were conscious of having committed such an infamous crime that they were glad to get off by paying all the expenses of the court. Think, O kind

reader, how many such cruel outrages are committed against the children of the poor every day without any means of redress by these men who hold a legalized right to turn their fathers into brutes and murderers. Alice's friend was grievously disappointed that justice could not be administered to the man who had persecuted his wife to her death, and was now maltreating her innocent children. This whole case was put before the commissioners when Murphy asked for a license, *and his license was renewed!* This shows what a transparent sham the pretense of moral character is in a license system.

Two notorious chaps who were selling liquor on Sunday at Baltic, got wind that we were after them, got the names of our detectives, summoned them before a rum justice, had a trial, and were let off with a nominal fine. Now, they sent their challenge of defiance to me. They had a general shout and treat all round, but they were not quite so far out of the woods as they reckoned. I reproduced the evidence before the commissioners and, showing that they were guilty of violations of law, got a revocation of their licenses. They did not exult so loudly now, and their laughter turned to oaths and sighs.

The judges have been uniformly fair and kind to me, and I have generally held the confidence and verdict of court and juries. I urged all my witnesses to state the whole truth in any case, even though part of the testimony looked as though it was against us. In early morning the sheriff and I, at Sheehan's, in Baltic, found a number of jugs of

liquor and a man drinking at the bar. We prosecuted Sheehan, and the defense he offered to the court was that the liquors obtained belonged to a neighbor of his who had bought them for the wake over his dead wife, and produced the husband of the dead wife for evidence. The explanation he made of the man we found drinking was that he had been on a drunk, was very dry, and was burning up, and begged for a drink, and got it free. The man drinking at the bar substantiated this story. Of course if this stood the case was gone. On cross examination I practiced on his sympathy, saying to the witness, "I suppose no man can express the agony a man is in when under such a burning curse," so for some time the witness and I quite agreed on this line of thought. Then I said in a confidential way, "I don't say he sold you this liquor, but if he had under these tremendous circumstances wouldn't it be mean in you to blow on him?" He said, "Yes." "Then you wouldn't give him away in such a case?" "Not much, sir; I'm not that kind of a feller." I said, "That's all, sir."

At this both the court and his counsel wondered that I did not press him any further. In arguing the case I made this concession neutralize all the explanation he had given, and left his testimony as to drinking at the bar the proof that carried conviction. The point made was that he had admitted before the court that he would not tell the whole truth, although sworn to do it.

My teacher at the seminary, criticizing my compositions, used to say that I could not study any

subject three minutes without getting in religion, and the same principle developed itself in all this work as prosecuting agent. The truths of God, the voice of conscience, the rights of humanity, the sufferings of the innocent, the atrocious crimes of the wicked were mingled with all these pleas and arraignments. At Voluntown, at early dawn, I pleaded a case against one of the most reckless corrupters of the county. In arguing the case I demanded the severest penalty, and drew a picture of the culprit's crime. "Look at these hundred loafers, ragged, unkempt, beslobbered with tobacco, bloated with drink, and compare them with men such as they would be but for this wretch! Lift the curtain from the homes of these men and look on the pale faces of wives, neglected, bedraggled, and abused! See the hungry babes trying to draw from empty bosoms the nourishment they need, and then bring them all before the judgment seat of Almighty God, where this wretch and his kindred destroyers will have judgment dealt out to them without any show for mercy!" As the curtain lifted the wretch began to tremble and shrink away; tears starting, lips quivering, he cried out in agony, "O, if this man will stop talking I will plead guilty." So, many a time, those who had no compunctions, no mercy for the unfortunate, no sense that they were destroying their fellow-men, heard at the lips of the officer of the law that true Gospel that they had so carefully shunned. Some of them were convinced of their sins, forsook the evil business, and turned to an honest life. A great many that were drinkers have said to me, "You are tell-

ing the truth, sir, and the Lord helping me I mean to be a better man." There were probably more deep convictions and sound conversions produced by these pleas in court than some ministers ever see.

And if any critics complain that for a Christian preacher we have too much temperance, too much politics in our sermons, let us refer them to what we once replied to a layman of Danielsonville, who said it wasn't a minister's business to go about preaching temperance and prosecuting liquor sellers.

"No," said I, "it isn't my business; it's your business; but it isn't done, and I am compelled to do it. Here are these throngs of sinners rushing on to hell in unseemly haste and numbers, your neighbors, your children, and nothing is done to close up these scenes of infamy, but they are open all the week, and ride right over you, and if I should fail to respond to the urgent calls sent for me to defend the weak and relieve the suffering, I would never dare on bended knee to ask God for another favor. I should be as cowardly as you!"

CHAPTER X.

The Prejudice Against Detectives.

SUCH is the depraving power of liquor upon its victims that they cannot be relied on to speak the truth in court. Every judge familiar with liquor trials will bear out the assertion that those who sell and drink liquor will lie. Now, then, the liquor business must have free course over law, society, and justice, or reliable testimony be obtained outside. But a strange public sentiment has grown up prejudicial to detectives, and in many courts the prosecutor and the witnesses have been subjected to insult, abuse, and infamy by the day and week, and tolerated by the judge, such as would not be allowed on other trials of much less importance. Now, the use of detectives is either right or wrong. The necessity for detectives in the enforcement of law has been demonstrated in every civilized land. All the tribunals of the United States exercise this right. It is too late to raise the cry that it is immoral and illegal. Why should the religious and the secular press combine to belittle and besmirch the detective and those who use him? There is scarcely an act in the criminal calendar in which the violators are not ferreted out by the detectives and brought to judgment.

Let the editor or minister who sneers at the use of the detective see in this fact that they consider the pilfering of a letter a much greater crime than the ruin of men and women by drink.

In 1879 a Connecticut judge made six charges of wrongdoing against the detective, involving the writer also, declaring that he was "*particeps criminis*" with the violator of the law, and that both of them were parties to the crime; and this is the attitude taken by a great many attorneys, juries, and courts toward detective testimony. Nothing can be more unjust and illegal than such treatment of detectives.

Anticipating what the court might do, we had a stenographer take down the proceedings. I then went to the judge with the evidence and his decision in print, quoted what his honor said, "The law makes the buyer a partaker of the crime of violation; the employer and employee became parties to the crime." "Your honor knows," said I, "that that is absolutely false; that there is no law against buying, and that it is not illegal to buy what a man has on draught for sale. The buyer did not induce Moriarity to violate the law, but simply paid his twenty-five cents for what he kept on sale, and was selling every day. My instructions to the buyer were, 'Go to the rumsellers without deceit or false pretenses, and buy the liquor as you would any other salable article.'" So he did. The judge, indignantly looking at me, said, "What are you going to do about it?" I replied, "I propose to have a public mass meeting next Saturday night and have the evidence and your ruling and my opinion of it put in public print, and after it is delivered, circulated throughout the entire city; for I will not allow you or any other man to accuse me, as a minister of Jesus Christ, of being a partner in a crime

when I am not; for what I have done I have done to protect the innocent." This produced a profound sensation through the city of Norwich. An immense crowd cheered my defense at Breed Hall Saturday evening, and that night the placard was under every man's door. Greater indignation has seldom been exhibited by an entire community. From this hour the judge acknowledged the injustice done to me and the detectives, and never caviled at such testimony thereafter, and became an earnest supporter of my work. To illustrate: If a man's wife or daughter were waylaid in the night, and robbed of her money or her virtue, would any man hesitate to put up a reward for a detective to discover and catch the villain? If the detective succeeds in bringing such a villain to justice, would not everybody applaud him? Would any lawyer be allowed by any court to call the detective a "spotter," or a "sneak," and browbeat him by the hour? If so, is there not virtue enough left in any community for the people to take the law in their own hands and dispose of the lawyer?

Has not the whole nation applauded those resolute detectives who went among the Pennsylvania Molly Maguires, joined their secret clubs, took their solemn oaths, and acted as their friends for six months, that they might unearth the red-handed murderers? Yet the same populace will turn round and curse the liquor detective.

To what extent law may be infringed for protective purposes in the interests of humanity and justice no court has ever decided; but the liquor witness does not infringe law, and is a thoroughly

competent witness, was decided by Judge Shipman of the United States District Court, one of the ablest jurists in the land, who said to the counsel of the defense, who claimed that this witness (who was the only witness in the case) "was not reliable because he was a detective, and that no decent man would stoop to such dirty work." The judge held up the counsel and said, "You need not take the time of the court with any such claims; the witness is to be believed until he is impeached." The defendant was convicted. Now, this whole contempt of the liquor detectives is a mawkish sentimentality, created by the liquor seller's agents, the partisan press, which is used to pack caucuses, manipulate conventions, and deceive the public in the interest of the saloons. This is to intimidate the citizen and the detectives who undertake to suppress the liquor trade; it is a part of the system of bulldozing by which a corrupt minority overrides the will and interests of the majority which bears the burdens and pays the bills of this enormous crime.

Now, my friends, I ask, Has the Church unflinchingly done her duty in these premises? Dare these men in the Church of God who criticise me sharply meet me at the bar of the eternal Judge? Take heed! The moral law is done up in a little bundle. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is a perfect "two-inch" gauge, by which any man in any situation may measure his obligation to his fellow-man. Put yourself in the place of the oppressed drunkard and learn your duty to the fallen. Were you a drunkard's parent, wife, or child, suffering as no other trial makes them,

what would you have me do? Never say one word, lest I offend some faithless Christian or mercenary pew holder? No, never! There are higher and lower laws. I must obey the higher laws, and if the lower law should forbid me to ferret out that traffic that makes one million of drunkards every year whom Jesus has died to redeem, shall I obey? Not while there is a God in heaven.

In a city preachers' meeting, where the employment of detectives was mercilessly criticised, a Presbyterian minister stood up to say, "It is a very disagreeable work to prosecute liquor sellers and use detectives to convict. I must confess it would be a very unpleasant work for me; but if any man has the courage to go ahead and do it, it is contemptible for us to stand by and criticise."

CHAPTER XI.

An Outdoor Sermon.*

WHAT does Montgomery mean?

This question is frequently asked in the streets by the liquor dealers and those who advocate license. He means to have law and order prevail in the city. He means clothing, food, and education for the thousands of ragged, barefoot, ignorant children, made so by the dramshop. He means homes of comfort instead of places of wretchedness. He means happiness and cheer to the many broken-hearted women. He means low taxes, a more active trade, and better times. He means to remove out of the beautiful city the placard that is now seen on almost every street, "This place to sell or to rent," caused by the liquor traffic. I am informed by real estate agents that property is depreciated more than one half on account of rum. He means that the evils and sorrows of intemperance shall give place to godliness and sobriety. Many who vote license say that ministers have nothing to do about it; their business is to preach Christ. Granted. But is it to preach Christ to be a dumb dog, and let the wicked rumseller oppress the poor? Is that what God has anointed us for? Is that what the Church ordained us for? No, no! We know that Christ was meek, lowly, gentle, forgiving, yet firm as a rock, and as consuming to iniquity as the elec-

* Delivered at Woburn, Mass., before the vote on the license question.

tric current. He did not come to spare sin, for in the first Church of Christ there was not a foul system in the world which he and his apostles did not openly, stoutly, and perpetually assail.

Now I ask, Is it right to license men to mar the the image of God in their brother man? Right to give authority to sell insanity and deal out sure destruction to millions? Right to license that which makes men murderers? which makes millions of paupers in this land of plenty? which drives thousands of women into the street as vagrants to beg, to starve, or do worse? which drives thousands of little boys into the reform prisons, where mother's love cannot reach them? Right to license the monster that destroys our people, consumes our substance, impoverishes our nations, and lays its victims in every cemetery in the land? Right to license that which tears the sinews, crushes the blood and the brain of the nation? Yea, it contaminates the ballot box, blights virtue, scoffs at justice, and defies God.

Let us classify American voters on the liquor question.

First, the No-license voters believe in political economy and pay at least ninety per cent of the taxes, build our schoolhouses and endow them, support our churches and all humane societies, and send the Gospel to the ends of the earth. They support both the religious and secular press. If they were to withdraw their support from the daily papers, they would financially fail in less than a month, and yet the rum monopoly of this country, representing not more than one per cent of the tax-

able property, controls the press to a large extent, and suppresses the truth in regard to the effects of prohibition which the following facts will prove.

Nearly every daily newspaper asserted and reiterated with loud emphasis that prohibition was a great disadvantage to Iowa and Kansas.

A recent governor of the latter State issued a pamphlet giving the testimony of thirty-seven judges of the Superior and Supreme Courts, the senators of the United States, and congressmen, the attorney-general, with the officers under him, that prohibition was a grand success. This was published in nearly all the papers, and now the Secretary of State, Frank D. Jackson, says of the ninety-nine counties in Iowa: "In 1888 there were fifty-five which reported no commitments to the county jails. The population of Iowa is estimated at a little more than two millions. Last year her commitments under prohibition were eight hundred and thirty-eight, her entire arrests were less than fifteen thousand, and fifty-five jails empty." Now compare it with Massachusetts under license with a population less than two millions: Her arrests last year were over ninety-two thousand, her commitments over thirty-one thousand, and the commissioners of jails and prisons asked for over a million of dollars to enlarge the prisons. Yet in face of these facts the newspapers published such falsehoods as that referred to.

The ten following States that voted directly on the question between 1880 and 1888, either for constitutional prohibition or local option, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas,

Michigan, Oregon, Tennessee, and Texas, gave a total vote for prohibition of 1,211,998; against it, 1,160,456; majority in its favor, 51,542. The same ten States in 1884 gave a total vote for Blaine of 1,424,367, and for Cleveland 1,393,047, making 31,320 majority for Blaine. This shows that 51.1 per cent of the voters of these States voted for prohibition, while only 49.6 per cent voted for Blaine, making 1.5 per cent more for prohibition than for Blaine.

The Boston *Herald* is the only daily paper in New England of any promise which will give the temperance people a fair and unbiased hearing. The facts that we have given through the *Herald* to the public have been suppressed by the other daily papers, or so meagerly published as to be meaningless. They have concealed the fact that Canada, in 1894, gave a rousing majority for wiping out the saloons; Nova Scotia by a vote of four to one.

The liquor dealers, recognizing their danger and the power of the press, determined to use the press for all it was worth. The *Brewers' Journal*, in outlining the work to oppose prohibition, says: "An effectual work in this direction may be simplified by the press—be it then the duty of the trade to utilize this power on its own behalf. . . . Public opinion can and must be educated through this all-powerful agency." The editor further states: "If they do their duty, the time is not far distant when the fanaticism and the folly of this movement for prohibition will be self-evident." One of the liquor papers commenting on the decision of the Supreme Court which closed the breweries in Iowa, says: "Now, gentlemen, brewers, distillers, and dealers,

do you begin to realize the dangers threatening your business, for as certain as death and taxes, so certain as the history of the whole liquor traffic in Iowa will be its history in Ohio. . . . Duped, bought, deceived, and betrayed—ruined financially and expatriated commercially, the beer and liquor makers and dealers of Iowa realize too late their folly and self-ruin. Now they cannot manufacture for an outside market. And these laws, *each and every one are being enforced.*"

Had I time I could give many other facts of a similar character, to prove the false statements made by most of the Boston dailies.

Connecticut is under license. She has one conviction to every eighty-one of the inhabitants, while Maine under prohibition has one conviction to every one thousand inhabitants. Yet the press, through the influence of liquor dealers money, is suborned to declare constantly that the Maine law is a failure.

So we who believe in no license believe in the rights of the masses, rather than the rights of the few, in the protection of the weak, making it easy for those with inherited appetites *to do right*, and difficult to do *wrong*. For our long experience has taught us that the liquor traffic has always prospered under a license system at the sacrifice of purity and intelligence.

The second class of voters are the license men. They read the commandment backward and declare "Thou shalt *not* love thy neighbor as thyself." The great bulk of them are ignorant and intemperate in their habits and are habitual Sabbath breakers. They don't believe in "sumptuary law," but

believe every man has a right to do as he pleases, and say that this world owes them and their families a living. They hold the balance of power and rule the masses. They pay no taxes, and care but little how much others pay.

In the third place some voters are neutral and will not vote at all; by so doing they give the balance of power to the ignorant and vicious people. Now let me call attention to what God says about such people. "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." Why, what outbreaking sin have they committed? "They came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Every Christian man is bound to join arms with the Lord to put away evil in society, and if he fails he must bear the condemnation for his neglect.

I see an obstruction on the track, and the express train is near at hand; my neighbor is doing all he can to remove that obstruction. I refuse my added strength, and stand and look on. The train is wrecked, and the dead and wounded lay all about. What is my responsibility in the case? I did not put the obstruction there, but I did not help remove it. I may not be condemned for manslaughter in the courts, but both God and man pronounce me guilty because I neglected my duty.

Christ cursed the barren fig tree, not because it bore bitter fruit, but because it bore none. Christ condemned the man that received one talent, not because he made a bad use of it, but because he did not use it at all. He was ordered to be cast

into outer darkness. The vote in every citizen's hand is a talent, and God will hold him responsible for its use.

Now, if we have a dramshop, where shall it be quartered? No legitimate place of business wants a grogshop near it, and no respectable merchant will hire a clerk who patronizes them. If you vote license, here is what the rumseller pledges to do for you. He says: "I purpose to be honest with you if you vote license. I will commence business on the first day of next May to make drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober and respectable portion of the community to support. I will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood, and by doing so diminish the comforts, enlarge the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community. This I pledge to do at short notice."

Liquor dealers are on the warpath. No effort, no money will be spared in the elections and the lobby to defeat true men and a no vote.

We urge you to govern your own vote by this principle and to commend the same to your neighbor. Shall this city be ruled by law or by lawbreakers? The importance of no license overshadows all other questions of political economy. The best men recognize that the liquor saloon is the enemy of morality, industry, prosperity, and happiness, and the chief author of the vice, crime, ignorance, pauperism, and disease that load the people with the burdens of taxation.

To meet the enemy of social order and cope with it successfully will require not only the highest wisdom, the greatest tact, and unbounded patience, but

the financial aid as well of the friends of temperance everywhere.

When such vital issues are before us as license or no license, when so much of this world's weal or woe of human happiness or misery is at stake, and so much depends on individual action, and the part we take in the coming election, can you longer hesitate how to vote? A voice, more powerful, more earnest, more eloquent than mine, speaks to the conscience of every law-abiding citizen, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

May God help you to weigh the facts and decide what is for the best good of all. Let us compel the bugles of hell to sound a retreat by voting no license.

CHAPTER XII.

Romanism Not the Religion of America.

"Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.

"Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread."—Isa. viii, 12, 13.

REZIN and Pekah had formed a conspiracy against Israel, and had drawn many of the lukewarm Jews to favor this idolatrous invasion. The better part of the people had become alarmed at the extent of it, and the faithful prophet stood up to unite them in self-defense, and to defeat the invasion; but he taught them piety as well as patriotism in his appeal in this text. While he confessed there was danger to the nation and its institutions from the invaders, there was a great deal more to fear by compliance with the world's sins and idolatries, which would incur the displeasure of God. So he braced up their courage and confidence by assuring them that God would be to those that feared him a "sanctuary," and to those that warred with him a "stone of stumbling." So he urged them to sanctify the Lord of hosts among them and banish their fear of the heathen confederates.

A similar confederacy exists against American principles and institutions. The two most potent powers of America, rum and Romanism, are confederates against the Lord and against his Christ.

They have set themselves to banish the Bible—the charter of our religion, the public schools—the teacher of our patriots, and to substitute for them the dicta of the Holy See and the teachings of the Roman priesthood. That we may not misrepresent their principles we give you this summary of the articles which they teach us to believe under pain of eternal damnation. We select seven of their articles out of thirty-five:*

"Article IV. We are bound to believe there is no salvation out of our holy Church."

"Art. V. We are bound to believe that the holy massacre was lawful, and lawfully put into execution against Protestants, and we are to continue the same, provided it is with safety to our lives."

"Art. IX. We are not bound to keep oaths with heretics."

"Art. XI. We are bound to drive heretics with fire, sword, fagot, and confusion out of the land."

"Art. XII. We are bound to absolve without money or price those who imbrue their hands in the blood of heretics."

"Art. XXXIII. We maintain that heretics know neither the will of the prophets nor of Christ."

"Art. XXXV. And lastly, that our holy Church can never err."

In the most recent Catholic works this whole system of imposition and intolerance is boldly asserted and defended. Therefore, it is a religion not fit for America.

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* These thirty-five articles were published in a pamphlet and circulated broadcast with the name of an ex-priest attached to it in the city of Norwich, and never contradicted.

To specify facts:

First, The American government is one of constitutional law. Never were measures more free from the craft of politicians, or less alloyed with selfishness than the councils in which were born the American government. Their object was human freedom and advancement. It was framed to be a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and they put into it every guarantee which they thought might secure to their posterity the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Under its broad ægis the nation has realized a prosperity and felicity which were never paralleled in human achievements. Now steps forth a Church which proposes to subvert all this. Ruled by a foreign potentate, who is instinct for ages with the breath of tyranny, who assumes to be the vicegerent of Almighty God, she asserts her supremacy over the civil power, claims the right to depose all rulers, to absolve subjects from all oaths and obligations, and to punish all who dissent from her authority with temporal and eternal damnation. The liberty, the property, and reputation of the subject have no security in any constitution or law. The Council of Constance openly avowed that with the Romanist "no faith is to be kept with heretics." "Those who acknowledge the spiritual power of the pope can give no security of their allegiance to any government, since they believe the pope can pardon rebellion, high treasons, and all other sins whatsoever."*

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*Tyerman's *Life of John Wesley*, vol. iii, p. 319.

This is a picture of a despotism, an hierarchy which is an absolute tyranny. Hundreds of Catholic peoples have essayed to establish civil liberty. There is not one free nation that has a well-established government which has survived the rule of papal prelates. France, Central America, and all the states of South America have been thwarted and upset in their essays for free government, and always by the papal prelates. Every one of these states has expelled the Jesuits, and nearly every one the bishop and archbishop for their efforts to upset free government. Is this the kind of Church we want in free America?

Secondly, Because it is an extortionate religion. In all parts of the Protestant world the churches built are simple and plain, and about on an average with the dwellings and public buildings of the people. The ministers live on an average about in the style of the people around them, and are doing all they can, as their Master did, to develop industry, sobriety, economy, and general prosperity, as Jesus their Master brought Zaccheus, the wealthy, and the poor beggar up to the same level. As a consequence, the Protestant nations are rich, progressive, intelligent, and independent. In contrast with these wherever Romanism prevails, the priest lives in luxury, the bishop in elegance, archbishops and cardinals in sumptuous palaces; and the pope in the largest and most costly residence in the world. Their fare is costly, their robes superb, and their jewelry vies with princes and kings.

If the money wasted on their magnificent cathedrals and basilicas, and their extravagant ecclesias-

tics had been wisely used in Christian service, the whole world might have been evangelized and civilized to-day. In contrast with these enormous wastes, almost the whole membership of the Papal Church is constituted of people next door to beggary. A large proportion of them wear the meanest clothes, live on the leanest fare, have the most meager education, and live in hovels on dirt floors, with the smallest provisions for comfort and decency, and are as completely slaves to the will of the hierarchy as ever were the Africans on the plantation. The Peter's pence were as rigidly collected in Ireland and sent over to enrich the pope's treasury during the years of its terrible famine, while other nations were contributing to keep them from death by fever and starvation, as any other years. It has been found, when revolutions have freed different nations from the rule of the hierarchy, that one half the real property and sometimes a larger per cent are in the hands of the hierarchy, acquired by the arts which cheated the heirs of the dead out of their legal rights.

Unlike the Protestant Church properties, which are held in the hands of trustees, in keeping with our civil order, all the Roman Catholic properties are in the hands of their bishops, and can be controlled by them, no matter how unanimous the will and the wish of the laity. This episcopal tenure of property in the hands of the tools of the pope savors wholly of a despotism that will not trust the people, but intends to rob the people. Is this the religion for America?

"I have no apology to make for having been one

week a member of the American Party; for I think the native-born citizens of the United States should have as much protection, as many privileges in their native country, as those who voluntarily select it for a home. But all secret, oath-bound, political parties are dangerous to any nation, no matter how pure or patriotic the motives and principles which first bring them together. No political party can or ought to exist, when one of its corner stones is opposition to freedom of thought and to the right to worship God 'according to the dictates of one's own conscience' or to the creed of anyone's denomination. Nevertheless, if a sect set up its laws as binding above the State law, whenever the two come in contact this claim must be resisted and suppressed at whatever cost." *

Thirdly, Its intolerance unfits it for America.

For a thousand years it has answered all inquirers, thinkers, dissenters, with one voice. The third canon of the Fourth Lateran Council "requires all heretics to be exterminated." The Council of Trent, the most important ever held, affirms the same thing.

Consider the Inquisition, the fires of Smithfield, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the burnings, drownings; the slow tortures by which life was worn out; trial by chafing dish, in which persons were stretched on the back, a slow fire applied to the soles of the feet; trial by rack, by which the frame was distorted and lacerated. Besides these, persons were often cast into the pits full of reptiles, while

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* *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, p. 213.

others were starved to death, and others again were burned to ashes at the stake. We can scarcely read of the inhuman tortures practiced upon the best quality of citizens all over Europe and on the feeble Indians of North and South America, because of the agony and shudders which it brings. The victims of these atrocious cruelties were numberless. The victims of papal cruelty were not less than fifty millions.* Albert Barnes, one of our most candid critics thinks that fifty millions of people were sacrificed to the vengeance of the papal hierarchy from the fifth century, when it first assumed the right to punish heretics. John Lothrop Motley declared his conviction that not less than three million were put to death by the priestly power in the seventy-five years through which the Netherlanders struggled to their independence. It is said by those who fawn on Roman priests that all this has passed by; that they do not persecute now, nor have any disposition to persecute, and they take the bland words and fair speeches made by pope and prelates about the blessings of liberty and human rights to be their true sentiments. On the contrary, be it said, no one of these orders or bulls, or letters of reprisal has ever been repealed. No one of its declarations of vengeance has ever been recalled, and no confession has ever been made of wrong or injustice done to the millions of God's saints which have been hunted to death. Cardinal Gibbons himself recently voiced the exulting boast of a thousand prel-

* See McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopedia*.

ates, "that Rome never changes." Is this a fit Church for America?

Fourthly, Its corruption of morals unfits it for America.

The history of the popes, among whom are murderers, robbers, seducers, gamblers, counterfeiters, traitors, and every sort of criminal, has illustrated the corrupting nature of the religion they profess. It could not be otherwise than that these eminent examples of sin and vice should permeate the whole body of the Church till the whole should be corrupted by the same evil influences. The best proof that this is a true indictment is the fact that in almost every country which has been revolutionized in the interests of liberty, and the papal officials have been expelled, the reasons given for the expulsion by the rulers of the land were the vices and iniquities of the ecclesiastics. In the whole United States, where they are about one eighth of the population, the Catholics furnish two thirds of the criminals, in spite of the fact that they get ten times as much of the public money for their schools and charities as they are entitled to by the taxes they pay. Dr. Peters says, that paying one tenth of the taxes of the city, New York gave them one million two hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, and all the other schools and charities a little over six hundred thousand, and the facts bear a darker color than this in the old Bay State, the home of the Puritans.

The reckless way in which they inculcate idolatry against the second commandment; the scandalous profanity practiced among them against the third

commandment, even the children in the school yard making the air foul with their profanities and obscenities, and so causing many parents to hesitate about sending their children to the public schools; the universal profanation of the Sabbath, in the face of the fourth commandment; the cock fights, bull-fights, races, and frolics all come on Sunday in popish lands; the murders, being one hundred and seventy-four in a million in the States of the Church as compared with six in a million in English-speaking countries, in violation of the sixth commandment; the awful adulteries and vices, the illegitimates being three and a half times larger in papal than in Protestant cities, against the seventh commandment; the thefts, frauds, gambling, lotteries, raffles, and deceits, even in church fairs, against the eighth commandment; the perjuries and false testimonies so common in the courts, as against the ninth commandment; the intrigues by which they get the vast estates of the living and the dead into the hands of priests who have never earned them is an entire violation of the tenth commandment. The Church's adulterous relation with the rumshops is so organic that it is doubtful if the Roman hierarchy could live if the liquor system were annihilated. These are but scraps of the evidence with which whole volumes could be filled of the demoralization produced wherever Romanism is prevalent.

Fifthly, It is a religion unfit for America on account of its war on the public schools. As soon as the Pilgrims had a shelter they built a school, and have provided for all with the most liberal hand and sedulous care. No town has been too

poor to pay its taxes cheerfully for education. But in contrast this Church has never furnished schools for the common people, except when compelled to by Protestantism. From the chapel in the forest to St. Peter's in Rome, a temple and a palace which cost fifty millions of dollars for the pope and his lackeys, their houses of worship have been of the grandest and most expensive style. There are hundreds of them in Rome, but till 1870 there were no schools there for the people. There were convents for priests, monks, and nuns, but till Protestantism ushered in the schools the people were in ignorance. No newspaper could be published there, and those published elsewhere could not be circulated until viséed by a priest. Every parochial school is a monument of the power of Protestantism.

A few quotations must be given to illustrate their attitude toward our schools. Archbishop Hughes declared, "These public schools are a disgrace to the nineteenth century." Archbishop Perche, "They are a social plague." *The Irish Union*, "They are a curse to our country, a floodgate of atheism, sensuality, and of civil and social corruption." Jesuit Walker, "These godless schools are nurseries of vice; I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog as to a Catholic that sends his children to these schools." Bishop McQuade, "The State has no right to educate." Monsignor Capel, "Catholics will refuse to pay school tax, and put bullets through the government agent rather than to pay." Bishop Charbonnel, "The man who will not use his electoral power for separate schools is guilty of mortal sin" (which means eternal damna-

tion). Similar quotations from Church dignitaries might be produced without limit.

Many hoodwinked apologists for Romanism say that "this is all of the past. This new nuncio of the pope is in favor of general education." Very likely, but he has not written one line to favor education except it is in the hands of the Church. The chronic revolutions in the Central and South American states since they became republics have almost wholly grown out of the interference of the ecclesiastics with the system of education established. They seem to be determined that the people shall be educated in Romanism or not at all. To you who have always been familiar with the visions of American schools—the great university, the grammar schools, the little red schoolhouse in the country, the teachers and the children going forth so briskly to the fountains of learning—let me put the question, "Is this a religion fit for America?" *

We might bring in other equally convincing indictments, if space would allow, of the utter incongruity between American liberty, intelligence, and worship, and the absolute despotism of the holy Roman Church.

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* Archdeacon Farrar, in the March (1894) number of *The Review of the Church*, in announcing his resignation as Anglican editor of the magazine, utters this forceful word concerning the drift in the Church of England: "The whole cause of the Reformation is going by default; and if the alienated laity, who have been driven into indifference by the Romish innovations and Romish doctrines forced upon them without any voice of theirs in the matter, do not awake in time, and assert their rights as sharers in the common and sole priesthood of all Christians, they will awake too late, to find themselves nominal members of a Church which has become widely popish in all but name—a church in which Catholicity is every day being made more and more synonymous with stark Romanism, and in which the once honored name of Protestant is overwhelmed with calumny and insult."

Sixthly, There is a religion fit for America, and we want you to put the weights in the opposite scale, and test the merits of the two. This is the glorious system of Christianity, as interpreted in the golden rule, in that matchless Sermon on the Mount, in that beautiful summary of the prophet Micah, where God answered his questionings thus, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" And the Lord's reply was, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Does not this sweep out of the house of God at one stroke the whole pomp, pageantry, and trickery of Roman worship? Hear how our Lord interprets this religion, as in the synagogue on the Sabbath he interpreted the prophecies concerning himself: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." This is Christianity. James puts it, "Pure religion before God is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Compare with this the counterfeit Christianity

which taxes and burdens widows and the fatherless, who, in their straits, get very little help from the Church, but are compelled by their fears and sympathies to resort to any means to get money to pay for masses for their dead. This is Christianity in startling contrast with the splendid and bogus imitation. This is Christianity working out God's beneficent will, "Go teach all nations." This is the Christianity which the pilgrims sang on the decks of the *Mayflower*, while

> " . . . The stars heard, and the sea;
> And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthem of the free."

This energized the hardy toilers who converted this wilderness to a garden. This panoplied with might the ragged veterans who fought the War of Independence; this gave wisdom, truth, and justice to the builders of the stately temple of liberty, laid on the broad, deep, strong foundations which maketh perpetual. This awakened the ingenious and fertile inventors who have harnessed the forces of nature to the wheels of industry; this made them too humane to hear a slave clank his chains amid the songs of liberty, and so the war and freedom. This inspired the thousand pioneer teachers that led the youth to the founts of learning; this filled the souls of the Christian preachers who lived and sang and preached the Gospel of salvation with such glorious power over the land. This gave the impulse to thousands of our brightest and best children who have flown across the seas to sing to the heathen Bethlehem's glad song. This started the Crusaders to undertake the rescue of this grand em-

pire from the leprous touch of alcohol and the anarchistic reign of the saloon gang. It is this that has quickened the pulse and ambition of the sons of toil, and made it possible for the poor barefoot boy to rise to the highest places of honor and power in the land, as Garfield, Grant, and Lincoln, the wise, prudent president in the sorest, sharpest crisis of our nation, whose immortal proclamation struck the shackles from a whole race, and whose death may be traced without question to the subtle and treasonable schemes of the Jesuits, like the thousand other infamous assassinations of Christian heroes, as the Prince of Orange, Montpensier, and D'Arcy Magee, etc.

This is the religion that every American citizen ought to make his personal experience and possession; he ought to train his children in it, and order his household by it, and govern his business by it, and conform his politics to it. O, what a nation this would be, what a millennial era would dawn upon us if we were thus all the people of our Lord and of his Christ!

> "Then angel guests would brighten
> The threshold with their wings,
> And love and joy enlighten
> The old forgotten springs."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rum, Rags, and Wretchedness.*

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—Rom. xiv, 21.

THE Christian model should be moderation in the use of everything needful, and entire abstinence from everything hurtful. The bread which heaven has given us should be eaten with such moderation and in such conformity to the divine arrangements given to the digestive force, that the blessing shall not be transformed, by our rebellion against organic law, into a curse. To have a pious soul rise into a scale of spirituality, it must be allowed to dwell in a pious body whose lusts are subdued and denied.

We as Christians should shun superstitious scruples and assert our Christian liberty, but we should consider what effects our conduct and example may have on others; and, although it may not be always proper to humor the scruples of some persons, yet, when there is a probability of grieving, offending, or turning aside a weak believer, or of stumbling a hopeful inquirer, we should waive our liberty, if nothing calls for the exercise of it except our own indulgences; and if we are not willing to do this we cannot be a true follower of Jesus Christ,

* A sermon preached in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Lowell, Mass., May, 1893.

who died for the weak as well as the strong. Let us pray for more humility and self-denial in the exercise of our knowledge, more to regard our acceptance with God, and less to desire the applause of men. When we, as a Church, reach that point it will go a great way toward abolishing rum, rags, and wretchedness.

It is admitted without argument that rum affects every nation, every commonwealth, every city, every town, every hamlet, every household, every man, every woman, every child, and every human industry, to the great injury to healthy morals, comfort, and prosperity, impoverishing, degrading, and destroying, and has grown so powerful and aggressive that it has become a question whether this evil shall dominate and control our community, shaping its social and political character.

The ministers and laity of Lowell, who have just organized themselves into a Church League, have become aroused to the magnitude of these evils, and to this end we hail with gladness all efforts from whatever sources, whether from the pulpit, the press, the Sunday school, public or private teaching, everything that shall tend to educate the people to a realizing sense of the impending danger, and to devote them to the higher claims of thought and action, independent of Church, creed, or political affiliation.

We realize that laws cannot enforce themselves. It is of vital importance that officers shall be elected who are in sympathy with the unbiased enforcement of all law, and especially in favor of all laws relating to the liquor traffic.

There never has been a practical effort of the Churches to attack this enemy politically—just where he is intrenched. This new organization in Lowell proposes to organize for this sole purpose.

Drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, eternal, and incurable wounds. It is a witch to the senses, a demon to the soul, a thief to the purse, a guide to rags, a straight road to wretchedness. It is the wife's foe and the children's sorrow.

The most inhuman act I ever heard of was a wager made by a human devil that he could cut off the feet from his dog, and after the act the dog would lick his hands. He won his wager. This brutal, cruel, human act corresponds to the Church, or Churches, who, by action or inaction, sanction the legalized liquor traffic, and by this whet the knife of alcohol which mutilates the body and drags the soul to hell.

I challenge the Church, or men, for their defense who fail to join this fraternity. It is universally acknowledged that the rum curse is the wickedest engine of the devil to ruin men's bodies and damn the souls. The highest courts of the land have declared that four fifths of all the crime comes from the drink curse. Conferences, Churches, synods, and courts all denounce the saloon.

The Almighty has said, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." In spite of these facts some preachers and hosts of church members have been silent on this important question, and in many cases have voted for men who

they knew favored licenses. They may think they are Christians, but I fear many of them will find themselves fearfully mistaken. How can a good man be silent when he knows personally that rum is the great destroyer of all that is pure or noble in the life of a man? We know untold millions of victims lie wrecked on the shores of time, lost for time and eternity. Before the breath of infancy has come to fan the faint spark of life its seed has been sown. Childhood, with its innocency and love, has been marked for its victims. Yes, they who have withstood so many of life's storms find themselves at its close storm-beaten and hopelessly lost in the terrible tempest—drink.

This heinous monster, alcohol, with all of its crime-breeding instinct, its rottenness and filth, eating as it does a cancer into the very vitals of a home, Church, and nation, turning everything into rags and wretchedness—if the Church should fail to organize against it, it would be false to itself and to its God.

And rags! ninety-five per cent of the ragged, dirty children in the street are the product of the rumshop. A New York daily says the average wages of one hundred and fifty thousand ill-fated working girls of New York are sixty cents a day, and that includes the income of the stylish cashiers who get two dollars per day, as well as the unfortunate girl who receives thirty cents in the East Side factories and shops.

Hosts of the poor girls, representing drunken parents, to get rid of rags are driven to a life of shame, or by drunken parents are educated in pro-

fanity and licentiousness. And what is true in New York is true in Lowell.

A few days ago I visited a home where the wife was compelled, through the brutal acts of her husband, to take herself and three children into one room, where she took in washing and worked nearly day and night.

Another place I visited was where a large family was crowded into two small rooms not over ten feet square, if that. These are only samples of the many that I could produce.

At one of the boarding houses of the corporations here the landlady told me that she had twenty-three girls who were common drunkards. It would be impossible for me to draw a word picture of the rags and wretchedness of these homes.

Last week on my way home on Bridge Street, about 10 P. M., the language of a man and a woman quarreling was simply terrific. I understood they represented a large family of children, and that is the way that fully one third of the children born in our city are brought up.

Now, it may be asked, What is the way out of this difficulty? I would answer, By a fair and unbiased enforcement of existing laws, and that only can be accomplished by electing to office a city government that cannot be bought or sold by liquor sellers.

There are twenty-nine prohibitory features in the existing liquor laws, and no attempt by a public official has been made to enforce them until the legalized liquor sellers have been bold, impotent, careless, and full of audacity, trampling upon all

law, filling our streets with drunkards until it is unsafe for women or children to walk. At least this is true since I have been in the city.

If licenses were withheld from improper persons and, when granted, revoked for the violation of conditions, it would bring terror to those wicked men and force them to respect the law, and reduce rags and wretchedness two thirds.

The sure way out of all this wretchedness is for the Church League to lead. The principles of the Gospel of Christ fully embraced would not only save men from any hell in the future life, but largely from the hell of poverty, rum, rags, and wretchedness on earth.

These principles put into full operation by the human family would give bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and homes to the homeless.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only safe, substantial, solid, and lasting philosophy for the abolishment of the mental, moral, and material poverty. It is a well-known fact that the nations, and especially the individuals, who study and read the Bible for themselves have the least rags and wretchedness. Honest, earnest Bible readers are earnestly opposed to drunkenness and impurity of all kinds. As a rule they have plenty; their homes are pure, clean, and happy. The Gospel, embraced by the drunkard, would save him from his wickedness, and by the drunkard maker, would save him from his avarice. The one would stop the drinking, the other the selling.

The Church League can in no wise compromise. Let the Church or no part of it stand for license,

either high or low; yea, let the Church cease to pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom while it aids in any manner directly or indirectly the perpetuation of the devil's kingdom.

Moral suasion by prayer, argument, and vote, prohibition with a power behind it to make it prohibit, is the way out of the rum business, and the Church has it in her power to down this evil.

In the name of God wake up, ye slumbering servants of Christ, and throttle this great foe of humanity. God give us unity and Christian charity to unite the good men of all political parties in this Church League, that, through the power of Almighty God, this demon may be dethroned.

CHAPTER XIV.

Horrors of the Liquor Traffic.*

"THE liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the homes, to the Church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that it can never be legalized without sin."

Six years ago last summer this was the universal sentiment of the General Conference. In 1892 it was readopted. These are not words of excited passions, but of cool, deliberate judgment. Let an earnest war be declared against the saloon by the great Methodist Church of these United States and in ten years from this time the saloon would be pulverized. That the liquor traffic is a great crime no one before me doubts, and the franchise should be used by every Christian man to overcome this gigantic monopoly. That we as Christian men do abhor the saloon as the great enemy of Christianity is a necessity.

The saloon power of this country is to-day an organized rebellion against good government and against conscience and all the best interests of good society. We are told by good authority that the liquor syndicate of the United States represents

*An address delivered before the New England Annual Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Holyoke, Mass.

one billion five hundred million dollars, with a membership of two hundred and fifty thousand. Thus with funds, fraud, and forgery they are prepared to control and to hold within an iron grasp the politicians and the government, and like the mailed warrior, it tramples under its feet the helpless women and children, and offers their quivering hearts in sacrifice at the shrine of mammon. Why is it, then, that the iniquity is allowed to exist? Simply because its enemies are divided and its friends stand in a solid phalanx. While we ride our pet hobbies, or idle and dawdle around, our foes stand with locked shields; strike one of their number, and you must fight them all. Now, is there any common ground where this vast army of temperance can stand? Yes; let our rallying cry be, "The saloon must go." In union alone there is strength and hope; for want of it the car of temperance is "dragged heavily." Brethren, let us take for our rallying cry, "The saloon must go." We must carry our temperance convictions into politics. We know party leaders have shouted themselves hoarse. "O, do keep temperance out of politics." We cannot do it. It has been in politics for three hundred and fifty years, and the saloon men took it there. In every great city the pass to political preferment lies through the gin mills. Joseph Cook puts it in this way: "In every close election the liquor men have the Republican Party by the beard and the Democratic Party by the throat." Let us work for the Antisaloon Party, and in this way we will put a hilt to the sword of public sentiment. But how is this great work of

protection by the Antisaloon League to be accomplished? Precisely as any other work.

First procure the men to do the work, and then provide the tools to do it with. In other words, the grand prerequisite is the election of men to office who will sustain and enforce the laws, and the next thing is to enact laws. The best laws are impotent if the judicial and executive officers are not ready to take hold and apply them to the evils which they are designed to remove. A dead law is a stench in the nostrils of any people. If the laws are not as you would have them make them as efficient weapons as possible, and work for better ones. It is not the weapon, but the arm that wields it and the man back of it, which gives victory or defeat. And here is seen the absolute necessity of the Antisaloon League, which was not formed for a day, but for a perpetual power in the government. A union that will furnish both right men to do the work and the right tools to do it with. There never was a political reform which demanded such thorough and universal political organization, national, State, and local, and the control of all offices in the government from the president down to the constable, as that of suppressing the manufacture, importation, and traffic in intoxicating drinks. Every public officer has a direct duty to perform or a direct political power to exert on the question. Yet the friends of temperance have all along been blundering and failing with the unwise policy of procuring prohibition laws and then leave them to execute themselves. In the great and prolonged war on the saloon now in progress, a close alliance of all

citizens who would suppress it is an immediate and urgent necessity. Ballots are as indispensable on this field of conflict as were bullets at Waterloo or Gettysburg; but the ballots will be as ineffective as the melting snowflakes unless their quality be preserved and they are packed one upon the other in a congenial, political atmosphere with thoughtful and inflexible purpose. They are as innocent as sheet lightning playing across the face of the distant cloud unless gathered and concentrated for a chosen end; and the end we seek is the suppression of the saloon. We have no petty schemes or favorite names to present, but simply to provide for the transfer of the balance of power from the worst to the better element of political life. The narrow majority of the two great parties, running sometimes one way, sometimes the other, makes the movable contingents the governing power in practical politics. Hitherto this balance of power has been controlled and directed in the interests of the saloon, which represents a movable quantity usually transferred from one party to another. Liquor dealers have no politics but their business; no higher motive than money getting; no principle but public liberty to carry forward their nefarious business; not only without hindrance, but with the sanction and protection of law. For more than thirty years they have declared that they will support no candidate for office that does not favor their business. They have thereby corrupted public sentiment, bulldozed campaign committees, and almost everywhere secured control of the party of the majority. Take, for instance, our licensed towns and

cities, and it is a well-known fact that selectmen and aldermen when elected were poor and embarrassed in their business, and when they have closed up their term of two years, in many cases debts have been paid by them and they are in a flourishing business. The question has been often asked, where does this money come from? It is not for me to say, but you Yankees can guess. The brewers and distillers and liquor dealers of this country, with an immense capital at their command, have been able to buy the best leadership and the largest following in practical politics. Now, let the people of this republic that pay the taxes and bear the burden and heat of the day, who constitute the rank and file of the political parties, arise in their strength, inspired by inflexible purpose to be free from the tyranny of the saloon power. That freedom can be achieved only by such a union of all who abhor this trade, as came in 1855 and 1860, of those who resented the rule and rapacity of the slave power. Our love for God and right must free us from boss dictation, from narrow and sectional bigotries, and bring all who pray alike and think alike to vote in accord with each other with one vehement purpose and battle cry: "Down with the saloons! Freedom for all! Charity for all! Hope for all! Down with the saloons!"

Let me now give some reasons why we should act at once. More than fifty years ago that eminent preacher and philosopher, Thomas Dick, estimated that since intemperance dug the first grave over seventeen thousand millions have perished through strong drink. More than four hundred nations like

ours, or seventeen worlds like the one we inhabit, damned by rum forever. O, the appalling record! Horrible shame! Add the records of the last fifty years of intemperance and it would swell the above figures immensely. Every eight minutes a drunkard goes from under the Stars and Stripes to hell by legal murder. In Great Britain there are one hundred and ninety thousand legalized drinking hells, and in the United States over two hundred thousand, plus probably one hundred thousand clandestine resorts of vice. In Ireland, Justice Fitzgerald says, that "intemperance leads to nineteen twentieths of the crime." In Britain there are three million drunkards; in America more than this who will never be sober again. In ten million homes of these Christian nations there is more want, woe, wickedness, heartache, and ruin than all other misfortunes can produce.

We have in this commonwealth three hundred and twenty-five thousand young men between the ages of fourteen and thirty. Seventy per cent of them do not attend church anywhere, and only *five* per cent of them are church members. How large a portion of the young men who are to be the future fathers and lawmakers are dissipated. To save the young men, O, to save the young men! who is sufficient? The following is from the report of the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco for 1889: "There were on a Sunday evening, August 19, 1888, by actual count, in all the evangelical churches, nineteen hundred young men. The following Sabbath there were found in the places of amuse-

ment and saloons, including the baseball match on the afternoon of that day, at the least calculation, thirty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-three young men." In round numbers seventy per cent of the convicts in our prisons are young men. In view of these facts ought not the Church to arouse, shake off its worldliness, seek the baptism of the Spirit, and wade in and organize for a war of extermination of this race of wolves? The rum-shops are dressed up and made attractive under the legalized saloon, and ninety per cent of drunkardness starts in the fashionable saloon where brimstone is made to shine and damnation to sparkle. It must be remembered that licenses regulate but never die. License means life; prohibition means death.

We have read of one praying, "O Lord, come down and cripple the devil." A lady cried out, "No, Lord, kill him, for we don't want any crippled devils around here!" So we must organize in the most efficient way not to cripple the saloon, but to kill it! to kill it! It is a well-known fact that rum and prostitution are twins. Rum leads not only our young men to rudeness, but ruins the girls. Vice offers to every fair girl more money than she can earn in any other field. The profession of such a creature is profitable for a season, but the harvest is short. A poor but handsome girl is frequently haunted by her employers from pillar to post, ground down on her wages, and finally confronted with the alternative—sin or starve. When she has sold herself to buy bread, she is treated as an outcast by the very men that ruined her. Booth says, in *Darkest England:* "No girl has ever come

into our home from the street life but has been more or less a prey to drink, and they always say, 'I always have to drink if I want to sin.'" Dear brethren, let us organize the Church in a solid front against this gigantic evil, and rum will have to flee the nation. It can be subdued. Through our neglects in every line of work and our political credulity, the saloons in many of our cities have vastly more influence, morally, socially, and politically, than the churches, with ten times the income and ten times the products in men converted. You ask me, "Do you know any way out of this difficulty?" I answer, "Yes." Prohibition owes much to the few earnest Christians who exemplify the religion of Jesus, and temperance workers who are protesting vehemently against this crime. The Church will have to conquer drunkard making, or drunkenness will conquer the Church. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sufficient and sustaining power for the abolition of the dramshop. The Protestant Church membership could stop this tide of death if they would, and this will be done when we are organized for effort and victory. The Protestant Church, to a great extent, stands dazed and dawdling before the power of rum and Romanism. The votes of the last forty-eight years show that against all the venal and mercenary power of drink, bribery, threats, and partisan bosses, a majority of the nation hates alcohol. Now, brethren, let us take hold of this with both hands on the oars of our boat, and pull together to the port of purity and peace, not trying to grasp one of them with one hand while clinging to sin with the other; not reaching up with

one hand after eternal life, and reaching down with the other hand for a rum license. Let us consolidate our forces. We can, we must, have men equal to the occasion, and as the League grows in numbers and influence it will become the object of attention to those in political life. O for some divine earthquake to shatter down our political idols, shake us out of our inglorious ease and dignity, and drive us into the field with such desperate energy and courage as rallied round the flag and marched to the field to uphold the pillars of the American Union!

CHAPTER XV.

Paul's Portrait of a Rumseller.

HERE it stands just as he painted it in his studio in Corinth, in the year 64:

"As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient;

"Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers,

"Backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents,

"Without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful:

"Who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."—Rom. i, 28-32.

Look at them! Most of them are foreigners that "left their country for their country's good." Ignorant, not cultivated, bright-eyed men, they are gross men; coarseness and sensuality are written all over their persons. Watery eyes, swollen cheeks, pouting lips; all signs show that they live in an atmosphere of sin and corruption. They are cruel men who say, "Come, let us lie in wait for blood. Let us swallow them up alive as the grave." Their feet run to evil and make haste to shed blood. They cannot sleep unless they cause some to fall. They see their customers come to them healthy and vigorous, then sicken and die; neat and comfortable in appearance, then shabby and idle; gentlemen of

wealth, then reduced to beggary; honest supporters of their households, then cruel tormentors. They know that their business will cause fights and brawls and murders; they go right on. Abused wives, mothers, and daughters come to plead, "Spare our friends." Children beaten, starved, robbed, cry, "Don't sell rum to papa." They go right on. The tumble-down homes and the miserable dwellers, the crowded poorhouse and jail, and yawning graves protest against this horrid trade, but it does not move them. Father Scully answered the question, "Why don't you priests stop them?" by saying, "They are too lazy to work, too proud to beg; they have no regard for priest or pope or God Almighty." But let me put the saddle on the right horse. You know when you give an Irishman a license, you make his saloon a caucus and give him the key to the State House, and you are willing that the seller and his victims may be damned if they only give you the key to the State House, so that you can plunder the treasury. Of the wholesale dealers sixty-three per cent were foreign born; of the brewers and maltsters, seventy-five per cent; while a large percentage of the rest were of foreign parentage. Of the saloon keepers sixty per cent were foreign born, while the other forty per cent were largely of foreign extraction.

At a recent session of the courts in Philadelphia for the granting of licenses in that city under the new law, an investigation was made by unbiased judges to ascertain the facts, and to establish the character of the saloon keepers. Under the old law were found six thousand saloon keepers.

Under the new law three thousand four hundred and forty-one only applied for a license. They were the picked men of the trade, and out of that number three thousand have been reported by the police as violators of the law, so that the judges only granted one thousand three hundred and forty-five retail licenses and less than two hundred wholesale licenses. The records of the court show nine tenths of the applicants of foreign birth, Ireland having the largest number, Germany next, England least. Another fact drawn out by the court investigation showed that many foreigners, from the first day they landed, never engaged in any business but liquor selling. Still another fact brought to light that the brewers in that city own one hundred and seventeen taverns, the wholesale dealers own twenty-five, but few of the places being owned by men who retailed the liquor. Therefore it is clearly seen that these brewers, distillers, and wholesale liquor dealers control the politics of that city, and rule as with a rod of iron. The few get rich; the masses are impoverished.

Again, let me quote from *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular:* "From March 10 to April 25, 1888, gives us forty-two brewers and wholesale liquor dealers holding three hundred and seventy-six mortgages on retailers, amounting to a little less than half a million of money. What is true of the cities mentioned is probably true of nearly all license cities in the United States."

We have nurtured the traffic until it has become intolerant and kicks at all restrictions, devouring its millions. It sows the land with immorality, vio-

lence, and crime, fattening on ruined hopes and fallen characters, and flings in our faces, with gigantic taunt, "You have no remedy, for we are hedged about with protective statutes."

The following narrative, by Bishop Foss, will give a glimpse of their features:

"A very few years ago, in closing the Northwest Iowa Conference, it fell to my lot to make, on my personal responsibility, as much as I am ever called to do it, the appointment of one man, a Hercules in form, with big fists and a big head, with a hot heart, with nerves of steel and muscles of brass, a man intense in purpose and great in possibilities of power. There was no trouble about his appointment because he was not wanted. He was wanted in a dozen places, and the presiding elders did not know where it was best to tell me to put him, and at last alone, and after much thought and prayer, I wrote his name to Sioux City District, George C. Haddock! I did not know that I was sending a martyr to his death, to his crown; but so it turned out. But his blood calls to us from the ground, and 'his soul is marching on.' I do not know but that in this second and greatest of reforms there may be needed more blood, but if it shall be so, I, before God, would as soon that my only son should die, if God shall call him in the order of his providence, in order to hold aloft this banner which we have raised, as I would have been willing that my dearest friends should have died twenty-five years ago to save the Union. God grant our blessed Church the grace to stand true to her position on behalf of total abstinence and constitutional prohibition!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Devil's Fit Partner.

A RUMSELLER addressing Satan, says, "I have opened apartments with all needed conveniences for the sale of whisky, brandy, wine, lager beer, and all the lesser intoxicants and their compounds, including all the so-called temperance drinks. Our objects, though different, may better be attained by union; I, therefore, propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money, all else is yours.

"Bring me the industrious, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers, and beggars. Bring me the child, and I will dash to the ground the fairest prospects and brightest hopes of father and mother. Bring me the father or the mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a disgrace and a reproach to their children, and compel them to ask for a divorce. Bring me the young man, and I will destroy his character, ruin his health, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth. Bring me the industrious mechanic or laborer in any form, and his own money, the hard-earned fruit of his toil shall be made to plant discord, poverty, and vice in the once happy home. Yea, bring me the professed followers of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of their hearts, and I will corrupt the ministers of the Gospel and destroy their usefulness and defile the purity of the Church. Yea, let the chief magistrates

of the State or nation become my patrons; yea, let the lawmakers themselves meet at my table and participate in the violation of the laws, and I will soon make the law itself a hissing and a byword in the streets. Bring me, above all, the moral and respectable man; if possible bring me the moderate temperance man, and, though he may not drink, yet his presence at my place of business, and his name to my license, will make it respectable and attractive; and if he be a deacon so much the better—this will show to the world the lawful and respectable mask which our business must wear. Thus we will carry on the work of destruction more efficiently."

And here is Satan's reply to the above proposition. He says to the rumseller: "I most cordially accept your proposal, for I have for over five thousand years sought in vain for a man who can do my work so successfully and persistently as you can; I have even ransacked the lowest depths of hell for a devil who could or would do for me the whole work of destruction completely. But I have utterly failed. My minions always made some mistake or showed the cloven foot too soon. I first sent out the demon, Murder, and began with Abel. He slew a few thousands, most generally the helpless and innocent; but men soon turned away with loathing from him, and his mission was a comparative failure. I then sent out my servant, Lust; he led a few young men and women into the chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character, causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. Even then many victims escaped through the power of God, my great enemy. I sent out

Avarice, and in his golden chain many were bound; but men learned to hate him for his meanness, so comparatively few fell by him. The twin brothers, War and Pestilence, went forth and Famine followed them; but these indiscriminately slew old and young, the good as well as the bad, so heaven received as many as hell in this way. In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides the Gospel of Jesus Christ was making in saving men from my clutches, and my wits were at an end what to do, but when I received your information I shouted till the welkin of hell echoed back the shout, 'I have found it! I have found it!' Yes, my dear sir, I could have embraced you a thousand times. So I will give you the most honored seat in my kingdom; you are just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for; you can have all the money—give me the souls. What if it is wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women and from the mouths of hungry children! Though you fill the jails and poorhouses, though you crowd the insane asylums, though you make murder, incest, and arson to abound, though you erect a gallows in every town and city, you shall have money. I also solemnly pledge to harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you; you shall look upon the innocent blood shed without shame; you shall think yourself a gentleman, even though your victims call you a demon; you shall be devoid of fear of God and the solemnities of eternity; hereafter you shall have all the money, all I claim of the victim is the body and soul."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Radical Method the Way Out.

"And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees."—Matt. iii, 10.

THESE words sound the keynote of what must have been one of the most effective and radical sermons ever preached by John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus the Messiah.

Jesus was the supreme radical of all history, and the chief object of John's preaching was to outline the entire revolution which Jesus was to effect among mankind. Hence the true Church must be radical.

The word "radical" has become a term of reproach, and is often employed as an argument against the opponent when defeat cannot be accomplished by more forcible logic, and the term is often used by those who do not comprehend its import or proper application.

In politics and religion it is now most commonly intended to represent a pestilent man, a mover of sedition who profanely disregards the doctrine of the divine right of certain persons to hold the reign of power. The duty of all others is an unquestioned submission to the will of their superiors.

With slight variations our dictionaries agree in the definition that the word radical refers to what is primitive and implanted in nature, original and fundamental to any complete organization. Another tells us that radical means what is pertaining to the root, and therefore is not only essential, but of first

importance in all combinations. It is in reality the first principle which gives character to every body or compact, whether material, social, civil, or religious.

Hence a radical statesman bases his theory upon what is fundamental in human society, and by a proper adjustment of individual rights and interests provides for the order and security of the body politic.

A radical in religion maintains the primitive simplicity of the Christian Church, disregards the assumptions and schemes of men as having power to save men from their sins, and they affirm that the radical is the true conservative, for he maintains what is fundamental in the nature of things and aims to free essentials from what is artificial and opposed to the highest good of mankind.

A radical for Christ insists upon the equality of the brotherhood of mankind. Hence we who glory in the achievements of the Gospel should not brand the men who are radical in their faith, and who are doing the work of the Master. No doubt but Gladstone was called a radical by the rummies, when he declared before the House of Commons that drink had inflicted on the world greater evils than war, pestilence, and famine combined; or they might have said he was indulging in a mere theoretical exaggeration. When the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly declared, in its official decision in the case of California *vs.* Christiansen (1890), that a greater amount of crime and misery is shown by the statistics of every State to be attributed to drink than to any other source, were they for the moment indulging in thoughtless statements for

the purpose of pleasing the temperance people? No, for every thinking man knew that it was the truth. Some have thought when I stated that the city of Lowell spent nearly two millions of money annually for intoxicating liquors, that I fearfully exaggerated the truth. Now, a barrel of ale costs eight dollars, and it retails for twenty-eight dollars at five cents a glass, and I am told that on an average liquor dealers sell more than a barrel of ale in a day, and their profits from sales of hard liquors would be as much as this. At this rate the total cost of all liquors for one year would be one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars; this is saying nothing of all that is sold illegally throughout our city, or by the drug stores, and it is certainly safe to say that two thirds, if not four fifths, of this comes from the poor men who could not afford to spend a dollar for liquor, even if there was no sin in it. Two millions is too little. Leaving out the moral problem of these statistics, the economical problem is of itself appalling; computing sixty-five millions of inhabitants of the United States, we find that there has been spent during the past year twenty-eight dollars per capita directly and indirectly for that which robs the home of its comforts, purity, and sanctity, and the nation of its legitimate returns on its capital invested.

What are the fruits, then, of these saloons? Drunkards, libertines, thieves, liars, corrupt legislators, cruel husbands, neglected mothers, vile fathers, unruly sons, impure daughters—in a word, all that is wicked and worst.

Look at New England settled by Christians, the cleanest of the Saxon race, and what do we see in all our thriving villages and cities in this commonwealth? The ratio of crime is increasing faster than the population. Yes, so rapid is the increase in our cities that after a time doubling the population will treble and quadruple the crimes.

It was stated in *The Forum* in 1893 by the clerk of the court of Salem, that while the population of Massachusetts had trebled crime had increased fifty-fold. These are appalling facts. All our churches are powerless. Our prayer meetings, Sabbath schools, preachers, superintendents, teachers, and missionaries all combined, are not able to stop the terrible advance of vice and the legalized liquor traffic in this city. The horrid monster, made legal by the hands of Christians, stalks right on, striding over us all and plucking its victims without stint from our very midst. We must strike at the roots of this great evil, or the whole American nation will go down in some awful catastrophe, such as swallowed up Rome, unless the fate is arrested by a tremendous revolution such as can only be wrought by those who fear God and keep his commandments.

It is needless to moralize over this so apparent an iniquity. The abolishing of the liquor from any New England city would inaugurate a reign of peace, plenty, and prosperity, such as the city has never seen.

The figures that I have given are sometimes doubted, but if there is any error it is that they are far below the truth. We must add to them the loss to the country in the impaired capacity of rum

and beer drinkers. Add to it the cost of ninety per cent of the police and officials of courts, the cost of ever recurring riots, the cost of a very large per cent of the expenditures for insane asylums, poorhouses, penitentiaries, houses of correction, and reformatories of all kinds, the cost of the trials for murders and of executions, ninety per cent of which is to be carried to this already enormous account.

At Hampton Falls, N. H., some years ago, a man by the name of Peck worked for a man who helped him in boyhood, by the name of Brown. He was paid two hundred dollars for his work and was a good servant, but he went off on a drunken spree, and remained in that condition while his money lasted. He returned one night, took the ax, broke the house open, chopped the head literally off the man and almost off his wife, then went to the drawer and took the money to complete his spree. He was found with the money in his pocket and the blood on his garments. The clerk of the court of that county told me personally it cost the State *seven thousand dollars* to try this murderer and to get him convicted. He had to be maintained a year or more in jail after that, then hanged.

Add to it the cost of the rotten political rings, which are based upon rum and are working to defeat the will of the nation and keep us under the rule of scullions, add to it the cost of maintaining the gaming houses, thieves, prostitutes, and, in fact, the entire criminal class, who are first brought to vice and criminality by rum, and afterward depend upon it as their stay to nerve them to commit every crime.

These additions make an array of figures entirely beyond human understanding, and this is only a part of the money account. But there are other effects that are far beyond it. Add to this money loss the blighting yearly of the lives of thousands upon thousands of the best men and women of this country. Add to it the cold hearthstone, the shoeless women, the rags, squalor, and misery that are inseparable from rum and beer.

Add to it desolate homes, heart-broken children, reared in ignorance and vice, to swell the account of pauperism in this generation and the criminality in the next.

Add to it everything that is miserable in life, everything that is destructive of all that is good in man, and some idea may be formed of the relation that rum bears to the country. The loss in wealth, enormous as it is, is the least item in the account.

Nevertheless, the brewers, distillers, and the liquor dealers insist that they have a right to their business among us. They insist that they shall be permitted to go on seducing young womanhood and manhood into its embrace without control. They insist that they shall set up their shops wherever they choose and they shall be free from restraint. The promoters of this one great curse claim a right to dictate law to the lawmakers, and to govern the country; and any man or minister who dares to expose them they call him either a crank or a fool, and say that he has no rights in the community that should be regarded.

But we must blow the trumpet and warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come, and not fear

the face of man. We must stand for God and suffering humanity if we have to stand alone.

O, the folly of a city putting into the hands of the rum dealer the knife with which to cut our throats! We have licensed men to make criminals, and then put our hands into our pockets and pay a heavy tax to employ a police force to catch them, and convene courts to try them; build prisons to punish them. Yea, we lift up our hands in holy horror and demand the hanging of a murderer, but never make a raid on the murder mills and close them up. O, brother, with what terror do these poor drunken victims realize their condition. O, the groans and cries of a hundred thousand immortal souls that go down to a drunkard's grave every year, lost, lost, forever lost. O, ye Christian professors, arise, arise, just now this very day; don't wait a single hour; arise, gird on the sword of Christian principles and go forth to save a perishing world, and do it now. O, delay no longer.

Thousands have called upon me, robbed of their money, their reputation, their hopes, their happiness, of all that could make life sweet; their bodies a mass of corruption and pain; their crown of intellect dashed to the dust, and their souls struggling with all the horrors.

Look at them. Just go search every prison house. Try every form of torture, every scheme of human agony that ever men or devils invented, and tell me, if you can, of a punishment for the drunkard more awful than that which he now endures.

One time I attended a funeral of one of these men

and the wife knelt down by the coffin and placing her face on the dead face cried at the top of her voice, "O, John; I cannot, I cannot give you up. I will not. O how can I say good-bye forever?" All were moved to tears; a foolish woman came up to me and said, "Sir, if you had done your duty as a minister you might have prevented this terrible scene." I have never felt a rebuke as I did that one, for I think if ever a human being was commissioned by God, that poor woman was commissioned to speak to me; and I then made up my mind that, God being my helper, I would never knowingly be negligent in duty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

God's Stamp on Impurity.

THE Proverbs of Solomon are designed to furnish a series of maxims for every relation of life, and probably no man was better qualified to speak from personal experience than the wise king. His words shall be the foundation of our remarks on the important subject of impurity:

"When wisdom entereth into thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul . . . to deliver thee from the strange woman which flatters with her tongue; her lips drop as a honeycomb, her mouth is smoother than oil. She sitteth at the door of her house on a seat in the high places of the city, to call passengers who go right on their ways: Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither. To him that wanteth understanding, she saith, Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant; but he knoweth not that the dead are there. Lust not after her beauty, neither let her take thee with her eyelids. She forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life, her ways are movable, that thou canst not know them. Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house, for her house inclineth unto death. She has cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the cham-

bers of death; none that go unto her, return again; neither take they hold of the paths of life. Let not thy heart decline to her ways, lest thou mourn at last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How I have hated instruction and my heart despised reproof. I was in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly."

My attention was first called to this sin some thirty-two years ago, when I came in contact with some boys in a country town that felt they ought to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, but they had indulged in self-abuse until they lost control of themselves and became the victims of bad habits. Yet reproof and instruction reached them just in season to save them. They were saved; some of them to-day occupy high positions in the Christian Church as stewards, deacons, and ministers; others are not, because God has taken them. So from that day to this I have endeavored to guide young men clear of this terrible curse. Let me beseech you to guard your heart purity. Never lose it; if it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. Keep, first, purity of imagination, of thought, and of feeling; if soiled, it can be cleansed by no fuller's soap; if lost, it cannot be found, though sought carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may repair it; if a light be quenched, it may be rekindled, but if you crush a flower no power can repair it. If odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back? So if a man be sullied with impurity it is seldom, if ever, he can be reclaimed; if he once yield to this sin terrible clouds of temptation settle thick and fast around.

The heart feels tides of irresistible power, mocking its control, and hurrying it fiercely down the cataract to ruthless desolation. Your only resource is to avoid the uprising of this giant passion by crying unto God to resist every impure thought. Young man, remember you have no right to trifle with a young woman's affections and seduce her to yield to temptation and, impurity and then desert her. O, how many thousands of young ladies have thus been led to forsake the covenant of their God to go down in shame, never, never to rise again! In the language of another let me say, "O, prince of torment, if thou hast one transforming power, give some relief to this once innocent child, whom another has corrupted. Let thy deepest damnation seize on him who brought her hither! He shall be crowned with thorns, poisoned, and anguish bearing; and every woe beat upon him and every wave of hell roll over his first baffled hope."

Yes, my dear friends, if Satan hath one dart more poisonous than another; if God hath one bolt more transfixing and blasting than another; if there be one hideous spirit more relentless than another, they await that wretch who led her to forsake the guide of her youth and to abandon the covenant of her God. Be thou not deceived by beauty, and drawn from the path of virtue, for the young man that does it is like the tiny insects that flutter around the bright blaze, fall down burned and destroyed. So young men are drawn away by beauty, not by sense or wisdom, and they soon find themselves in the same condition the insects are in —burned, destroyed, and ruined forever.

If we saw a young man who was willing to be hung for the sake of riding to the gallows on a golden chariot, clothed with the king's raiments, we would say, What a fool!

Yet a young man consents to enter the chariot of impurity drawn by the fiery steeds of lust, which stop not for food or breath till they have accomplished their fateful journey. To such a young man purity sounds morose and cross, but he loves the words from the lips of a harlot more than from the lips of his mother. Her speech is fair to him, her laugh is merry as music. She may pretend to love you, but her love will defile you like pitch, and burn you as deep as living coals. Her eyes shall cheat you. Her sighs are base. Her flattery is like the spider's web spread for thee. O trust not thy heart nor thy ear to Delilah. The locks of the mighty Samson are soon shorn off if he will but lay his slumbering head upon her lap. He who could slay heaps upon heaps of Philistines, and pull down the vast temple, was too weak to contend with one wicked, artful woman. Young man, let me warn you to trust not thyself to the artful woman; trust not to her reasoning, for she will turn pious and read to you the Bible, and tell you about the sins of the patriarchs and emphasize the sins of David and Solomon. How she will plead with your own nature. How she will whisper, God hath made thee so. How like her father (the devil), she will lure thee to pluck the apple and say, Thou shalt not surely die. Yes, she will hiss at men's virtue and spit on modest women, and shake her serpent tongue at the words of purity, but God

says in his word, "He goeth after her, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strikes through his liver."

O, how many thousands have felt this dart running through them when it was too late! Then the soul was full of the outcry. But it was too late to return. There is no vice like licentiousness to delude with the most fascinating delight and fulfill the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver tongued, but none so impassionate as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as licentiousness. We are told by good authority that in the city of Boston over four thousand harlots are buried every year. Their average career after they enter on a life of vice is about four years.

Now enter with me in imagination to a strange woman's house where, God grant, you may never enter in any other way. A wise and great divine has said there are five steps: First, pleasure. Second, gratification. Third, discovery. Fourth, disease. Last, death! Now let us just glance at these.

First, Pleasure. The eye is dazzled with the pleasures, the inmates. They dance, they sing, with all other kinds of flattery. They eat, they drink, and become merry on wine; they are willing to sell heaven, with all its charms for the flattery of the wicked woman, but soon the pleasure is all over, and remorse has taken hold of the heart.

Secondly, Gratification. The victims are overflushed with the dance; they begin to hear strange cries. They meditate. The room grows dark, hope

does not shine, the past is not pleasant. The present is wearisome, and the future they dread lest their sins be revealed.

Third, Discovery. The floors are bare, the naked walls drip with filth. The air is poisonous with sickly fumes, and echoes with mirth concealing hideous misery. The past seems like a dream. On the right hand as you enter close by the door is a group of fierce devils, in deep drink with drugged liquors, in morals all debauched, in peace bankrupted, the desperate wretches wrangle one with the other, swearing bitter oaths, etc., etc. On the other side you see a youth, once a servant at God's altar. His hair hangs down, tangled and torn; his eyes are bloodshot. His fist is clenched. All the day he wanders up and down, cursing sometimes himself, and sometimes the wretch that brought him hither, and when he sleeps he dreams of hell, and when he awakes the pains rush through every part of the entire body.

Next we enter the court of disease. Description cannot portray its ineffable misery. Such is God's stamp on impurity.

But lastly, we enter the room of death, and hear the hideous outcries. The cry of agony, the thunder of damnation, shakes the very building and echoes from wall to wall. O that young men might see the end of this vice before they see the beginning! I know that you shrink from this picture. May God save you from such an experience.

In conclusion, I solemnly warn you against indulging in impurity of thought, reading, or action, for we read, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Blessed

art thou, most favored of God, whose thoughts are chaste, whose imagination will not breathe nor fly in tainted air, and whose path has been measured by the golden rod of purity. I warn you against evil companions. "Decayed fruit corrupts the neighboring fruit." You must not indulge in smutty stories, or lend your ear or tongue to immodest words. No man is your friend who will corrupt you. An impure man is every good man's enemy. Your deadly foe is he that hides his poisoned dagger under the cloak of good fellowship, or, in other words, what is known as a good fellow. You must not read impure novels; if you do you are in great danger. And you must always remember that God is greater than wicked men. May God give you grace, strength, and wisdom to overcome every impure thought, and live so you shall live forever. "Marriage is honorable in all, but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

CHAPTER XIX.

An Appeal to the Ministers of the Nation.

MY dear brethren in the ministry of the nation: The time has fully come when all our churches and citizens interested in the cause of temperance should take counsel with each other, and combine their best wisdom and efforts to secure antagonism to the liquor traffic, to enforce a better observance of the laws against the saloon, to obtain legal provision for the entire suppression of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, and the best possible representatives of these principles in the men who occupy civil positions. The liquor men have become thoroughly organized to perpetuate their infernal business, and claim protection by law, at the same time defying all law. It is absolutely necessary that the order-loving citizens of our towns and wards should organize for a manly and faithful defense of the home against the saloon, and that all plans may be void of anything to excite jealousy or divide interests. The drunken howls going up continually from the nation's licensed barrooms are enough to smother the songs, prayers, sermons, and the benedictions of all the churches. No brush, pen, or tongue, save that of an archangel, can depict the reality. I know it will take time, tact, nerve, brain, and common sense, and a self-sacrificing spirit, to organize our churches against the liquor traffic. Therefore, let us take courage, gird up our loins

and go to work, for God is with us. The energy of holy men must avail. Much has been accomplished, but much more remains to be achieved. The past few years the platform, the pulpit, and the pen have been more consecrated in its service than ever before; and public opinion is rapidly maturing for the overthrow of the legalized saloon.

The evils that have threatened society can no longer be treated as an abstract question, but in their living connection with the crafty organizers.

We cannot consider measures apart from men. The great uprising against Tammany Hall in New York would be a sufficient illustration of this statement, were any needed. What is true in one place is true in all. The great lottery question in Louisiana was personated in a few men, who chose such a method for personal gain, and for it they were ready to pollute the morals of the whole nation.

The saloon is an organization, when resolved into its last analysis. The conflict with the saloon brings a conflict with men. These men, choosing to enrich themselves upon the insatiable appetite of the drunkards, plan shrewdly with farsightedness on their part. They select their representatives in the State and municipal offices long before caucuses are held. They never herald their efforts with bulletins. Many a time these men have been wiser in their methods than the "children of light." The saloon does not become frightened on account of the most stringent resolutions adopted by any gathering of reformers. They have so often seen the enthusiasm end with the resolutions that they

care little about them. We can go on wording resolutions, while they go on electing men who shall serve them in public office. The Christian Church should be so organized as to enforce its resolves to nominate and elect only those who avow themselves to be open opponents to the saloons. This organization is larger than any mere party. It should include men of all parties and creeds, who are determined to banish the common curse of our cities and towns. Political partnership seeks its strength where it may. For personal ends, partisans have frequently bargained with these men whose business is the contamination of morals in the community. These facts need only to be stated to be understood. This organization means men meeting men; the promoters of morality against the corrupters of society. Instead of voting for no license or prohibition, and leaving the result in the custody of men who are friendly to the saloon, we must choose officials who can be trusted with the sacred rights of the people. We must have men equal to the occasion. The methods may vary with the times and places, but nothing shall obscure our main issue—a party for the right.

Prohibition is right. The great body of evangelical Churches, the clear teachings of science, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States affirm this righteous verdict, and also assert that its contrast, license, is wrong; to take a revenue on the vices of the people is a sin. Prohibition promotes economy, industry, and thrift; license develops waste, laziness, and beggary. Prohibition is easy and simple of execution; license intrenches

the wrongdoer within the sacred precincts of law, and renders it impossible to suppress him. Prohibition is a terror to evil doers, a joy and praise to them that do well. License is the inspiration and strength of evil doers and the grief and humiliation of those who strive for good. Prohibition is hailed with the joyful songs of women and the laughter and benedictions of childhood. License is hailed with the acclaim and oaths of drunkards, hoodlums, rioters, jail birds, and all violators of law and enemies of God. Prohibition comes to the ballot box with clean hands and sacred associations. License comes to the ballot box with horse jockeys, gamblers, and brothel keepers, their hands full of bribes, leading a vassal press and padlocked ministers, and deceiving the "very elect" to boost servile dudes into the places of power to work their deviiish will. Alas, what a travesty of the principles of fair elections and free government. O, ministers of God, how long can we bow down under the burdens and shame of such a conspiracy as this? O, brethren, are our skirts free from the blood of these souls destroyed, of these victims immolated on the altar of Bacchus? We must meet these victims at the white throne of God; must we meet them and hear them in that tremendous day exclaim, Had you done your duty our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, would not have plunged into the dark Sheol of drunkenness?

At a mass meeting in the interests of temperance, called to lift the drinking saloons from a low stratum in society up to respectability, the doctor, the minister, the deacon, and the cream of the town

were full of enthusiasm as they urged such a reform. The vote was just to be taken, when a thinly clad, emaciated woman flung up her hand, and said: "Mr. Moderator, may I have a word with you? O, my God, make liquor selling respectable? I have come from the poorhouse to say that I thought myself the wife of one of the best husbands, and the mother of six of the best of boys. That minister was the one that took the first glass of liquor with my husband, and that deacon was the man who sold him the liquor. There lies over in the graveyard yonder the body of that husband, and beside him lie six manly boys; they all died drunkards, and I have dragged my weary frame from the poorhouse yonder to declare to you that you cannot make drunkard-making a respectable business, and at the day of judgment you will have to settle under this indictment." The meeting suddenly dissolved, and no license was issued.

At this crisis let us quote Dr. Kynett: "The Church and the saloon are at war. They can never be at peace. They contend for the bodies and the souls of men, for the homes of the people, and for the springs of social, domestic, and civil life. To rest supinely, or play the coward and fail in such a conflict, is to betray the cause of God and man, and merit the scorn of friends and the derision of foes."

There is a way out. The hearty union of our forces, the determination to do each man's duty up to his very best, and faith in the living God which makes heroes, will give us the victory in one decade.

The ministers, who in pulpit and press will spurn the bribers and caucus packers and the double-

dealing nominees, can marshal the forces of this nation for a speedy trial.

Now let me give you a plan for operating without sacrificing your dignity or honor:

1. We would advise you to gather the facts and preach a sermon to your people, at the close of which present them with a plan of operation, such as follows:

CONSTITUTION

Of the.....Antisaloon League.

The.....Church.

State or Town..... Date.....

ARTICLE I.—*Name.*

The name of this organization shall be the..... Antisaloon League, or Church League.

ARTICLE II.—*Aim.*

The aim of this League is the destruction of the saloon by an earnest, unbiased enforcement of existing laws, and by the use of the ballot to secure such other legislation as may be necessary to accomplish the end in view.

ARTICLE III.—*Membership.*

Any voter may become a member of this League by signing the following pledge:

First, That we owe primary allegiance to God and humanity, to our country and commonwealth, and we will make our political action conform to these higher claims.

Second, We will always scan the lists of nominees with as rigid a scrutiny to find our friends as the liquor sellers do.

Third, That, reserving the right to entertain individually our political preferences, we hold ourselves free from the domination of the liquor power in our exercise of the elective franchise.

ARTICLE IV.—*Officers.*

The officers of this League shall be a president, vice presi-

dents, secretary, and treasurer. The last two offices may be held by the same person.

ARTICLE V.—*Public Meetings.*

If practicable one public meeting shall be held every three months for creating public sentiment against the dramshop.

ARTICLE VI.—*Amendments.*

This constitution may be altered or amended by a majority vote of the members present at any meeting duly called, notice of such alteration or amendment having been given at the preceding meeting.

Recommendation.

Five members of this League shall be appointed a Committee on Ways and Means to collect such funds as this League may require in the furtherance of its work.*

2. In union with other pastors of the town or city fix on a day for preaching a temperance sermon, and at its close ask every man, woman, and child in the congregation that is in sympathy with your plan to make it manifest by a standing vote. Then appoint a night to organize, and in the near future come together as a town or city, and get a central organization, and push the work in the name of God and suffering humanity.

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* The above is simply a suggestion as to form.

CHAPTER XX.

"In Perils Oft."

NO person that has not excited the ire and braved the wrath of the liquor sellers can know the perils that beset the reformer's life. There is no volume published that would be sufficient to report the outrages, assaults, threats, slanders, and reprisals that have been practiced on temperance men the last sixty years. Those who have been slaughtered have not had the most serious damages. Almost monthly from the beginning of my career as a foe to rum letters foul with oaths and obscenity, and breathing violence and death have been sent to frighten me from my work. Bludgeons have been waved over my head, rotten eggs have perfumed my garments; even the assassin's bullet has crossed my path, and twice the assaulter has attempted my death. Once a heavy stone was flung at my head from above, which knocked me down and left injuries from which I shall suffer all my life. At another time a liquor seller attacked me, smote me with his fists, and so broke up my teeth that I had to lose the whole set above and below. A miscreant stole into the stable and broke the leg of my horse with the blow of a club; my friends soon supplied me with another horse. On making search of Patrick Dolan's saloon in Stonington, Conn., I was assaulted by the proprietor, who rushed at me with a pitchfork and had it within a

few inches of my breast when the officer with his club arrested him and saved him from the guilt of blood. An officer in Norwich with a warrant to search a drinking dive and gambling den could find no one to enter the den with him and came to me and reported, so I went with the officer. Going through three or four rooms we came to a cellar occupied by fifteen or twenty drinking roughs, who fastened the doors, smashed the lamp, and threatened our lives. Putting my hand into my pocket as if to draw a pistol, I said very sternly, and with perfect coolness, "Gentlemen, if you are not ready to die, you had better open that door, for I am!" The door was opened, and after the narrowest escape of my life, we found ourselves in open air. This is a meager sketch of the many perils through which we have passed in the last thirty years.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Lord's Money.

IN the last thirty years I have always kept about two hundred dollars loaned in small sums to distressed people, which loaned at once would amount to six thousand dollars; and I do not think I have lost more than two hundred dollars in all the cases. The State furnishes money enough to punish men for doing wrong, but it provides no money to help poor or unfortunate men when struggling with poverty and to help them start. O, if people only knew how far a little money would go to prevent vice and crime they would certainly help us. If they could furnish the criminal, when discharged, with suitable clothes, a clean bed, and a ticket home, or employment, many of them would never return to their evil ways. But now, when they are discharged, they are thrust into the old, ragged, dirty clothes and onto the street without money, friends, or employment. Is it any wonder that, weak and discouraged, they plunge back into the mire from which they were drawn?

During my weekly visits to the jail in Norwich for nine years I found of those prisoners who had yielded to the kindly influence of Mr. Beckwith, the warden, and the chaplain, two thirds of those who received help returned to good and virtuous ways of living and repaid the money loaned.

A slave to drink said to his wife, "I am going

over to the chief to-night and be locked up, and try once more to be a man." In the morning he asked Judge Kellogg to send him up long enough to get away from his enemy and get sobered. He asked the city marshal to make the complaint. He pleaded guilty, and the judge gave him thirty days. At the end of this term he came to the writer, and said, "O, how I long to see my wife and children, but I dare not go through the city alone by these rum-shops; won't you go with me?" They met, and a more affectionate greeting is seldom witnessed. Himself and wife begged me to get him a situation where there were no liquor shops. A manufacturer was kind enough to set him to work in a village that had never had a licensed school of vice. He did well at his work, in four years owned his own house, and supported his family in comfort. Badly injured by machinery, he came to Norwich for surgical treatment. The surgeon mixed him up something to take with liquor in it. This man said, "Doctor, for God's sake, take that away from me; I had rather die than to touch it." He placed his hand on the table, and had his finger taken off without anodyne. The doctor said that in his whole experience in the army he had not met so much heroism. Brave as he was, he had to confess that he dare not pass the saloon.

What incredible stupidity and crime it is for Christian citizens to vote to keep such snares along the way our mechanics go! This man's wife showed me the account book where he had paid McNamara and Pratt—two saloon keepers—more than five hundred dollars for liquor in eighteen months, while

he had furnished less than fifty dollars for the support of his family. I sent his wife to these men for aid while he was in jail; they absolutely refused her any help. That account was published to my congregation the next Sunday, with particulars. This is an illustration of the kindness and charity so much boasted of by those who run the liquor shops.

Sister Clark, one of our beautiful singers in a crusade meeting in New York, stepped up to a young man with a glass of liquor in his hand, clasped her hands round his, and sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and said to the young man, "Is your mother living?" "Yes." "Then for her sake let me have this liquor and destroy it." He consented. Turning to the barkeeper, she said, "Let me appeal to your conscience. Don't sell any more liquor and destroy these young men." He replied, "Hold on, madam, I have no conscience, nor have I had for the last six years, since I have been in this business." This is the class of men that citizens, and even Christians, and, sadder still, even ministers, authorize for a price to make money out of the vices of our people.

One hundred and sixty-four thousand citizens of Massachusetts voted for constitutional prohibition in 1889. They represent at least eighty per cent of the taxable property of the commonwealth. In traveling through the State eight years, and speaking to half a million of people, I seldom met one, or heard of a manufacturer or any other man who employs help, who desired the liquor dens licensed. Almost unanimously they prefer prohibition. This

is largely true of ministers, doctors, teachers, judges, and unanimously of cultivated women—the people who carefully study and weigh matters well, and who are interested in the growth, wealth, and moral purity of the people.

On the other side, it is as true that the ignorant, ragged, reckless, and criminal classes are almost a unit for license, headed and bossed by the aristocratic class who are interested in making money out of the business, or are wedded to their cups.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Value of a Soul.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matt. xvi, 26.

WHEN Dr. Lyman Beecher was on his death-bed a ministerial brother said to him, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal, tell us what is the greatest of all things." He replied: "It is not theology; it is not controversy; it is to save souls."

Bunyan said: "In my preaching, I could not be satisfied unless some fruits would appear in my work."

Matthew Henry said: "To gain one soul to Christ is worth more than to gain mountains of silver and gold to myself."

Doddridge, writing to a friend, remarked: "I long for the conversion of souls more anxiously than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labor, but die for it, with pleasure."

If life is so valuable, the whole world is small in compensation for the loss of the soul. A soul is the noblest work of God, formed at first in his own image, possessed of vast and most valuable powers, capable of the most exquisite happiness or misery, and intended for eternal existence. Such an invaluable treasure every man is possessed of. But alas, how few feel sensible of its preciousness, or of the danger of losing it forever! The souls of all men

are in themselves lost by transgressions of the holy law of our Creator, yet, through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, none will eventually perish but the impenitent and unbelieving. Could any man, therefore, obtain the whole world and the sure enjoyments of it during a thousand years as his recompense for neglecting the salvation of the Gospel, he would through the countless ages of eternity curse his own folly for making so bad a bargain. Yet millions lose their souls for the sake of the most trifling gain or the most worthless indulgence; nay, from mere sloth and negligence; for whatever be the object for which men refuse or forsake Christ, that is the price at which Satan purchases the soul. But, alas; too many believe the soothing lies of that cruel murderer, the devil, and disbelieve the loving truths of God and his ministers. How many good people are disposed to procrastinate, or to take it for granted that all is well, when, if they would stop to think, they must know it is otherwise. If the soul is lost, it is lost forever; for what can he give in exchange for it? It is well known that death reduces the wealthiest sinner to the meanest beggar, and he has naught to give. The dying sinner cannot, with all his ill-gotten treasure, purchase one hour in order to seek the mercy of his offended God. The whole world in this case is of no value. It costs more to redeem the soul, and that must be let alone forever by all who neglect the priceless ransom which the Saviour once paid, for he gave himself for us to redeem us from all iniquity, to purify us to himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

My dear brethren and sisters, let us learn the value of our souls, and that Christ is the Saviour of them, and let us earnestly despise every glittering bait and every danger by which Satan would allure or fright us from our only refuge.

Rev. John Walsh often in the coldest winter nights was found weeping on the ground and wrestling with the Lord on account of his people, and saying to his wife when she pressed him for an explanation of his distress, "I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with many of them."

First, I believe that God applies one test to all Christian work, and only one, and that is success in winning souls. Now here I do not wish to be misunderstood. I hear some poor child of God saying, "Ah, well, then indeed my place in glory will be a very low one, and my reward exceedingly small. I cannot say I have won many souls, maybe not one, that is, directly. How I wish I was like some great preacher to whom thousands could trace their conversion." Yes, I know men talk so to us, but they make a mistake, and a great one. Just let me say to you, Leave your reward alone, remembering it shall witness the complete reversal of all human judgment, for "the last shall be first, and the first last." Now, for this matter of winning souls, let me try to make myself understood. Suppose a farmer should take you into his reaping field and show you his machine at work. He takes great pride in it and tells you the number of acres that it cuts in a single day. Now, when the sheaves of those acres lay cut and ready to be carried away, the man who owned

the machine would not be entitled to the entire harvest, for many others had a hand in the production of the golden grain, for the land had to be plowed, and good seed had to be put into it. It may be that some boys make claim to part of it for driving the crows off from pulling it up; others who pulled up the weeds can claim their parts, etc. I say, when the Lord Jesus comes to distribute his rewards of eternity among his army, he won't forget the one who had but little part in raising that harvest, that is, to satisfy him for the travail of his soul. No, no; not even the little boys that scared the crows shall be forgotten.

I firmly believe that some of the most successful soul winners are unknown to the Church on earth; nobody but God can know the work that has been done on beds of sickness, etc., etc.

Secondly, I look at the salvation of a soul as the great object of Christ's work here. This indicates its value. But more than this. I see the value of the soul by the sacrifices that Christ enters into with regard to it. He never sought a kingdom—never looked for man's praise on earth. But he who was in the form of God, who was equal with God—made himself of no reputation; he took the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of sinful man—he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross; all to seek lost souls. What, then, must be the value of a soul? See the value of the immortal mind. The bodies we value so highly are not capable of much; they soon wear out, becoming as an old garment, worn, threadbare, moth-eaten; yes, soon I must lay the

garments of this body aside, but the soul shall have lost none of its vigor; but, free from the bodily restraints, as it were, renews its youth. God says he intends it for an eternal crown, a glorious kingdom outlasting eternity. Nay, more than this. It is to be fitted for the company of God himself and in me he finds that which nothing else created can give him—a companion. Winning souls may be likened to running a race. You, whom God has honored in this direction, will bear me witness it is no child's play—it is no passing enthusiasm to succeed in gaining immortal souls. Self-denial has its place, training its place, and last, but not least, going on when you are tired—thus we must win souls.

The following is told about a young preacher. He was telling his grievances to an old elder. He said to him, "While I was preaching to a large congregation I felt that I had made a bad mess of it." The old man said, "God gave Gideon two signs, did he not? Yes, at one time a wet fleece, and the ground all dry. At another, the ground all wet and the fleece only dry." Then he kindly added, "Would you not rather, dear young brother, be the dry fleece if the surrounding ground be all refreshed, than to be refreshed yourself while all around you be dry?" Ah, yes, dear brethren, we don't walk by feeling, nor yet by sight, but by faith. God does not need your refreshment, but he does want others to be refreshed by you, and when you feel dry as an old bone you may be doing much good.

In conclusion, let me press upon the unregenerated the value of their immortal souls, and let me beg of them not to take the risk of running into eternal

damnation. "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" What profit in death? What should it profit in judgment? What should it profit in hell? O, dear friend, think of the value of your soul. How many bitter tears have been shed over lost wealth—but that may be regained. Sadder still to see a lost reputation; but that may be regained through the blood of Jesus Christ. But if a man dies without Christ, ah, then indeed, I can find no ground of comfort, no vestige of hope. Now the saltest tear you can shed is not too bitter when you stand by the grave of a lost soul! O, may the Holy Spirit of God make this truth real to you now. May each from his very heart say, Lord, I will receive you now as my Saviour. My brethren, if one convert a sinner from the error of his way, he shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. O, then, how earnestly, lovingly, anxiously, should we labor to win them to Christ. What zeal or self-sacrifice can measure to the standard given us, and which for all eternity we shall wish we had followed? To labor zealously night and day with tears is only our reasonable duty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A Good Creature of God."

IN a national convention at Saratoga, a professor denominated alcoholic wine as "a good creature of God," and referred to the wedding at Cana. In the debate which followed, I declared that this professor had thrown the biggest insult at our Lord and Master that I ever heard. Professor Sheppard, forty-seven years in Yale College, when married had presented to him two gallons of what he termed "orthodox wine." It was two hundred years old, and not a particle of alcohol in it. He had made the study of fermented and unfermented wines for sixty years, had traveled among the learned Arabs sixteen thousand miles, and had found that they had ninety-two ways of making wine. He found the fermented, which represented sin, and the unfermented, which represented food, nourishment, and purity. He found that the wedding was one of those feasts at which fermented bread and wine was forbidden. That the wine was prepared by burying down deep in the earth, where no light, heat, or air could reach it, jars of the pure blood of the grape, and there it never fermented. "Let us analyze this story," said I. "The fame of our Saviour had brought a larger crowd together than usual, and before midnight the wine was exhausted. In their need they turned to his mother, and she refers them to Jesus. He was now anxious to establish his claim on their confidence

as their Messiah by his first miracle. So he keeps in the line of their uniform customs; he looked upon the pots of water and made them unfermented wine, pure wine, sweet wine, because he could not make the other kind without violation of their customs and laws; and it would not ferment in less than twenty-four hours; and to verify this statement we have the declaration of the ruler of the feast, which was, 'You have kept the best wine till the last of the feast,' which he could not know if he had been fuddled with drinking the intoxicating cup till midnight. Could our Saviour, who knew the whole future—the tragedies, shames, and horrors that would result from the use of intoxicating wine—have put such a cup to his neighbor's lips? It was his advocate that had already announced, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.' And an apostle said, 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.'

"It was this same Jesus who said, 'Woe unto the world by reason of offenses.' The same who put all the fruits and grains which he gave us in air-tight bottles so that they might not ferment and be a curse and snare to his creatures."

The sure way out is to imitate our Lord and his apostles, for "the Nazarite might drink no wine," and Paul said he "would drink no wine." What a host of forlorn wretches will meet these great scholars who handle the word of God deceitfully to justify polygamy, slavery, and tippling when the Judge demands, Who deceived and wrecked all these?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Profit and Loss.

THE cost of maintaining the police department of fifteen of the largest cities of the United States—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, New Orleans, Pittsburg, Washington, and Detroit—in 1890 was, in round numbers, sixteen millions. Seventy-five per cent of this was caused by the legalized liquor traffic, which makes in round numbers eleven million six hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The total arrests for drunkenness and other arrests incident to drink for these fifteen cities were four hundred and sixty-five thousand five hundred and fourteen. The entire population of these cities was seven million eight hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety. This makes one arrest for every sixteen of the population.

Two of the strongest daily papers in America, the New York *Times* and New York *Tribune*, looking at these appalling facts, have recently come out in frank confession that the restrictive system is a failure in New York, and that the entire excise system ought to be abolished. So the time seems to be drawing near when public opinion shall be crystallized against the saloon.

The facts are overwhelming. They show the immense loss inflicted by the liquor traffic. It is true the liquor manufacturer obtains his dividends, the

wholesale dealer his reward, the retailer his profits; but the consumer loses the whole. What an outrage to throw so much into the seething caldron of rum!

The State of Massachusetts, in the fourteen years from 1875 to 1888, received from licenses of the liquor traffic eleven million one hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-eight cents. Bishop Ireland said, "On the lowest calculation the liquor dealers took from fifteen to twenty dollars a day, Sundays excepted." This from the legalized saloons alone would make three hundred and forty million four hundred and ninety thousand nine hundred and thirty dollars. Now, in order to get the full amount we would have to bring in that received from the unlicensed sellers. Intelligent students of the liquor problem have usually estimated the indirect cost as much more as the direct cost. This embraces loss of time and labor, destruction of property by sea and land, cost of trial and punishment of criminals, bankruptcies, pauperism, sickness, vagrancy, insanity, and non-production through drink. This shows that only one dollar has been paid into the public treasury for every thirty dollars taken from the homes. The license system has been a penny wise and pound foolish system. So much for the financial side of the question; but who can estimate the perdition account? Shall we sustain men who believe in licensing alcohol to corrupt the vitals of society, to rend the home and family, to consume tender love and inflame bitter hates, and apply its incendiary torch to the temples of our most precious hopes? No! We must strike at the roots.

CHAPTER XXV.

Thanksgiving.

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."
—Psalm cxxvi, 3.

RICH were the blessings, even liberty, proclaimed to the nation by George Washington and the patriots of his era. When we look at what has been done, no one can doubt but that God was with our fathers. Our fathers had long groaned under captivity, and deliverance to them was a great thing. Let us look at and contrast our social, financial, and religious condition with other nations, and see that he has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Our crime, poverty, and wretchedness is much less than that of other nations. This is something to be thankful for. Now, I ask, has not God done great things for us, whereof we ought to be glad? How often has the divine Shepherd saved us in the hour of peril from the designs of our enemies? For this we should give praise to his name forever and ever. It is a grand fact, never to be forgotten, that one of the wonderful powers of this country lies in the free school. One thing we have thus far to be thankful for, that they have somewhat withstood the schemes of their enemy. The American people should thank God for the public schools, and stand by them and see that they are handed down to our children unimpaired.

We ask, What is the glory of our republic? It is

our vast domain. It is our inexhaustible resources of wealth. It is our teeming population. It is our splendid cities. It is our ingeniousness in art, and achievements in science. Yea, more than this. These all dwindle into insignificance when compared with our Christian freedom. The churches of the United States have spread this light from land to land. The voice of religious freedom comes over the Pacific from Japan. It comes from the vast empire of China. It resounds through India from the snows of Himalayas to the groves of Ceylon. It rolls in musical thunders around the world; but as Americans we have upon us weightier obligation for the light of the Christian faith, and that it was not quenched in martyr blood as was the truth in Spain, Italy, Spanish America, and elsewhere. If the holy Roman See had executed its venomous will all these institutions which are our superb glory and joy would be waiting the dawn of another Reformation. But now they are ours, and we are making them a heritage of good to man! But there remains the serious task of wiping out of this land the twin barbarisms of the liquor traffic and papal bigotry, and of making all partakers of these glorious realities. The mission is unfinished, the glory incomplete until the convent and confessional, the brewery and saloon, are as obsolete as the rack and the iron maiden. Let us, then, gird ourselves for "the Holy War," and stay not till every road is free from the shadows of intolerance and drunkenness, and the whole land blossoms as the garden of the favored spots where temperance and freedom, unmolested, scatter their influences.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Christ's Habits.

"For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb."—Luke i, 15.

WHILE Zacharias was officiating in the sanctuary he was surprised by the appearance of an angel, probably in a splendid form, at the right hand of the altar of incense. This greatly alarmed him, though he was a man of proved piety. But the angel bade him not to be afraid, for he was come to assure him that his prayers were heard and answered.

John came to prepare the way of the Lord; he preached to the people that the Messiah was coming. We see he was divinely appointed to his holy office and qualified for it by all needful communications of the Holy Spirit. "He absolutely believed in total abstinence." Previous to the advent of Christ distinguished philosophers had furnished the world with a code of morals, but they failed to lift man up to God. Christ came not only to furnish the world with a sublime system of truth, but with a glorious exemplification of purity. His pure life, his unselfish heart, his benevolent conduct shed their luster upon every principle that he uttered, every doctrine that he taught, every commandment that he gave. He not only warns men against temptation, but teaches them how to grapple with

it and overcome it. His mission in fact constitutes the epoch in the world's history toward which all former missions, prophetic utterances, and the divine promises converge. He went about doing good not simply for one generation, but for all generations; not simply to one nation, but to all nations. He has decreed that every soul shall yet be filled with divine love, that his truth shall yet illuminate the islands and shine upon the continents of the earth and dissipate the moral darkness caused by the sins that have so long enveloped the nations. No person was so poor as to lose his blessing. Behold him entering the abode of the afflicted, sitting by the side of the dying, pointing the penitent upward to the star of hope, restoring the blind to sight, the sick to health, the dead to life. The word of prophecy is fulfilled. He was sent "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound" (Isa. lxi, 1). But some one says, What has all this to do with intemperance? Just this much: I ask, Would such a Christ as this make twelve gallons of intoxicating wine for a village wedding? Wine to-day is drenching our fair land in blood, and wrings the hearts of fond mothers and wives, and makes their boys wandering vagabonds; in a word, *robbing heaven* and *filling hell.* We read, Thou shalt not kill. Who would not rather be a victim of the robber or the assassin than of the liquor seller? If the robber takes his property he leaves him still a man. If the highwayman slays him for his money, he is still fondly remembered and loved as before, but the victims of the rumseller are both robbed of their man-

hood as well as their money. They are loathsome, even to their friends, while they live, and a source of inexpressible grief when they are dead. Is it possible that the *God man* made and drank intoxicating wine, when he knew how fearfully men had stumbled by it? From the days of Noah to this day men have perished by this traffic. Then would Christ make at Cana what in another place the word calls a *mocker*, the *cruel venom* of *asps*, the *poison* of *dragons*, and the *wine* of *his fury?* Now, men who pretend to be biblical scholars tell us that "wine is a good creature of God." How can God bless what he has *cursed?* I think truth is better than such scholarship. Such men once defended slavery at Andover, Newton, New Haven, and Princeton. They put the words into the rhetorical looms and spun out threads to suit their times and justify the buying and selling of human beings as they sell cattle in the shambles. How much is such scholarship worth?

Now let us for a moment inquire into the original meaning of the word "temperance." Dr. F. R. Lees, who is regarded as one of the best scholars, referring to the word temperance, says it is derived directly from the Latin *temperantia*, the root-idea of which is the cutting off of all that should not be retained. This etymology is an adequate vindication of the application of the word temperance as the cutting off of all articles of diet that are best put away, or the cutting off of the intemperance that devastates the land. As when divine Providence, through Abraham Lincoln, exploded slavery, the wonderful scholars had to hang their

heads in shame, just what will become of those men who now undertake to sustain the drink traffic by the Bible when liquor is destroyed. We find that two kinds of wine are distinctly revealed in the word of God, and we find one hundred and thirty warnings against alcoholic wine. It speaks of one wine as found in the cluster, and the Bible says, "Destroy it *not;* for a blessing is in it (Isa. lxv, 8). "We find again *alcoholic-wine* is a *mocker*" (Prov. xx, 1).

President Nott said, "Can the same thing in the same state be good and bad, a symbol of wrath and a symbol of mercy? A thing to be sought after and a thing to be avoided? Certainly not!" Dr. Bond, Moses Stuart, Tayler Lewis, Rev. John Hall, D.D., Dr. William Patton, and hosts of other scholars agree with him.

Nadab and Abihu were destroyed by God with fire for drunkenness. This dreadful event occurred only eight days after their consecration. We read in Lev. x, 9: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle, lest ye die: it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations." This was not signing the pledge for a year, but forever. The children of Israel were total abstainers in the wilderness forty years. They drank neither wine nor strong drink. God performed a miracle to provide water for them, but not a drop of wine for forty years. We all admit that moderate drinking leads to drunkenness in most cases, but total abstinence always leads from it. Which side would Christ be likely to favor if he was in this place and could see, as I have seen, the floors bare, and the walls dripping with

filth, and the poor drunkard with staring eyes rolling in their bony sockets. Every breath a pang, and every pang a groan! Yes, let him go to our jails and see the victims of strong drink. They shriek out oaths, blaspheming God as they imagine themselves covered with black cats; they shout and howl and shake their heads from side to side, cursing or praying; now calling death, and then as driving away devils. They have been ridden by pain until they can no longer shriek, but lie foaming and grinding their teeth and clenching their hands. They turn over into the pit of snakes and slimy toads and feel their cold coil or piercing fangs. Yes, every vein, every nerve a viper, and every muscle a serpent, and the whole body in all its parts writhing in anguish! After such a sight what side think ye Christ would take if he were on the earth? Would he not denounce all who acquiesce, "Woe unto you, scribes, hypocrites! for ye bind heavy burdens on men, and will not move them with one of your fingers?"

Mr. Simmons, governor of Canterbury prison for fifteen years, says that among twenty-two thousand prisoners that he became personally acquainted with, he never found one that was a total abstainer. Statistics show that it would be far more economical for this State to maintain the liquor dealers in idleness and forbid their trade entirely, than to receive all the taxes they pay for the right to create criminals, paupers, idlers, and diseased for the body politic to support. The combined testimony of judges and lawyers goes to show that nine tenths of the pauperism and crime comes from the saloon. There were found by the American Bible Society

among six million families visited in the United States, two hundred and eighty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven families which are destitute of the Bible, and who refused to receive it even as a gift. This class mainly runs the saloon business and patronizes it extensively. Crush the saloon, circulate the Bible, fight infidelity, kill out anarchy, teach the people to read, and stop getting drunk, and there would be jails and prisons *to let* all over the land, and the coming of our Lord would be near at hand.

I have been frequently charged with a want of judgment because I have pressed this matter so hard, but I have read history enough to know that any man who has been in the least degree more earnest and aggressive than his fellows has been called fanatical. I have often been misunderstood and most willfully misinterpreted, and why? Because I have realized the dimensions of an evil to which others are blinded, or willfully ignorant, and say, "It would do no sort of good to agitate this." Even ministers say we are despising a good creature of God, and cherishing a heresy which is bad, and quote the Bible for it. The Bible has been quoted for centuries, and why? Because of ignorance and sin. It has been quoted to countenance absurdities, to check every science, and to defeat every moral reform; but men might as well try to throw dust at heaven and stay it, as to stop the men whom God has sent forth to do his work. Peter, Paul, Luther, Whitefield, Howard, Wilberforce, Wesley, and even Christ himself, were not acceptable to part of the people who heard them. No reform worth having

was ever carried on except in the teeth of antagonists, but our call is to continue this great battle for the millions till wrongs are righted and the world redeemed. Work till we hear the Master say, "Come up higher; come, my child, to your rest."

Let the Church take a firm stand on this ground, and it will give you a political power no party can resist. Is not Church allegiance as *much* to you as party allegiance? Principles will live. The Church will endure. Parties must die.

CHAPTER XXVII.

St. Patrick in History *vs.* St. Patrick in Romance.*

"The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."—Matt. iv, 16.

MY facts are derived from both Roman Catholic and Protestant historians. One of these works is by Rev. Daniel De Vinne, published in 1870, and another by Rev. Dean Kinane, published in 1888. I bought the latter book in Derry, in July, 1893, in a Catholic bookstore; and I asked the lady who sold it to me if it was a genuine Roman Catholic book, and she said, "I'm sure, sir, it is; for I wouldn't be guilty of selling anything else." According to both Protestant and Catholic history, St. Patrick was a native of Gaul, known now as France, and his father and grandfather were ministers. It is true some historians claim that he was a Scotchman, but the preponderance of evidence goes to show that he was of French origin; but both historians show that he was an experienced Christian of deep and uniform piety. He commenced his mission to the Irish in a barn, and presented God to them as he had never been presented before. At that time the Irish people sat in heathenish darkness, and there was not a solitary Christian in the whole of Ireland. St. Pat-

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*An address delivered at Central Church, Lowell, Mass.

rick, like the great Jewish lawgiver, was emphatically a man of great meekness. His communion with God was close and abiding.

The Roman Catholics have proudly and exclusively claimed St. Patrick, and most Protestants ignorantly or indifferently have allowed this claim, thus giving to error what does not belong to them. He was no Romanist. During his life and times we find nothing of the peculiarities of popery in his history. There is not even an allusion to them. Where did he ever sanction pilgrimage, praying to saints, the veneration or the worship of the Virgin Mary, obedience to the pope, or any rite or usage that pertains exclusively to popery? He in his confession, even in this very short composition, makes twenty-five quotations from the Scriptures. Some of them are as follows: "Saying, Come after me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. iv, 19). Again, "I will send for many fishers and hunters, saith the Lord" (Jer. xvi, 16). "Therefore, it very much becomes us to stretch our nets, that we may take for God a copious and crowded multitude; that wherever the clergy are they may baptize and exhort the needy and willing people; thus the Lord in the Gospel admonishes and teaches us, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you; behold I am with you every day until the consummation of the world'" (Matt. xxviii, 19, 20). Again, he said: "Go ye, therefore, into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, but

he who believes not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi, 15, 16). Again: "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a testimony to all nations; then the end will come" (Matt. xxiv, 14). "So the Lord by the prophets has previously announced, saying, In the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your sons shall see visions, and your elders shall dream dreams, and truly upon my servants and upon my handmaidens in those days will I pour out of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy (Joel ii, 28, 29); and Hosea says, 'I will call those who are not my people; and those who had not sought for mercy, but have mercy' (Hosea ii, 23; Rom. ix, 25; 1 Peter ii, 10). And it will be in the place where it was said, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God" (Hosea i, 10; Rom. ix, 26).

The above is the seventeenth section of St. Patrick's confession. The whole twenty-six sections of his confession are packed with the Scriptures, a practice in the Irish Church which was almost wholly discontinued when the Irish Church became Romanized; hence the life and teachings of this great missionary of the fifth century ought to be better known. There is, to this day, among Protestants learned and unlearned, a most lamentable want of information respecting the early Church. There are many historical truths in connection with the early Church which, had they been written out and properly presented centuries ago, might have saved thousands then and their descendants since, from

the Roman superstitions in which they have been so long involved. The history of the Irish Church shows clearly that it was over five hundred years after St. Patrick before any priest or papal legate had ever visited Ireland. There is no allusion to any of the dogmas or any of the peculiarities of the Church of Rome in the writings of St. Patrick, or of any of the early Irish writers. St. Patrick and all his followers were zealous readers of the Holy Bible. This book was their only guide from the fifth to the eleventh centuries. From that date the Irish have always been a religious people, few infidels or atheists have ever appeared among them. I think history will bear me out in saying that no people have suffered more on account of their religion than they have. It took the Roman see one hundred and fifty years aided by the English Romanists and their subordinates, the Danish bishops in Ireland, before it could break down the religious spirit of the people, and bring them to receive the dogmas and ritual of Rome. The Irish, of all the nations of Europe, were the last to submit to the papal yoke, and it looks now as though they would be the last to cast it off.

The object of Christian men is, and should be, to have the eyes of this injured people opened to see the injury that popery has done them, and give back to the laity the open Bible and enable them to think for themselves, so that they can see what a great injustice Rome has done them by depriving them of reading the Bible. St. Patrick is said to have died on the 17th of March, in the year A. D. 465, and in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The anniver-

sary of his death has ever been held as a festive day by the Irish, not only in their own green isle, but in every other part of the wide world to which the wars and oppressions in their own ill-governed country have driven them.

St. Patrick's piety was deep and uniform, despite all the great changes through which he passed, from the lowly condition of a servant to that of the most honored man of the nation. He was dead to the world, to its wealth and honors. When gifts were given to him he generally returned them, and on several occasions, like the prophet Samuel, he appealed to the people, that if he had taken aught from them unknowingly or unnecessarily, and they would tell him, he would return it fourfold. His communion with God was close and abiding. He was abundant in labors, in travels, in perils, and so wedded was he to the land and the people of his adoption that he never left them, but in their service nearly lost the use of his mother tongue. He seems to have made himself all things to all men, adopting the language of the Irish and conforming to their institutions, that he might more readily gain the rude and barbarous tribes of Ireland. So we see that St. Patrick was no Romanist. His purer form of Christianity did not originate in Rome. It was established in Ireland before Romanism had been matured. St. Patrick and the early Irish never even applied the word "saint" as a prefix to the apostles, or even to the four evangelists.

It is very remarkable that while the Roman Catholics assert everywhere that St. Patrick was a Romanist, they never quote a sentence from his writ-

ings to prove it. If there was any Romanism in his confession, would they not produce it, that all may judge for themselves? They certainly would. St. Patrick's experience does not savor of Romanism; for he says after his conversion, "My constant business was to feed the flocks; I was frequently in prayer; the love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart; my faith was enlarged and my spirit was augmented, so that I said a hundred prayers a day and almost as many by night. I rose before day to my prayers, in the snow, and in frost and in rain, and I received no damage. Nor was I affected with slothfulness, for the Spirit of the Lord was warm within me." What a type of Christian perfection! what a model for Christians everywhere and of all ages!

Romanism, as it has been for the last ten centuries, did not exist. Bishop Ussher, in his treatise on "The Religion of the Ancient Irish," has collected nearly all that is trustworthy in the Primitive Irish Church; and according to him there was no established ritual in it until near the twelfth century. He thus writes: "Diverse rules and manners of the celebration of the public worship and other Church orders were observed in this kingdom [Ireland] until the Roman use was brought in by Gilbertus, A. D. 1120," etc. Hence there was not a vestige of evidence previous to the ninth or tenth centuries that they had ever departed from their first faith as delivered to them by St. Patrick.

The facts already show that for more than six hundred years after its organization the Irish Church differed widely from the Roman, as well as

from the Papal Church of England, and contended earnestly for the faith delivered to them by St. Patrick. Indeed, in 1152, great numbers of the Irish clergy were married, and openly avowed their wedded relation, which they tenaciously clung to, and would not give up; neither would they consent to pay the tithes or Peter's pence, which then was a permanent support for the hierarchy, which the Irish repudiated. The duty of the pope's legate at this time in Ireland was not to promote piety, literature, or morality; it was simply to incorporate the Irish Church with that of Rome; for the introduction of tithes was wholly a papal measure, and was one of the first steps toward the establishment of hierarchy; for without the former the latter cannot well exist. They naturally and necessarily sustain each other. Before Ireland was Romanized the Irish Church was fully seven hundred years old.

Much more might be presented in proof of the independence of the Irish primitive Church from that of Rome, but it seems unnecessary. The Irish were extremely slow and careful in receiving, or rather submitting, to the creed and ordinance of the Pope of Rome, as Mr. Moore himself acknowledges that so late as 1322 the people of Ireland continued to follow their own ecclesiastical rules. This shows with what tenacity they clung to the Church of St. Patrick. So we see that the Irish, of all the nations of Europe, were the last to submit to the papal yoke; but it is certain if ever their eyes should be opened to see the injury that popery has done them, how it sold them to their enemies, how it has often sided with their oppress-

ors, even when they were Protestants, and how it has labored, even recently, to crush every attempt of the nation to regain its former liberty; when they come to see this in its true light, they will spurn it from them with a will and tenacity at least equal to their strength. But I have faith to believe that a brighter day is now dawning upon the people of Ireland, and that yoke that has bound them for the last four hundred years or more will be suddenly broken. Thank heaven, that the oppressive, political, and unevangelical "stumbling-blocks" are now being removed. Yes, better days are coming; light is beaming forth; the Dissenters and the Wesleyans open Sunday schools in Ireland; the children flock to them. The Roman priesthood, in self-defense, were obliged to get up similar ones. Then the Church, as by law established, after a sleep of centuries was compelled to do likewise to maintain her standing. The result is, it is affirmed, there are now more children in Ireland who can read than there are in England or Scotland.

Ireland has done much for the diffusion of literature and Christianity in our world. During the Dark Ages the best missionaries of that period went from her shores. Since then, although she has sent forth a host of Roman Catholic priests, yet, within the last century, she has sent to foreign countries more Gospel ministers than any other portion of Christendom equal in size and population. Some years ago Dr. Butler says: "After an extensive correspondence with all the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I ascertained that

there were two hundred and sixty-seven members of the Northern Conferences who had been born in Ireland. Between the politicians and the priests, both Catholics and Protestants, poor Ireland has been robbed of their land, fleeced of their earnings, kept in poverty, and long deprived of education and other elevating influences of the Gospel. Yet, we have faith to believe the day is at hand when to this people will be restored the Bible with all the faith and love of its ancient and honored apostle, St. Patrick.

Let me urge on everyone to read St. Patrick's confession. It comes the nearest to Christ's sermon on the mount of anything that I have ever read. It ought to be reproduced and circulated everywhere, not only for the benefit of the Irish, but for the benefit of every human being that believes in God.

Now let me call your attention to the life of St. Patrick as taught by the Roman Catholics. They claim that a great many miracles were wrought by this saint. We shall relate two of them. First, the priest, whose name was Gornias, to whom the child (Patrick) was brought for baptism, was blind, and no water was at hand. By heavenly inspiration the priest made a sign of the cross on the ground with the hand of the infant; forthwith a fountain gushed forth in which the child was baptized, and the blind priest, washing his eyes in the miraculous stream, received his sight, God thereby foreshadowing the light of faith which this infant was destined to shed upon the heathen nation sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

The second miracle: "There was a great assembly held by the Britains. He went to the assembly with his nurse and his guardian. It happened that his guardian died in the assembly. All were hushed into silence thereat; his relatives cried and his friends wept, and they said, 'Why, thou Gila, didst thou let a man who was carrying thee, die?' As regards Gila, moreover, he ran to his guardian and placed his hands upon his neck, and said to him, 'Arise, and let us go home.' He arose forthwith at St. Patrick's word, and they went safe home."

It has been denied by Catholics that they pray to saints or angels; but let me now call your attention to the life of St. Patrick by the Rev. Dean Kinane, page 273, "A prayer to St. Patrick: O glorious St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, I praise thee, bless and glorify God, for thy sanctity, thy zeal, thy charity, thy labors, and the success of thy labors. I thank thee, O great St. Patrick, for watching over and preserving the faith of the Irish people. O, dearest St. Patrick! Heed not the unworthiness of thy children, but continue in the future as in the past, to pray for them. O glorious apostle, St. Patrick, guard and preserve, to the day of judgment, the purity of the faith and morals of thy people in every land and in every clime. O, beloved St. Patrick, obtain from God that Erin, our dear country, may become again what she formerly was, the land of the saints and scholars. Amen."

Many other things might be cited, showing how absurd and ridiculous it is to worship any man or

saint, and that these poor, deluded people need the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In July, 1893, Bishop Donnelly, in a sermon preached in Enniskillen, in referring to the Protestant religion, said it was a leprosy; but we respectfully ask the bishop where are the withering, rotten, shocking, and repulsive effects of Protestantism? Has it been a leprosy in Germany, educating in the arts and science and building up a mighty empire?

Has it been a leprosy in England, giving that little island a mighty start at the time of the Reformation, spreading principles of freedom through her sons, educating her people, and enlarging her boundaries to the uttermost ends of the earth?

Has it been a leprosy where England has planted its missions among the darkest heathen, and converted the nations and cannibals like the islanders of the Fiji to become embassadors of the cross?

Has it been a leprosy to the great republic of America, which was founded upon the Bible-loving principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock, sustained throughout their whole pilgrimage by faith in the Christ the Bible revealed?

A few facts that I obtained while in Ireland in 1893: Ireland for the last fifty years, from 1841 to 1890, has greatly been reduced in population. In 1841 it had eight million two hundred and ninety-five thousand, and had a steady decrease from 1841 to 1877. In that year there was a slight increase, but the decrease commenced again in 1878, until it is stated now they have less than five million people. The famine in 1847 caused the death of seven

hundred and twenty-nine thousand and thirty-three. The disappearance of mud cabins of the peasantry, and the increase of houses of a better class, are notable signs of the improvements. It is shown by statistics that the amount of land in use for agricultural purposes has increased during the last fifty years. There has been an increase in the cattle of over two million, and the estimated value of the increase in cattle and sheep is ten million dollars, counterbalancing the loss sustained by the diminution of crops in quality and value. The linen trade in Belfast and the whisky and porter trade in Dublin have increased. It is calculated that the capital invested in linen is seventy million dollars. There is a hopeful increase in the linen industry. The shipping returns indicate a vast development of trade, and the statistics of banking, railways, customs, the amount of property assessed to income tax, the increase of the number of letters, also the number of national schools and teachers, and the general diminution of serious crime, leads to the conclusion that Ireland has advanced in the arts of civilization and in national prosperity. One of their able writers says: "If the country had not been torn by agitation and kept in a state of perpetual disorder and excitement which was wholly irreconcilable with the habits of business and repulsive to enterprise and the investment of capital, there is no reason to doubt that the prosperity which exists would not be really relative to a reduced population, but to a population maintained and increased by abundant means and sources of employment."

Let us labor on in earnest hope; let us be valiant

for the truth upon the earth, and still declare that the Bible is God's word written; that it contains all the things necessary to salvation; that it alone is the final standard of appeals, the arbitrator of all controversies; that all the formulas of faith, and all creeds and confessions, even the most ancient and best acquitted dogmas, are to be received and believed only because they may be true by certain words of the Holy Scriptures; and by manifestations of the truth to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Hence, let us thank God for the seventeenth day of March, for the birth, the life, and sacrifice of the great Irish apostle, for the work he did for suffering humanity and the lost world. Let us so live that we may be enabled at last to meet him at the right hand of God, and do what we can to restore to the Irish nation the Holy Bible.

Dr. D. D. Whedon wrote me that I was mistaken in my record of St. Patrick. After reading the references I gave him he acknowledged himself mistaken, and said, "The information you have given the public will give them a true St. Patrick, and is worth five times the cost of your book."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Work of a "Fanatic."

THAT grand old man, Senator Hoar, the Gladstone of America, in speaking of the evils of intemperance, says, "We have been trying for fifty years in this State to extirpate, as much as might be done by means of law, the one great cause of crime, of poverty, of disgrace, and of disease of every form. During this fifty years, however, the tide has slowly though surely been gaining upon us; poverty is growing up common amid all our wealth; ignorance is growing amid our schools; crime is flourishing alongside of our churches; vice is fastening itself upon our intelligence. This has been going on until over thirty thousand persons are seized by the officers of the law every year, and more than thirty thousand of them committed to our prisons and jails. We are asking for two million dollars to enlarge our jails, and we have ten institutions for the care of our insane." In the same speech, speaking of Iowa, he said, "How does it happen that where ten youths become criminals in Massachusetts but one becomes a criminal in Iowa? How is it that the jails in Massachusetts are crowded while in Iowa they are empty? It is because the people of that State have had the wisdom to secure constitutional prohibition." He also showed that Kansas had the same results.

This was in a public meeting at Mechanics' Hall,

Worcester, Mass. The present writer, who was the next speaker, said, "We fully believe in the divine institutions of civil government among men, and that rulers are not to be a terror to good works, but to evil; that men placed in power are bound to act as 'ministers of God for good' to those they govern, agreeably with the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. That the State has a right to banish intoxicating liquors has been affirmed by the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The plea that it produces an important revenue to the State or the national government to grant a license to manufacture or vend strong drink is a plain delusion. The cost to the nation or State at large is twenty times more than the revenue paid. Statistics show that it would be far more economical to maintain the liquor dealers in idleness, and to forbid their trade entirely, than to receive all the taxes they pay for the right to impose the criminals, paupers, the idlers, and the diseased upon the body politic for support. I do not desire to burden you with an array of fearfully true statistics. We, however, may be allowed to call attention to a few statements of general character. Intemperance is the shame of the country, the mother of nearly all our miseries. But let us thank God for the advance of public sentiment in this line, and for the homes that have been saved during the past year from the curse of rum drinking. I have found many homes in Lowell suffering from this curse. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to the matter, because no human imagination can conceive of anything worse than

the truth, and no tongue or pen is capable of describing the truth. Who can portray the sorrows of thousands of children who are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world. It is estimated that within the last fifty years, in the midst of all the wonderful efforts and achievements of all the temperance reforms, more than three millions of American citizens have been murdered by the liquor traffic, and more than seven millions of women and children under our flag of protection have sent up their cry of want and shame and woe by the graves of murdered husbands and fathers to the protecting and the avenging God of the fatherless and widow. O, what bondage is this, under the sacred but profound name of liberty! What, though our fathers wrote it on their martyred graves and reached up their hands and plucked down the star of heaven to emblazon it on their banners; what though our eagles cry from every mountain peak, and bear it upon their rushing wings through all our boundless skies. This land with lips of blood, the skies with tongues of fire, proclaim against our legalized liquor traffic.

"How can any good man think of the facts that in this land there are half a million of boys from ten to eighteen years of age each year learning to drink, and then vote for licenses? Is it nothing to you that there is at this moment a wail of anguish arising from millions of the American women who, through the drunkenness of their fathers, husbands, and sons, are simply sitting down in the ruin of their lives? O, think of this before you meet them at the judgment seat; for then it will be too late to

change your vote. Politicians, it will then be too late. There is no cutting of the stone after it gets to Jerusalem. Hence, in the name of God and suffering humanity, we plead with all to vote 'PROHIBITION!'

"How will you look in the eyes of your wife or daughter to go up to the polls beside the grog sellers with their gang of bums, dead beats, and gutter snipes, and cast just such a vote as they do? Do you think God keeps no registry of the votes which are cast for the saloon and against it?

"I am called a fanatic, and if this is fanaticism I am one. If searching out the drunkard in the cellar and inducing him to sign a pledge, clothing him and making him a respectable citizen; if extending comfort and consolation to the poor, giving my service and expending my last dollar; if finding the victims of delirium tremens in the attic dying, begging a pillow to put beneath their heads, straw beneath their body, speaking words of comfort for their consolation; if going to the different mills and places of employment and finding work for those that have none; if going to the town authorities to get the poor man a coffin, and preaching his funeral sermon; if gathering the poor to the church, and restoring happiness to homes made miserable by rum—if this is fanaticism I will plead guilty. If to strike the saloon with all the wisdom, energy, and forces I can gather till I draw my dying breath, and thus remove the source of all these infinite mischiefs, be fanaticism, make the most of it; I shall confront the cowards and cheats where names and professions do not weigh. God is my Judge."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Who Is the Guiltier?—Two Scenes.

"Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good."—Rom. xii, 9.

A MAN took his son to look on a drunk in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said, "Do you know what has caused all this?" "No, sir."

His father, pointing to the decanters sparkling with rum, said, "That's the cause; will you take a drink?" The boy started back with horror, and exclaimed, "No?" Then he took the child to a caged man with delirium tremens; the boy gazed upon him affrighted, as the drunkard raved and tore and, thinking the demons were after him, cried, "Leave me alone; leave me alone; I see 'em, they are coming!"

"Do you know the cause of this, my boy?" "No, sir." "This is caused by drink; will you have some?" And he shrank with a shudder as he refused the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and the drunken father beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down his children. "What has caused this?" said the father. The son was silent. When told that it was rum, he declared he *would never touch a drop in his life.* That is what all would say if they were confronted with the final results of tippling.

But suppose that lad should be invited to a wedding feast, where, with fruit and cake, the wine cup is passed, amid scenes of cheer and gayety, where all the friends are respectable and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink, would he refuse?

Or suppose him walking out with his father on New Year's Day, to call upon his young lady friends to enjoy the festivities of the new year. With other things, wine is handed to him by a smiling girl.

His noble-hearted father whom he loves, presses the wineglass to his lips, and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality. What wonder if the son follows his example!

This is where the majority of rum's slaughtered victims acquired the habit. The ministers, deacons, merchants, treat him. Which is the guiltier; they who enticed him to disobey the warnings of his mother and take the first glass, or those who finished him off with whisky?

"The beginning of evil is as when one letteth out water."

CHAPTER XXX.

An Exposition of Law.

MANY of the failures which have discouraged those who have undertaken to execute the law, have resulted from an imperfect understanding of the statutes which they were to use. We give here a brief exposition of the law of Massachusetts to aid these people. I have always held it a duty that a minister owed to himself and his people to familiarize himself with the statutes of the State touching the character of society. The liquor law of Massachusetts is a close and stringent law, which, faithfully enforced, would suppress the saloons:

THE MASSACHUSETTS LIQUOR LAW.

At the request of many, I give this analysis of the liquor law of this State.

The very first sentence of the law is as follows: "No person shall sell or expose for sale spirituous or intoxicating liquors, except as authorized in this chapter" (Chapter 100, Section 1).

In cities the matter of granting licenses is entirely in the hands of the aldermen.

A "yes" vote gives the power to license or not as they see fit. The public statutes, Chapter 102, Section 24, say: "Nothing contained in the chapter shall be construed to require the mayor and aldermen or selectmen to grant either of the licenses aforesaid [that is, innholder's and common victualer's]

when in their opinion the public good does not require it."

Chapter 323, Acts of 1887, Section 8, says: "The mayor and aldermen or the selectmen may at any time refuse to issue a license to a person whom they deem unfit to receive the same. But nothing herein shall be so construed as to compel said mayor and aldermen or selectmen to grant licenses."

Let us see how the law restricts the sale of intoxicating liquors by dividing the licenses into six classes: First, the innholders and victualers' license is to accommodate strangers and travelers only. In the Massachusetts Reports, vol. cxxxv, p. 536, his honor Judge Allen says: "A person licensed as a common victualer to sell intoxicating liquors to be drank on the premises may be convicted of keeping a public bar within the public statutes, Chapter 100, Section 9, Clause 5, if he sells and delivers, not in connection with food, intoxicating liquors indiscriminately to such persons as may call for them." Now, let us see how this is guarded. Public statutes, Chapter 102, Section 8: "No common victualer's license shall be granted or issued to any person unless at the time of making application therefore he has upon his premises the necessary implements and facilities for cooking, preparing, and serving food for strangers and travelers."

In the following case it was clearly shown that no one outside of the hotel keeper was qualified to receive a license.

Massachusetts Reports, vol. cxl, p. 289, Commonwealth *vs.* Patrick Hagen, says: "What does guest mean? What does the word imply? A guest

is, first, one who comes from a distance and is entertained; secondly, a visitor entertained. Who is the guest of an inn? Suppose people go to this house, and the defendant says, 'I cannot supply you unless you sit down and eat some cold tongue or beef or some salt fish; if you will eat that, then I will let you have some liquor.' Does this make them guests, in the common acceptance of the word? If they are not guests, he can no more sell them liquor under this evasion (if it is an evasion). . . . If the real transaction was to sell liquor, an attempt to disguise it is no defense." So the court instructed the jury to find the man guilty, if they found these men were not guests. To this the defendant took exceptions and carried it to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court overruled the exceptions.

Now let me call your attention to Chapter 2: "A mayor, alderman, or selectman may refuse to sign a license to a person who, in his opinion, has not complied with the provisions of this chapter; and any such officer who signs a license granted contrary to the provision of the chapter shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars. Section 6 of the same chapter says, "Every common victualer shall be at all time furnished with suitable food for strangers and travelers." Section 11, "When in the opinion of the mayor and aldermen of a city, or the selectmen of a town, a person holding a license as an innholder or common victualer ceases to be engaged in the business he is licensed to pursue, or fails to maintain upon his premises, the implements and facilities required by this chapter, they shall immediately revoke his license."

I ask, Has this been done? Does not every intelligent and thinking man know that the law is a roaring farce? I am told by good authority that in years past the rumsellers have gone to the stove shops and hired secondhand stoves without lining or grates to be set up in their shops for a few weeks while their application for a victualer's license were pending, and after they got their licenses the stoves were removed.

Chapter 100, Section 10, fourth class: "To sell liquors of any kind not to be drank on the premises." This gives an opportunity to all who wish liquors in their homes the same as they would have tea and coffee. Both the spirit and the letter of the law show that the design of the law was to break up the tippling shop. The law nowhere gives a man the authority to sell liquors to be drank on the premises except accompanied by food. Lawyers have taken exceptions to judges' rulings on this point in every possible form, and every time without fail the Supreme Court has overruled their exceptions.

You will see in Chapter 100, Section 13, "That no license shall be issued until the license fee has been paid to the treasurer of the city or town by which it is to be issued, and until he has received a satisfactory bond payable to him as such treasurer in the sum of one thousand dollars, signed by the licensee and sufficient surety. No bond given under the provision of this said chapter shall be accepted or approved until each surety has made and subscribed a sworn statement that he is worth not less than two thousand dollars over and above all liabilities and indebtedness." Now a violation of his

license makes his license void. Some of the violations are as follows: Opening a back door, a screen at the window, selling to a man that has been supported in whole or in part by public charity within a year, selling to a common drunkard knowing him to be such, selling to minors or allowing them to loiter on his premises, selling impure liquors, or making sales before six in the morning or after eleven at night.

Chapter 100, Section 43. It says in relation to the provisions of the enforcement of the liquor laws calling our attention to the various officers in cities and towns, "The several officers aforesaid shall enforce, or cause to be enforced, the penalties provided by law against every person guilty of violation of any law in relation to the sale of intoxicating liquors of which they can obtain reasonable truth." Now, I ask, Has this been done there? When we ask for these laws to be enforced the cry comes these men have paid their money for the privilege of selling liquor and this creates a great deal of sympathy for them. It must be remembered that these men were not asked to take out a license, neither are they under any obligations to do it; they do it of their own free will and at their own peril, and they should be compelled to respect their own law, for it must be remembered distinctly that they prefer this to prohibition.

But some say I am a crank on this law. If so, the Supreme Judges of the United States are cranks, as the following statement will show: The United States Supreme Court has said in the case of Stone *vs.* Mississippi: "No Legislature can bargain away

the public health or public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants." Again the Supreme Court has said in the case of California *vs.* Christiansen: "The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributed to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source." Again it says in the case of Kansas, in more emphatic language, that the saloon is the mother of nearly all crime. The Hon. Lot M. Morrill said, "The drink traffic is the great crime of crimes against humanity." Hon. Richard Cobden said, "Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm us in my opinion, that the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political form."

We could fill pages with similar quotations from the leaders in all lands and in almost all generations. These utterances come from men of science, letters, and jurisprudence. In a word, it is the universal barrier to all that is good.

CHAPTER XXXI.

An Appeal to Moderate Drinkers to Vote No License.

TO each man of this class we appeal in plain words. You are not drunkards and never mean to be. Will you not help us to save other men who are victims of the appetite from a drunkard's fate? It may be true that you drink now and then, but you say you can stop drinking at any time you choose. Thousands of men and women drink enough every day to muddle their brains and destroy their fortunes, and despair of ever being able to stop. Will you not help them by voting no license? You know just as well as the total abstainer knows that the legalized saloon is a curse to all society. You know that most of the liquors sold are vile and poisonous, which no man should drink. You know that these saloons decoy weak men to ruin, men who could keep good resolutions and be sober if the saloon doors were not open day and night. You know that nine tenths of our criminals are saloon victims. We ask you to help us to shut up those doors which open into the jail, the almshouse, and into the ruin of body and soul. The brewers and distillers, and the wholesale dealers in very many cases own and furnish the saloons, and get rich out of them and leave the honest taxpayer to pay the bills.

They do not open the bars to satisfy the public demand for drink, but they open bars and drug

liquors to create thirst and appetite. They feed on soul, homes, honor, and the wages of the working-man. They are robbers. They take everything and give society nothing. You moderate drinkers say: "I like a little to drink myself, and if we vote no license, where shall I get it?" Is that the first question to ask? Should you think first of yourself? This is not manly, neither is it the mark of a good citizen? We must think of the weak men who are slaves of appetite. We must think of the terrible cost it is making to the community; we should remember the large number of wives with their little children that must suffer through the year if we vote for license. Then for the good of those who vote no license, shut up the saloons, and even try self-denial for a year or two when you are at home. But remember, my friend, every drunkard begins as you did, a moderate drinker. You say you will never be the slave of a rum appetite. They said so, but they are slaves now. You may fall where many strong men have fallen; if you do not fall, your son, your brother, or your dear friend may. If you are strong, you are strong enough to deny yourself so as to help others. Rise to the higher grade of manly purpose, and do not, by your indulgence, wreck the lives and homes of others.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Delusions.

I AM frequently asked if I can give any reasons why drunkenness has increased under high license. My first reason is the character of the dealers, for every dealer persistently violates the provisions of his license daily. Could terms be made with them the case might be different; but no terms can be made with them, no faith can be reposed in them. They themselves say that license is given in bad faith.

Second, the more you make a man pay for privileges of doing a certain business, the more drunkards he must make to get his money back.

Third, it creates illegal selling; for each bar can have fifty walking bars in the streets; a man may be selling next door to him, he can go in every minute and get his bottles filled and defy the law, for you cannot search a man's person, and can find no evidence to convict him. It was claimed that a man who paid one thousand dollars for his license would see the law enforced to protect himself, but he cannot complain of it, for he is guilty of illegal selling.

Fourth, the larger the company that collects together the greater the danger is of becoming drunk, and that is how the poor unfortunate man comes to spend his whole month's earnings in a single evening; thousands of men have taken the pledge of me

and related their history of entering saloons with money in their pockets and coming out in the morning without a cent, and not knowing what became of it or who took it.

Fifth, high license makes a man more bold, and he claims because he has paid his money he has a right to sell in defiance of the law; it creates for him a sympathy that makes it difficult to convict him before a jury or to procure evidence to revoke his license. From an experience of over fifty years in prosecuting liquor dealers, in thousands of cases, we have brought over thirty per cent of illegal liquor dealers to a final judgment; a lawyer cannot create sympathy before a jury for a man who has openly and willfully sold liquor without a license, while he does and can for one that has one.

Sixth, it throws around the business a respectability that encourages thousands of young men to enter and drink that would never think of entering into a low, contemptible grogery. For their first drink, they would never think of crawling through back alleyways to a kitchen dive and beg for some liquor out of an old woman's pocket.

How to Utilize Our Forces.

Let me call your attention to the curse of intemperance. You well know ardent spirits are filling the channels of death to overflowing. This is the master sin of our State, the giant evil, the burning curse. It is probably not too much to say that this single evil is inflicting more injury upon the physical, intellectual, moral, and eternal interests of our State than all other evils combined together.

Yes, marshal all in one dread army, under one flag, all the judgments that ever desolated this world of sin and death—blasting, mildew, hailstorms, tornadoes, earthquakes, epidemics, famine, war, conflagrations, shipwrecks, rapine, and murder—the legalized liquor traffic has cursed more than all these plagues combined. This monster has had this world for his home, "the flesh" for a mother, the devil for a father. He has no heart, and cannot feel. He has no eyes, and cannot see. He has no ears, and cannot hear. He has a coil by which to bind. He has a fang by which he stings. Look at the one million wrecks that stagger and dose and leer and bloat and fester and fall down under the curse of intemperance; of the eighty thousand that yearly fill a drunkard's grave; of the two million children that are left worse than orphans; of the three million of women who have a millstone tied about their neck and are brought to shame and disgrace; of the five hundred thousand that are yearly sent to the poorhouse; of another five hundred thousand of convicts annually sent to jail; of three hundred thousand annually bequeathed to public charity; of the thousand murders that horrify the ear; of the two thousand rapes that are committed by the demon. But worst and meanest of all is the great company of idiots that are brought into this world by this monster.

In the presence of all these fearful facts, is it not time for us systematically to organize the Church of God against this foe? We believe that the temperance people of the commonwealth of Massachusetts should, in all our towns and cities,

avail themselves of all the advantages of our present local option law and seek for more effective legislation for the entire suppression of the liquor traffic.

When it became manifest that the slaveholders of this nation would not surrender except at the destruction of the Union, then was heard in every Northern State, yes, and in every city and town, the sound of the fife and drum. Citizens of all political and religious belief rallied under the Stars and Stripes. The enemy was encountered on his chosen fields and defeated by land and sea. The doom of slavery was sealed forever, and the flag of the Union was honored and respected, and this long-established custom was outlawed.

Now, the same thing must be done in regard to the liquor traffic without respect to party or creed. We must organize, to elect only those men who are true to their oath of office and to defeat those that are pledged to the saloon. Have an organization like this in every church just as we have organized the Epworth League or Christian Endeavor Societies. This would give us the balance of power on the right side and would place us directly opposite the saloon.

The liquor dealers have no party. For more than a score of years they have declared that they will patronize no paper and support no candidate for office that is not in sympathy with the saloon. The liquor syndicates of Great Britain, the brewers, the distillers, and the liquor dealers of this country have combined and to a large extent have controlled the daily press and politicians of this country in the in-

terest of their business. But great as the liquor business is, if we would utilize our strength as they have theirs, we would overpower them at once, for we pay taxes on ten dollars where they pay it on one dollar, and we could control five votes where they do one. Give us leagues in every church and we will control at least from seven to eight million of votes. This can be done with very little expense.

1. Let us utilize the press so far as we can, for it has become a power in this country to control the masses, and let us not patronize any paper that will not give us a fair and unbiased hearing.

2. Let us have a No License League in each church and in each temperance society. Have meetings at least once a month in these churches on this special issue. Have the meetings in the churches conducted strictly on a Gospel line, so that great good will be accomplished in this way.

3. Let us have union temperance mass meetings, inviting all the churches and temperance organizations to unite.

4. Let us appoint committees who will vigilantly look after public officials and see that the law is unbiasedly enforced, and if not, have these men publicly exposed. In this way we can educate and mold public opinion on the right side.

The duty of the hour is to focalize the agency of the Church, temperance organizations, and literature against this evil. All parties can stand together here. We must not be specially anxious when we know a man to be a true man in respect to this question whether he calls himself a Democrat, a Republican, or a Third Party man, or a Granger or

Populist. When we know a man is true in respect to this one thing we should go for him with our votes and with our hearts. To this end we must not only work for no license, but so far as we can to induce every town and city in the State to organize on this line to elect senators and representatives that will give us laws and will see that the laws are impartially enforced.

The friends of no license must attend caucuses. The men who are named in the primary meetings are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred chosen at the ballot box. This is the real obstacle to be overcome. The friends of no license are apathetic, they fail to apprehend the amount of drudgery which is necessary to make success a certainty. We have got the means to bury the liquor men every time. We must impress the importance of looking after our neighbors and see that they do not, through indolence or indifference, neglect the caucus. This is all there is of it.

If we could have one good campaign carried on in this way we could rout the liquor power, "horse, foot, and dragoons." Let us put brains, honesty, money, and courage into this work, and we could give such a defeat to the liquor power of this State that it would never dare to lift its head in this nation. With such a league we will overthrow every saloon and bury the accursed traffic in a dishonored grave beyond the hope of resurrection.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Plea for a "No" Vote."

I APPRECIATE a little praise once in a while; I get enough on the other side. But I am very careful, and always have been, in regard to my statements. I have never made a statement in the thirty-four years I have been in the work that I was obliged to correct or take back. I am not a crank. I want to state that at the commencement. The truth hurts sometimes, and there isn't a man living who can speak words too extravagant in regard to intemperance, for no language is stronger than the truth. Now, we have got those who will go around and in the face of truth declare that a "no" vote would be a failure and the law would not be enforced. I was very much interested in reading, a week ago last Monday morning, a very lengthy editorial in the Boston *Herald* stating that the city of Boston was going to vote no license, and that it would be a terrible thing. But I remember, three years ago last spring, of hearing as good a man as Dr. Plumb, and as wise a man as Dr. Dorchester, say, "Do you know that Boston is going to vote no license?" I said, "No; I don't believe any such thing." "Well, but the Boston *Herald* says so." This sort of thing is done right along to arouse the liquor men to come to the front and be sure and vote license. Now don't be deceived; that is one of their campaign documents, to make that cry so as to keep

the conservative voter at home. I generally make the day of voting for no license a day of fasting and one of prayer—not that I shut myself up all day, but I make active opposition to license and do everything I can to influence men to vote for no license. I have never seen the liquor dealers vote "no" yet. When we used to have the old system of voting so that we could tell what others voted for, I have watched the liquor dealers, and they always voted "yes."

But among the questions that come to us the first question is the eighty-three or four thousand dollars that the city gets out of the liquor business to help curtail its taxes, etc. Well, that sounds very large, but when we take into consideration the fact that for every dollar that this city receives for the liquor traffic it costs twenty-one dollars and sixty-two cents it looks a little different. Now do not be deceived in regard to the revenue; these are facts. Now the claim is that if we vote no license it will increase the "kitchen dives." The judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island one time made use of some language that I thought was very proper and forcible. "Now," said he, "you go out in summer, and the trees are out in their foliage, and you pass through the street and your eye gazes only on these trees. You do not notice the shrubbery because your eye is fixed on the trees. Well, then," he said, "if you will cut the trees down and remove them, then your eye will catch the shrubbery, but the shrubbery was there before the trees were cut down, and you didn't see it." Now, with regard to kitchen dives, in a license city you see the

bars, the signs, and the advertisements, according to law and under the sanction of the law; these things attract your eye, and you do not see the kitchen dives. So if you remove by law these public attractions, why, then, the kitchen dive comes up; but they have always been there, and every policeman knows it, and every honest citizen that walks the streets observes these things and knows of the existence of these places.

I remember one time when I was in Connecticut I arrested a man who had violated the law, and he looked as if he was in the last stages of consumption and very near his death, yet he was selling liquor. I felt some compassion for him, though it was the third time I had brought him to justice for that offense. He said to me, "Mr. Montgomery, will you please give me two hours to prepare. I am an innocent man, and I can prove my innocence, but I want to send for a friend of mine over in New London." Permission was given, and the friend came—a wholesale liquor dealer. "Now," he says, "Mr. Montgomery, there is such a thing as overdoing things," and he became quite temperate in his talk and began to reason with me, saying that the man was not guilty of the offense. I replied that the man was dying, and I thought he was telling me the truth at first. "But," said I, "since you have come here I have no doubt of his guilt. There is no use in your talking a moment longer; he has got to settle this case according to law;" and the wholesale liquor dealer took out his pocketbook and paid the bills.

At one time there was a woman in my district

whom we repeatedly tried to get into jail. She sold liquor and kept a house of bad repute, but we could not do anything with her because she had a large wholesale firm back of her. Every time they would come up and pay her bills and go her bonds, and give her the best counsel there was in the place. The dives are owned and controlled largely by the license men, and I think if you would go and ask Judge Hadley or the chief of police about this matter, you would find out that when these people are arrested and brought to judgment the liquor dealers have been very much interested in them, have come and gone bonds for them and paid their bills, except in some cases, where they thought or were afraid it would go against their interest and their license would be taken away.

I remember an instance where we seized some liquor of an old Irish woman who kept one of these dives. I told the city marshal to have Professor Fuller analyze it, and it was done. Then I told him to go to a nice drug store and buy some of their whisky and have it analyzed by the same person. When Professor Fuller gave the result of his analysis, the whisky which the Irish woman sold was found to contain twenty-eight per cent of poor alcohol and the rest was burnt sugar and water. The druggist of whom we purchased the liquor was one of good reputation and doing a large business. His liquor contained cheap alcohol, burnt sugar, and water, but he had fifty per cent of cheap alcohol in his. The old Irish woman was more honest and put more water in.

Mr. Waterman, the Attorney-General of Massa-

chusetts, after practicing for fifty years, said, "If I knew there was as much liquor to be drunk for the next year under prohibition as there is under license, I should vote no license. The young men coming out from Christian homes would not be mean enough to drink out of an old woman's pocket." I met a man the other day, and he said, "I am going to vote no license this year, but I never have before. I am not a temperance man; I take a glass of liquor once in a while, but I have been looking into this thing and watching it, and have concluded that no license is better for us." "Well," said I, "if you vote 'no' would you have your glass just the same?" Said he, "Do you suppose I am mean enough to drink in opposition to the law?" Now, I think there are a great many young men who have enough of good character left who would hesitate about touching a glass of liquor if there was no license in the place. I do not pretend to say that a "no" vote would entirely annihilate the liquor traffic, but we do say that it would go a great way toward stopping up the great flood of drunkenness that we have to-day. I know we can enforce the law without any doubt. I know it could be enforced if you would give me the city marshal's place for three months. I should be able every time to hit the devil straight between the eyes. I know it can be done, and the city marshal knows it, too, when there is a city government behind him that will sustain him in doing it. The law can be enforced, and is enforced in many places in New England.

A good-looking lady came to me one day, and she said, "Mr. Montgomery, I have fourteen little boys

that I have gleaned, the children of drunkards. I teach them in my class on Sunday, and I take them to my home every Saturday afternoon and play on the piano for them, then I give them a lunch. I am very much interested in the boys and would like to know how I can carry a 'no' vote in this city." I told her to take her husband's bay horse and willow carriage and go around among the voters on election day, and influence them to vote no license. She went out and told her husband what I advised her to do, and then followed my advice. Along about four o'clock, when the polls closed, she came to me, the tears rolling down over her face, and said, "Mr. Montgomery, I have carried twenty-five men to the polls and they voted 'no.'" When I asked her how she accomplished this she said that she went to the groups of men that were working on the streets and asked them if they had voted. To those who had not she told of her interest in the little boys, the offspring of drunkards, and asked them if they would vote for the boys; and she succeeded in getting twenty-five men to vote for the cause of temperance. If the young ladies here have got a sweetheart, and he is in doubt whether he will go to see you Wednesday night or go to the club-room, or if he is in doubt whether he is going to vote "no" or not, you had better a thousand times die an old maid than to marry that man. Just let him alone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"An Hour in Montgomery's Office."

THE following item, reprinted from a Worcester, Mass., daily paper, may prove not uninteresting:

"It is a study to go into Mr. Montgomery's private room and sit there an hour, and see the different kind of persons who come there. There is hardly a phase of society which is not represented by his callers. There are almost always from two or three to half a dozen persons waiting to see him. First came one of the city ministers to consult with Mr. Montgomery in regard to something about the temperance work. Before he left two ladies came to invite him to address the temperance organization with which they were connected, and who also had certain information to give him.

"Pretty soon there entered a fellow who had but recently finished serving his sentence in jail, and who came to see if Mr. Montgomery could get him a place to work. His story was listened to attentively, and he was told that all would be done for him that could be. Mr. Montgomery has found a place at Washburn & Moen's for one man who has recently come from the jail. His wages are placed in the hands of one of the city ministers. After deducting what the man actually needs the remainder will be placed in a bank for his benefit.

"Shortly after two or three men came in who were clearly deadbeats. They pretended to be very much

devoted to the interests of temperance, but wanted to get some money with which to buy something to eat. Now, if there is anybody who does not propose to be imposed on by tramps or bummers we take it Montgomery is the man. Anybody who gets any help out of him must be willing to stand up and be counted every time. He hates a hypocrite worse than a loafer hates work. He has no patience with pious frauds, and those tramps left with some ideas they evidently didn't possess before.

"Another fellow of the same rank came into his office recently and wanted to engage himself as a spotter. He was told that 'no spotters need apply,' as they could do their own spotting, and that moreover any knowledge which was given must be given gratis, as they never paid money, and that the person must be willing to stand up and swear to the truth of it.

"Mr. Montgomery receives a great deal of advice as to what to do and how to do it. Cranks of all kinds bring their wisdom (?) to him, and try to impress upon him that the millennium will strike Worcester at once, if he will only follow their advice. Most absurd suggestions are made to him, and very often a string of platitudes will be reeled off as if they were direct revelations from heaven.

"Some try to play the sympathy dodge. They tell of the awful life they have led, and the change which has come over them. They manifest a penitence that would do credit to a horse thief on the gallows. But they do not get very far with their nonsense before they are brought up standing, and dismissed with Montgomery's benediction (?)."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Labor Reform.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Luke iv, 18, 19.

WHEREVER the Bible and Christ are established oppressions sooner or later cease. The whole spirit of the Gospel of Christ is at war with every form of oppression; it breathes equality, liberty, justice; it proclaims deliverance to the captive and the opening of the prison door to them that are bound; it brings on earth peace and good will to men. Its cardinal principles are "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." A capitalist with this moral balance in his hand will weigh the wants of the laborer aright. I grant that the chief object of the Bible is to show us the way of salvation; but in achieving this end it may accomplish many minor ones. Indeed, there is not a fiber of the body or faculty of the soul upon which it does not lay its hands of mercy; not a temporal interest nor a relation upon which it does not exert a gracious influence. Why, then, you ask, has it not by this time filled the earth with rays of light? Simply because the earth would not receive it. The Dark Ages were brought on by neglecting to read the word of God. It was

then that the rich oppressed the poor, and it was not until the Reformation that their rights were noticed. Just as the sun enlightens the planets, and preserves them from chaos, and marshals them into order and wheels them into harmony, so the Bible is the fountain of order, of peace, and of salvation.

Thank God that the angels ever sang, "On earth peace, good will to men, and glory to God in the highest." The great mission of Christ to earth was to elevate the poor; for this purpose he came by the Bethlehem route. He honored a life of toil by being a poor carpenter. He was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. He lived with the poor. He rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed beast, and was buried in another man's tomb. And his hands were calloused with everyday labor.

He said at one time, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

While on earth he brought the rich Zaccheus down and the blind beggar up, and put them on the same level, and that has been the aim of the Gospel in all ages. To prove this let me submit the following facts. Let us compare the economies of the different systems of religion with their relation to the poor laboring man. We are told by one who has made a careful study of this, that the following wages are received by the different nations: In Japan, with thirty-six million and over inhabitants, the wages of the poor laboring men were twelve cents per day before Christianity went there. In China, with a population of over three hundred

and seventy-one million, the wages are less than ten cents per day on the average. In India, with a population of one hundred and eighty-nine million, the laborers seldom get ten cents per day. These three nations with a population of over six hundred million all worship idols. So we see where there is no Bible the poor are oppressed. Let us look at the vast population of the Mohammedans, one hundred and eighty millions—though their religion is better than paganism, their soil is poor—their wages are better. They average twenty cents per day, and we are told that this is largely due to the rigid enforcement of the law regarding total abstinence. Their law prohibits even drinking light wines.

The fifth commandment of their creed is, "Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors." And for over fourteen hundred years they prohibited the liquor traffic, while we with our boasted freedom say we cannot do it. To admit it is a libel on our Christ and his holy religion.

Now we come to lands which are under the influence of the Orthodox Greek Church which has about eighty-four million adherents. In this Church we find a little more light than in the pagan lands. Christ is acknowledged as the Saviour of the world, but honor is given in worship to the saints and the Holy Virgin. Just as their light rises above heathendom, so the wages rise. The average pay for the laborers in the nations under the Greek Church is twenty-five cents per day.

We find the Roman Catholic Church is yet a step nearer to the true Church. She has a following of about one hundred and ninety million. The nations

she controls pay their laborers on an average of thirty-seven cents per day. Italy and Austria, however, go far below this, while France and Belgium go somewhat above it. Now, let us consider the Protestants' countries with one hundred and thirty-five million adherents, and see what wages they give. Prussia gives her laborers on an average forty cents per day; Holland, forty-five cents per day; Denmark, fifty-two cents; Scotland, sixty-two cents; England, sixty-five cents; Canada, eighty cents; United States, one dollar per day.

These facts show the advantage of our Christianity and its connection with the labor reform. Wages rise in proportion as Christ is lifted up. In Scotland wages are twice as large as in Italy; in England twice as much as in Spain; in North American states twice as much as in South America. This cannot be attributed to the climate or to the soil, for we are informed that Italy has better advantages. Nor can it be attributed to the ignorance of Italy, for she has produced some of the greatest men of ancient times, such as Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, Horace, Virgil, and Columbus, Galileo, and Cavour. The only reason we can give for the difference between these countries is that one follows John Knox, with the teachings of the Holy Bible, while the other the teachings of the pope, with the seven sacraments of the Church of Rome.

The same is true in the comparison of Mexico with the United States and Canada. Just give the people the word of God and they will make the parched ground become a pool, and the deserts blossom like a rose. In a word, poverty and degra-

dation always follow in the wake of sin. Sin always fills the heart with lust, anger, emulation, intemperance, and lasciviousness.

These vices cause wars between capitalists and laborers. Let us ascertain, if possible, where the sin lies which has made the vast gulf between the capitalists and laborers in this country. Lest I might be misunderstood let us look at the value of the poorer classes to the nation and the Church. They are the bone and sinew of our national labor, are the ones who pave our streets, build our aqueducts, thread the land with railroads, dot the whole earth with habitations of men, build and work our mills, tend the spindles, guide the loom, and prepare the toil-stained goods for market. They transport our produce to foreign lands, and by their earnest work set the world all alive with industries. These are the contributors to the national wealth, developing its resources, giving force to trade.

They produce the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the conveyances in which we ride, and by their honest labor keep many of the lazy rich from starving to death. Daniel Webster once said, "Labor is one of the great elements of society, the great substantial interest upon which we all stand; all my sympathies are with it, and my voice till I am dumb will be used for it."

Again let us look at their worth to the churches. They are at their posts in all weather. They are those, who, when the rich Judases bearing the bag sell out their hopes of heaven for shares in stock gambling and in large corporations, are doing their best to spread the Gospel. The poor come boldly

in broad daylight to Christ, while the rich Nicodemus comes by night, if at all. Almost every revival and reform that has blessed this world has commenced among the lowly and the poor.

Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thrasher; David was a shepherd lad; Amos was a herdsman; Isaiah a plowman; Paul a tentmaker. The apostles were poor and unlearned men. Melanchthon was a common laborer. Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner. Carey, who translated the Bible into the language of the Hindus, was a shoemaker. Yes, the work of such men has unfurled the blood-stained banner of the cross over the capital of the world's empire.

Many times poverty has driven men to the wall, and when they have heard their children cry for bread, it has made them desperate, and thousands have become vagabonds by reason of unrequited labor. While there is no excuse or apology for criminality, I state many are disheartened because of injustice in not getting half the value of their labor.

They have been bruised and stung till the hour of despair has come. "Their wages, which has been kept back by your fraud, crieth: and their cries have come into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." They have been pursued by capitalists until they can stand it no longer, and then turn around bleeding and foaming and demand justice. Hence I believe in organization to protect ourselves and our families.

Nobody can find any fault with the labor party for organization. The more thoroughly they are organized the better it will be for themselves and for

their employers. But in presenting the claims of the laboring men, we call your attention to God's law in regard to this matter. It covers the whole duty of man to God and his fellow-men.

The civil and criminal codes of the State fill volumes with endless definitions and specifications. By God's simple law society is protected in all its vital interests—life, labor, chastity, property, and character. Obedience to this law would make a perfect human society, and render every individual secure in his own person and possessions, and happiness in his relation to others. We cannot suppose for a moment that man created in the image of his God, and endowed with immortal nature, is called upon to devote all his time and strength to become a slave of his superiors. It cannot be true that God created one class of men to expend all their energies and their lives in cultivating the soil, or to swelter in the crowded factories, or traverse the ocean under great dangers, and work from morning till night for the meager living granted to the brute creation without care or effort. We look for something better from our manufacturers and employers. To allow such work to go on unassailed would be to put an end to trade and to reduce civilized nations to a state of barbarism. Therefore we cannot press too strongly the claims of the laboring men. We must admit that in many cases the intense desire for wealth pushes many over the boundary lines of rigid honesty and invites them to oppress the poor to become rich. "Thou shalt not oppress thy poor brother" is a part of that splendid code ordained by Moses.

It must be remembered that steam, water, and electric powers have removed many of the heavy burdens from laboring men, and have for the present greatly reduced the pay of a certain class of help while they have increased the demand for skillful help. Now the steam power of the world is estimated to equal that of eight hundred million men, representing a population of workingmen larger than the globe contains. The steam and water power in the commonwealth of Massachusetts alone is equal to that of one million nine hundred thousand men, or what would employ the hand power of a population of seven million. In our boot and shoe industries the work of eighty out of every one hundred men is done by machinery. In the manufacture of carpets one man can turn out as much work as twenty could have done twenty years ago. In the manufacturing of cotton goods one person can now do what formerly took the time and strength of six. In manufacturing districts of Great Britain three quarters of a million spinners produce by machinery what it would require thirty million hand spinners to produce. This, of course, will be adjusted in time, but multitudes of the poor who have had neither trade nor education have suffered, and those more fortunate who have had trades and education have succeeded in earning much better pay.

In our judgment the cause of much of this trouble is the legalized barroom. Of twelve hundred million dollars spent in this country for liquor annually full seventy per cent is spent by the laboring men. So when hard times come and wages are cut down,

they suffer not from overproduction, but underconsumption. If the wages that are now put into the saloon were put into legitimate uses, such as food, clothing, and education, every storehouse would be emptied and create a demand for more goods, and give every laboring man employment at advanced wages.

Professor Peabody, of Harvard University, in a recent lecture, called attention to the enormous money waste from the sale of liquor and the economic importance of crushing out the saloon. He said, "The bill for rum is two thirds the entire amount paid as wages in the entire country." When the laboring men will spend their evenings with their families and sober society, it will do more for their comfort and education than any advance in wages could do. Here I must take a few exceptions to the plans of the Knights of Labor. In my judgment no class of men will ever succeed in building up moral reform by threats or intimidations. If a man is willing to work he should certainly be permitted to do so, and be protected in it. Again, we think it unwise to order men from their work when it will cause an immense loss of capital and goods of the employers. Such action may compel the employers for the time being to acquiesce with their wishes, but it cannot be lasting; it will in time react. We think a wiser plan would be to notify the employers of the facts in the case, and to give them ample time to make preparations, so that nothing would be wasted or destroyed; then if facts warrant a strike the poor would have the sympathy of every intelligent thinking man.

Again, we object to the grade paying; that is, putting the unskilled laborer on an equality with the skilled laborer. To illustrate: Here is a man who has been sober, vigilant, and master of his trade, always present at his work; another is intemperate, uncertain, frequently when wanted is absent on a debauch. Placing these two laborers on a par and demanding that their wages be equal is a great wrong and premium on indolence made by the Knights of Labor. This plan can never recommend itself to the common sense of the American nation. Let it be distinctly understood that the laboring men are largely the authors of their misfortunes and distresses. When good times are on they should have forethought to lay by at least twenty-five per cent of their wages in something solid, instead of indulging the costly vices; they should vote for a party which will suppress vice and oppression instead of those who pay the highest tariff for votes and give the most drink; they should not shirk and neglect or spoil the work given them to make, nor steal time and materials, nor hinder apprentices from learning trades and advancing; nor treat their employers and bosses with rudeness and suspicion; nor neglect the cultivation of tidy and cleanly habits and associations, but treat themselves as gentlemen the same as they expect others to do.

Each laborer should have a wife and home of his own, where his money, tastes, and presence are cheerfully given to make it comely and attractive; and wife and children should be protected from all risk of beggary, in case he dies, by a life insurance policy which will also be support to him if he

continues to old age. As a safeguard against idleness and vice he should have a home in some Christian Church, and go often enough to smooth off the rough edges of his nature and give him genial companions. An observation of these simple rules will double the income of American laborers, lift them in the social scale, make them a political power which can operate unitedly without strikes, and secure the reliefs and corrections which they need, and make them the most independent men in the world.

The opposite course of the last score of years has left them in a hole where their condition is miserable and their prospect doleful. You will make your own bed, you are the ones to lie in it.

In conclusion, let me impress on all before me to take the Bible as your guide. It will sweeten your poverty. One has said, "It is a rock of diamonds, a chain of pearls, the sword of the Spirit, a chart by which the Christian sails to eternity, the map by which he sets his life, the balance in which he weighs his actions." The Bible begins with the story of a garden and ends with the description of the second paradise of surpassing glory. Yes, the first lines carry us back to the beginning. Should you see a mountain rising by volcanic forces from the bosom of the sea, would not your soul, as you watched it lifting its head for the first time toward the clouds, be conscious of sublime emotion? Would not such emotion be riveted as oft as memory recalls the scene? So it is with the Holy Bible. We go back when there was no sea, no earth, no sun, nor stars, not even a thin cloud, not a breath of air; and, as

we read the word and watch, the teeming universe rises before us, and we fill with that emotion of the sublime glory of the Bible in our souls. O, ye children of poverty and labor, of misfortune and sorrow, you see but one side of the vale now, and that is fraught with trouble and darkened with adversities and want. I would rather be as poor as Lazarus and lying at the rich man's gate, with the earth for my bed and a stone for my pillow and the outstretched canopy of the heavens for my curtain, with Christ abiding with me, than to have the riches of this world, and all the comforts riches can afford, without Christ. The whole thing is summed up in two great commandments that Christ gave to his followers before his crucifixion, Matt. xxii, 35–40: "One of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Here and There.

"And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone. And the king of Israel said unto him, So shall thy judgment be; thyself must decide it."—1 Kings xx, 40.

A MAN must be hard run indeed when he cannot excuse himself for his neglect and wickedness. This is a very common one for the loss of the soul. A man will say, "I was very busy and had no time to attend to religion," and it is very common for us to hear them say a bad excuse is better than none. Here is an excuse in my text which condemned the man who made it. The man in the prophet's story was ordered to keep a prisoner, and it became his first duty to do so, and if he neglected it was at the peril of his own life. But he preferred to follow out his own wishes, and attend to his private concerns, and so the prisoner was gone. It is clear that he had power to attend to the king's business; his excuse was a confession that he was willfully disobedient. We have in this text, you will observe, a trust, the failure of a trust, and the apology rendered for the failure. God has given everyone of us a trust, for which we must give an account to him in the last day. Each new day that dawns upon us, each hour that rests with us in its rapid flight, yea, more, each of the moments which together make up the sum total of our existence, each of these is a

trust, not to be used at our own caprice, not to be cherished or lost just as the passing fancy takes us. O that we could understand this, that each day, each hour, is golden with its possibilities of good! that each moment may be spent in sowing some good seed, which shall ripen at the last to a harvest of immortal good! O, if we once let go through our fingers these opportunities into the great ocean of the irrevocable past! May God help us to keep sacredly and use wisely our time. "We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." Men who succeed in this world are men who stick to their business. Those who are vacillating, unstable, here and there, never amount to much in business or religion. But, alas, most that hear these glad tidings are busy "here and there" till the day of salvation is gone; and not having wherewithal to ransom their souls they must spend eternity in unavailing lamentations and despair. Nay! Even true believers are often so taken up with trifles as to let seasons of important usefulness glide away unimproved to the loss both of themselves and of others. May the Lord teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Let me now emphasize some of the excuses made by men why they have not become Christians. "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." Now, mark you, the excuse was not "Thy servant was busy." We are in a busy world. Stand on one of the corners of our streets in some of our great cities, and mark the rushing river of humanity that sweeps by you in a single hour, and you will

see that man is everywhere busy, whether it be fo himself, for his family, for his country, or his God The man in these days who will accomplish any thing which shall be worth doing must needs be a busy man. Nature is busy, the wheels of her grea workshops are never idle. The sun, the tides, th winds, the ceaseless death and life, the coming an going of the changing seasons, the perpetual move ments of the planets, all tell us that nature is bus always, and if we lift our eyes heavenward we fin in the other world they are busy; for we read "They rest not day nor night."

But this is not the question we are now t consider. The true meaning of the text, "Bus here and there," is the spending of our energie and wasting our time on unworthy objects, an refusing to accept the offers of salvation held ou to men in the Gospel of Christ. They do no utterly reject Christ, but put him away for a time They are busy here and there; their life is fille with what, compared with the great issues of eter nal life, are but solemn trifles: the pleasures o the passing world, ambitions that fail in their ver achievement, hopes that fade and die away i the presence of the realities of the life to come O, how wicked to neglect the graver interests o eternity for the trifles of earth! Think of the man hours wasted in idle chat, unprofitable reading, o in evening entertainments; for all these you mak time if you cannot find it. You have time fo judging others, questioning great truths, prying ou difficulties, and quibbling over trifles; but have n time for self-examination, no time for studyin

God's word and seeking the Lord. You have had time to eat, to drink, to dress, but have had no time to feed your soul, to drink the living water, put on the robe of righteousness, to talk with Christ, and to find rest in Christ. You have abilities for business; why spend them all on your selfish money-getting and starve your immortal soul? You have worked hard for nothing. You have deprived yourself of every comfort to gain this world. Ah, how many have done this, and at last to fail and die poor, without God and without hope! You will have to leave all your dear friends and take a plunge into the great eternity. Then why go here and there without God and without hope? Remember that you will be called into account for the waste of your time. O, how wretched to have spent a life in idly traveling, collecting shells, reading novels, and going to places of amusement, and have no time left for serving God and knowing the Redeemer! But some sinners do even worse than this; they not only sin, but lead others to sin by inventing ways of killing time, and then say they have no time. They give their minds to skeptical thoughts for the sole purpose of undermining the Scriptures and arguing against the Gospel, and yet they deliberately say they have no time to go to church. The most successful business men I ever knew were earnest Christian men. They did not allow anything to interfere with the hours they had set apart for divine worship. The church members who will go here and there instead of going to church are setting a bad example and robbing their own souls of peace and joy.

In London such is the hum of business that the great clock of St. Paul's may strike many times and not be heard. God speaks often and men hear him not, because the other voices deafen them.

A great earthquake happened when two armies were in the heat of battle. None of the combatants knew of it. Sometimes we get so intensely interested in the pleasures of this world that the solemn things of eternity are neglected.

"Nero, when Rome was famishing, sent ships to Alexandria, not to bring corn to the starving people, but to fetch sand for the arena." Are not many men and women this morning before me thus cruel to their own immortal souls? Are you not spending the precious hours which God hath given you to seek eternal life on the pleasures that must fade away?

A dying nobleman exclaimed, "Good God! How have I employed myself? In what delirium has my life been passed? What have I been doing? While the sun in its race and the stars in their courses have lent their beams perhaps only to light me to perdition, I have pursued shadows and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust and sporting myself with the wind. I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the birds of the woods, to much better purpose than any for which I have lived."

King Henry IV asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the great eclipse of the sun which had lately happened. "No," said the duke, "I have so much to do on earth that I have no leisure to look up to heaven." Ah, that this were not true of professors in these days! It is sad to think

how their hearts and time are so taken up with earthly things that they have no leisure to look after Christ and the things that belong to their everlasting peace.

Grotius, the historian, cried in death, "Ah, I have consumed my life in a laborious doing of nothing. I would give all my learning and honor for the plain integrity of John Urick." (This was a poor man of eminent piety.)

My young friends, use the time while it is yours, not going here or there, but seeking after God. Christian men and women, let me call your attention to the souls of your children. They are watching you while you are busy here and there, whether you are neglecting the prayer and class meetings. To the rich man who was puzzled by his bursting barns, God said with cruel plainness, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

O solemn triflers! can you not be sober an hour? O busy idlers! will you not bestir your lazy selves and do something to flee the wrath to come, and lay hold of eternal life?

O sagacious fools! will you let this lying panorama of secular deceits shut your eyes to the riches of the celestial empire?

O wasteful misers! can you go on scratching straws and dirt together with your muck rake, while the angel holds over your heads a jeweled crown that will not fade?

Look up! Look up, infatuated mortals! Seek first the kingdom of heaven—first in time and first in effort—and thou shalt have these earthly things and the infinite eternal good.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Fishing in a Muddy Pond.

"And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."—Luke v, 10.

THE business of the preacher of the Gospel is to cooperate with God to catch men from their sins and secure the great salvation. I mean, to secure for all present reconciliation and, in the future, eternal happiness. When we are called of God to catch men we should be impressed with our own personal responsibility, should not cavil or reason about it, but go forth in the name of Jesus to save men. Every fisherman of God feels for his fellow-man. True piety throws its power of vision through the universe and rejoices in all that reflects the mind of God, and weeps over the misery and ruin which darken so many portions of our world. When he sees men bearing the mark of the beast in their forehead, who glory in their shame, becoming God-daring in crime, full of darkness, misery, and death, the good man says, "Let me go," his energies are aroused, his spirit encouraged, his ardor excited, and he gives utterance to these words, "O Lord, send me forth to catch men and draw them from their sins."

First. The whole world is a muddy pool without the Gospel. No nation or people have ever been found which became civilized, in the present sense

of the term, unaided by the influence of divine fishermen. In every country where the Bible is not known, popular ignorance prevails and the masses are the willing victims of bigotry, superstition, and vice. Efforts have actually been made to find a race of savages who have, unassisted, civilized themselves, or made any considerable advance toward the higher state. Every effort in that direction has signally failed. All experience has shown that men left in the barbarism in which they originally existed never did, never can come from the muddy pool of ignorance unassisted, and raise themselves into a purer condition. Let us praise God for what the fishermen have done, and look and labor with faith till the teeming millions of earth shall be pulled out of the muddy pool of ignorance. All this shall be effected through the instrumentality of these fishermen with the Gospel. While these fishermen go with all the tenderness of a mother's hush for human trouble, yet their words must have the crushing power of a lightning bolt to warn and alarm the daring sinners not only to tell them of Calvary, the antidote for the poisons of earth, but to tell them of the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden which blasted the earth with wickedness and death. But see them now coming from the muddy pools at last to praise God; see the poor drunkards who have been staggering through our streets! See the fishermen, with the golden hook of God's love to grasp the world's outcast and prepare him to shine brighter than the stars forever and ever. See another who has lived a life of shame and infamy until she has ruined herself, and even Satan sweeps her out of

the back door. To her the same golden bait is held out, and she is saved, becomes an heir with Christ.

Let me tell you that the sweet and overwhelming joys of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried on by those who rode in high places and gave sumptuous entertainments, but paupers' children will sing it; those who were once outcasts and the offscourings of earth will sing it. Heaven's hallelujah will be all the grander because of earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands, scourged backs and martyr agonies. Then in all your troubles look unto God and be saved. In all your trials and afflictions look unto Christ and find deliverance. Turn your eyes heavenward, and you will find comfort. May God help you this night to seize this golden hook with one end of the line in heaven and the other in your heart, and Jesus will continually draw you heavenward. "Jesus will help if you try."

Second. What have we done for the fish taken from the pond of ignorance and sin? We have taken them from the dungeons of earth and brought them into the light of heaven, made them heirs of immortality, destined for eternal glory; have turned men into angels, and through grace this earth will yet be a paradise. But I am unable to trace the results of these blessed fishermen. O, sinner, come; come and take hold of the hook of salvation, all you can lose or suffer by giving your heart to Christ is more than covered by the broad policy of our heavenly citizenship and fellowship.

Third. Let us contrast how Satan catches men

with how the Lord catches them. Satan does his work by infernal lies. His bait at first is pleasure, profit, honor; he promises great things to his followers, but pays them with great mischief. The crown he promises has turned into a halter of hemp; the heaven promised has turned into hell. God's fishermen use for bait truth, love, and peace. There are some fish who devour each other, so wicked men devour each other.

In the last place, sinners, let me tell you, at the judgment day God will send his fishermen out and catch you out of every pool; the good fish will be gathered into the everlasting kingdom, but the bad ones into the hands of the devil. Sinner, taste and see that the Lord is good; the sea of his goodness is bubbling up at your feet this night. O, believe it, and cast thy guilty soul into the ocean of his blood and, as you come up, put on the wardrobe of his purity. Sinners, lay hold of him, touch the hem of his garment and ye shall be washed. May God help you so to do this very hour, for Christ's sake. Amen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Future Punishment.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him?"—Heb. ii, 3.

THIS text and context are very interesting. The glory of the Gospel appears not only in the themes of which it treats, but the person by whom it came. The law was ushered in by the wonders of nature and by the ministry of angels; but the Gospel was proclaimed by the Son of God. To give efficiency to his grace he came into our nature, put himself in our place, entered into a personal experience of our temptations, sufferings, and sorrows, wrought out before us the perfections of a human character, made an atonement for our sins, tasted death for every man, and, by his resurrection, spoiled death of its terrors and Satan of his power. Christ was as complete in his humanity as in his divinity. Only as a true and a proper man could he be tempted as we are, could he be for us an example in temptation and suffering, could he feel with us the tie of brotherhood. Through his humanity we are ennobled. In him man is restored to the glory and honor for which God created him.

For us this great salvation is provided in the Gospel. If we will obey his voice all that Christ hath wrought is ours; all that he hath promised

we shall obtain. Yet, alas! it is possible for foolish men to neglect this salvation. Salvation is the most important subject that can ever engage the intelligence of man or angels. Because it is absolutely necessary for us as fallen, helpless transgressors, the source of spiritual relief to our deathless spirits, and the fountain of the most refined and exalted enjoyment which we can realize on earth. It is the mighty lever to exalt us from degradation and the misery of vice here to perfect purity and triumphant felicity in heaven forever. Because these are its qualities and effects, it is worthy of the homage of the world and the adoration of eternity.

If I understand, the apostle in the context argues that if the Gospel of salvation contains so much divinity and glory, if it is the production of such infinite sacrifices, it ought to be gratefully received; for we read in the first verses, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression or disobedience received a just recompense of reward." I think that the apostle means these particular messages which God sent by angels, as in the case of Lot, "And there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom" (Gen. xix, 1). This was confirmed by the divine authority that was so strict that it would not tolerate any offense, but inflicted punishment on every act of transgression. Every case in which the law was laid down or passed upon, and every act of disobedience was punished.

My text, in awful and alarming language, calls

upon me to set before you life and death, blessings and cursings, and to seriously warn you of death, judgment, and eternity. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—that salvation which it is but too evident many of us do neglect. I preach it to myself in particular. If I were to trifle with you, and spend this solemn hour of divine service in providing for your amusement, or to get myself honor or renown, while my office, my conscience, and my God require me to employ it for the profit of your never dying souls, and in striving to advance your immortal interests—the neglect of this great salvation!—how could I answer him? How shall those escape that neglect it?

This salvation is great when compared with that granted to the Jews, for the Jewish dispensations were not for all mankind. The Jewish salvation was significant by types and ceremonies, but the Christ's is the substance of all these. Again, the Jews' dispensation referred chiefly to the body and the outward state of man, washing and external cleansing of the flesh; but the Christian's refers to the inward state and the purity of the heart. The Jewish dispensation promised temporal happiness, but the Christian spiritual. The Jewish dispensation belonged chiefly to time, and the Christian religion sweeps over all eternity. The Jewish dispensation had its glory, but what is it compared with the exceeding glory of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Moses administered the former, Jesus Christ, the Creator, Governor, and Saviour of the world, the latter. This is a great salvation, infinitely beyond the Jewish; but how great no tongue or pen can describe.

First, the nature of the salvation. The term applies especially here to the whole economy of grace. The dispensation of mercy to a fallen and ruined world by the mission of the Son of God to this earth. Hence, he is frequently called the Saviour of the world; "for the Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost." Salvation means deliverance, and deliverance implies danger—not human peril, not physical pain and anguish merely, not worldly catastrophe; no, no; but the misery, defilement, condemnation, bondage of sin and everlasting ruin. Sin has darkened the mind, perverted the judgment, debased the passions, and turned the soul away from God. Sin is rebellion—the transgression of the law, a daring trespass against divine authority, a provoking insult to heaven! Sin bars us out from the sight of God. Yes, it provokes our divine Lord to anger. The Lawgiver demands satisfaction; if not given, then he will render "tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil." We talk of human kindness; of earthly dangers; but alas! no earthly wound can be compared to this. What is the shipwreck of the body compared to the devastation of the soul, and its liability to be engulfed in endless perdition? Ah, my dear sinner, what are earthly losses compared with the loss of the immortal soul? What are bodily diseases, however complicated and excruciating, compared with the disease of the soul? But sinful and ruined man, if not saved by sovereign grace, is exposed to the eternal storms of divine wrath (Rom. ii, 8, 9; Gal. iii; Matt. xxv, 41–46). But, thank God, there is deliverance (Rom. viii, 3, 4): "For what the law could not do, in that it was

weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Yes, my dear fellow-sinners, he assumed our nature with all its miseries and infirmities, with the exception of sin. He lived a life of strict conformity to the law and endured the penalty for us all. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Therefore this was a great salvation, and it will be an awful death if we neglect it. Now, look at the blessings with which it invests us: Pardon of sins, freedom from condemnation, peace, joy, communion with God here and hereafter. Then we read, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Again, this was repeated in John iv, 14, when he said to the woman, "The water that I shall give you shall be a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Secondly, if this great salvation is neglected, the punishment that must follow will be excruciating. Some willfully neglect it, infidels deny it altogether; the self-righteous will not have it, the worldly-minded have to attend to certain other things; and some are overwhelmed with earthly cares to the neglect of their souls. In other

words, they feed the body at the expense of the soul.

There is no doctrine more clearly revealed in the word of God than the doctrine of future retribution for obdurate sinners. The entire Scriptures teach this. By it good men were urged to duty, evil men were held in awe. The patriarchs and prophets desired to obtain the resurrection of the just. The apostles labored that they might give up their account with joy, and not with grief. And the spotless Son of God was influenced by considerations drawn from the future life, when, "for the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despised the shame, so that he might sit down at the right hand of the throne of God." All the judgments of God in respect to this life may be only a preface of the future. The destruction of the old world was the beginning and not the end of their punishment. Peter says, "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men" (2 Peter iii, 7). This judgment is appointed for the perdition of ungodly men, no matter when they lived, whether before or after the flood. They are not now punished, but reserved unto the day of judgment to be punished. The same is true in regard to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. God turned the city of Sodom into ashes because of their unparalleled depravity. The Saviour, when he refers to the punishment, refers to the future world; for he says, "Verily I say unto you [referring to the future world], It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and

Gomorrah in that day, than for that city." Jude teaches us that there are "angels which kept not their first estate, but are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." He also sets forth "Sodom and Gomorrah as suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." (Jude 6, 7.) Paul speaks of the judgment to come. Belief in the future punishment was the common faith of the generations to which the Saviour preached. So Paul declared, "It is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment." He was a believer in this doctrine. He would confirm them in their faith as to the future retribution. The people to whom he spoke already believed him. In that day all will be judged by him who came to redeem us; angels who kept not their first estate—devils who now believe and tremble. To all the dead, small and great, on the earth and in the sea, this judgment will be final; there will be no appeal; there is no higher tribunal, all will be perfect—the law, the evidence, the Judge, the verdict, the sentence. The punishment will be endless. It means strict eternity, or no terms can express it (Matt. xxv, 46). He spoke of this in his first sermon and used the words everlasting punishment. Again he speaks of it as a "fire that never shall be quenched," and when he speaks of the rich man he says, "There is no escape." The apostles speak of it as "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Again, "suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Another says, "The smoke of their torment goes up forever and ever, and they shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." Daniel says, "All that sleep

in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." The Bible gives no promise of probation beyond this life. May God help us to prepare for this solemn hour. For the neglecters of this salvation cannot escape the vindications of heaven. The question in my text is, "How shall we escape?" "How" is equal to the strongest affirmation. You shall not escape. To hope for an escape is absurd; to effect it is impossible. The greater the salvation the more bitter and agonizing will be the punishment of those who neglect it. That is, they cannot escape. They are already under condemnation, under arrest, in the hands of divine justice, and they cannot escape but by the sacrifice of Christ. Again, to neglect this salvation exposes the soul to greater punishment than that inflicted under the law. The neglecters of that law did not escape verse second. This is a superior dispensation. He that believeth not shall be damned, shall never see life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him. Such are the declarations of God. How shall they escape? You cannot escape by depending upon the mere mercy of God. A God all mercy would be a God unjust. Besides, Christ said, "He that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." You cannot escape by morality, for this sets aside the atonement (Heb. x, 28, 29; xii, 25). You cannot escape by flight, for God is everywhere. You cannot escape by resistance, for who has an arm like God? You cannot escape, for God is true and faithful to his threatenings as to his promises. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven (2 Thess.

i, 7, 8). Let me remind you, dear sinner, that the consequences of your neglecting will be everlasting. Therefore seek the Lord.

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh: for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven."

O, think before thou die!

The depth of his infinite compassion, the gentleness of his ministries, the tenderness of his love, the urgency of his overtures, will all aggravate the bitterness of your compunctions and the depths of your despair. O, kiss the Son while thou art in the way with him, lest ye perish when his anger is kindled but a little.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Total Abstinence the Way Out.

ALCOHOL does no living organism good. There is not a drop of alcohol in any product of nature. It is an ingenious corruption of God's good things to make an evil. It is not a nutriment, it is not digested in the stomach, nor digestible; it comes out of the system alcohol, as it went in; not assimilated, not built up into tissue, not furnishing anything to the normal functions of the human body. Governor Andrew upset the prohibitory law in 1867 on the specious plea that alcohol is nourishment, but there is not a scientific authority that justifies this statement, and the old commonwealth was upset by a lawyer's cunning fraud!

Dr. Carpenter says, "No other liquid than water can act as the solvent for the various articles of food in the stomach." Dr. Austin Flint says, "Water is far the most important of the inorganic principles." Gustavson declares, "Water is the overwhelming need of a living system. . . . Alcohol has not been found in the living organism. . . . Alcohol is not a regular food, but acts as a poison." Dr. Billing states, "Tonics give strength, stimulants call it forth." Dr. Gaillard denounces the use of wine as "the greatest curse to the laboring people of France." Dr. Klein says that after the siege of Paris he was compelled to say, "Nothing will make a soldier feel the cold more, or suffer worse from the dreadful

curse of hunger, than alcohol. Wine was useless in the famine, and worse than useless." Dr. Chenery holds, that "a thousand demonstrations of science show that alcohol does not help digestion, but is a positive hindrance. . . . Drunkards may vomit undigested food hours and days after eating." Dr. Figg tells us, "That drunken laborers have vomited up food after twenty-four hours not at all digested." Finally, Gustavson says, "Any substance not a food, if used as a food, acts as a poison."

The athletes who test their physical powers to the last degree, are prohibited by their trainers from any indulgence of the cup. Those who are disciplining themselves for races, baseball, football, polo, or any other of the games that put man to his best, are forbidden under penalty to touch it at all. Sullivan, long the champion brute of the world, admits that he never lost a battle except by the use of liquor, while Corbett, his conqueror, is a teetotaler.

It does not communicate heat. On drinking a potation of liquor a flush of heat will go over the system, but in half an hour the heat will fall, and in two or three hours it falls from four to five degrees. If a person is to endure intense cold, the best preparation next to warm clothing and hearty food is a drink of cold water. The risks from alcohol are so imminent that arctic explorers have put their crews upon a total abstinence regimen. Drs. Hayes and Kane, Lieutenant Schwatka, and other successful battlers with eternal frosts declare no man can live there in habitual use of alcohol. Its use probably explains the failure of more than one arctic expedition.

In 1812 it was found that nearly all the French

soldiers who had survived the horrors of the Russian campaign in midwinter were abstemious men, while nearly all the tipplers had made their last beds in drifts of the Northern snows.

Alcohol is equally dangerous in the warmer latitudes. Sir Samuel Baker, Dr. Livingstone, Stanley, and a great many other African explorers, have raised their warnings to all who enter the malarious regions of Central Africa against this indulgence. To drink it to keep out the heat is a delusion similar to that which its votaries practice on themselves when they say, "We drink it to keep out the cold." It does not relieve, but aggravates the danger and injuries incident to both extremes.

It is not a curative medicine, but induces many diseases and aggravates them all. Dr. Edmunds says, "The so-called stimulating effects of alcohol are only finer shades of that same narcotic influence which produces general stupefaction and universal paralysis when the agent is given in large doses. Professor John Fiske tells us, "There is nothing but paralytic disorder from the moment narcosis begins; from the outset the whole nervous system is lowered in tone and the even course of nutrition disturbed." Dr. E. A. Parkes, of London, remarks, "The highest possible perfection of the nervous system is only possible with strict total abstinence. It [alcohol] is a paralyzer of nerve functions." Sir Andrew Clarke, England's most popular practitioner, says, "If it gives help sometimes to a man it is at the expense of blunting his sensibilities. My experience is that alcohol does not help, but hinder one's health. I am bound to say that for all honest work alcohol

never helps a human soul." A. A. Reade finds, that "from a review of one hundred and thirty-two testimonies, not one resorts to alcohol for stimulus to thinking, and only three defend its use under special circumstances." Not only the homeopathists, but a great number of "old school" medical men are breaking away from the errors and superstitions of the past, accepting the facts that science teaches to-day, and will not put humanity bound hand and foot into the clutches of the arch enemy of our race. They refuse to prescribe liquors whose operations they do not know, merely because it soothes the patient and covers up their own ignorance.

Dr. N. S. Davis, one of the most popular physicians in the United States, delares his conviction after forty years of critical study, "That alcohol injures nine patients to where it benefits one, and as no physician knows which is the one case which may be benefited by it as a remedy, it is presumption to use it at all." It produces many diseases in the human system; it cannot produce health; it suspends sometimes the active functions of the body, but it does not remove disease, and the prescription of it has thrown tens of thousands into drunkenness, which is much worse than a peaceful grave."

Chenery says, "In cholera alcohol has been found to be a most potent ally. Intemperance is a qualification which cholera never overlooks. Drunkards are generally the persons attacked." Bronson says, "In Montreal cholera has searched out the haunts of drunkards; the moderate drinkers were a little better off. Among a thousand of its victims only two were members of a temperance society. In 1832, of the five

thousand members of temperance societies in Albany, only two died from cholera. Of two hundred cases in Park Hospital in New York, Dr. Sewell says, "Only six were temperate, and all these recovered." When epidemics have been raging in any of our cities the grogshops have generally been closed as disease-breeding nuisances by the boards of health. In 1853 nine hundred died in Rotterdam; only three were total abstainers. When the cholera was in Tiflis, Dr. Huber declared, "Every drunkard has fallen." Dr. Billing affirmed, "Alcohol disposes human bodies to it;" Dr. James Rush, "Putrid fevers are more contagious and fatal among drinkers than any others." Dr. Dowell says, "In 1876, nearly all the habitual drinkers in the large towns of Texas died of the epidemic, and five thousand died in New Orleans before a sober man fell." Dr. Chenery asserts, "The best preventive against all these scourges is wholesome food and a clean stomach." The *British Medical Journal* is quoted as follows: "Truly he is a happy doctor who can affirm that by his alcoholic prescriptions he never made a drunkard. I once used them; my sole regret is that I held out so long against evidence of the most startling kind." The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* declares, that "if all the alcohol in the world were annihilated and the art of making it were lost forever, it would be a decided gain to the medical profession."

Heredity. "Not one man in a thousand dies a natural death, and most diseases have their rise from intemperance," says Lord Bacon. Plutarch said, briefly, "Drunkards beget drunkards." Gel-

lius warns us, that "the children of drunkards are not likely to have sound brains." The *Journal of Inebriety* says, "Dipsomania is always hereditary; always a spontaneous neurosis independent of the habits of the individual." Rev. Edward Barry concludes, "Children born of intemperate parents bear in their birth the germ of disease, die prematurely, or drag along a languishing existence, useless to society, and usually depraved with evil instincts." Dr. C. Rosch has observed, that "the children of these men and women have always a weak constitution and are nervous to excess." Dr. Morel says, "There is no other disease in which hereditary influences are so fatally characteristic." Dr. Figg's experience leads to the same, "The brain of the drinker's child is as often a miniature of his father's as is the impress of his features." Dr. E. Lanceraux says, that the drinker's child "inherits with the passion for alcoholic beverages an inclination to immorality, depravity, and cynicism." Dr. Maudsley tells us, "Such children suffer the tyranny of poor constitutions." Professor Jaccoud says, "Alcoholism is one of the greatest causes of the depopulation and degeneration of nations." Dr. Gendron adds, "These children are heirs of terrible convulsions, hysteria, limited intelligence, gross, brutal appetites, and incapacity for self-government. It is transmitted to descendants under many forms." Dr. Norman Kerr says, "The contrast of children born when the parents were temperate, with their brothers and sisters born after the parents became intemperate, is an alarming protest to the drinking customs." Professor Krafft Ebing says, "These

children come into the world with epilepsy, hysteria, and forms of mental impairment as a heritage from the habits of their parents." Gustavson impressively declares, "There is a lacteal heredity in which the virtues, vices, and physique of the child are affected by the habits of the mother who nurses it."

During my nine years in Norwich the average of ten women a day called upon me with their story of sufferings and wrong, and had something to say akin to the sad story of a mother who says, "I have nine children, and all of them were begotten when their father was drunk." Dr. Church relates that Dr. Blackmer once took him to an alcove in the Insane Asylum in Augusta, Me., and pointed to four idiotic children ranged on a bench sucking their fingers and staring into vacuity. He said, "Their parents first had two healthy children; after they became intemperate five idiots were born to them;" and he added, "A large percentage of the imbeciles owe their misfortune to drunken parents."

We could fortify these horrid examples of parental crime by the thousands from the records of insane asylums and medical journals. With what quick resentment would one of these gentlemen punish the man who should mutilate the body of a favorite horse, or corrupt the blood of a high-bred dog, and yet these gentlemen, who talk of their kindness and humanity, put themselves into a condition where they may produce a child who will bear through all its history an enfeebled body, a distorted mind, and a corrupted heart. If the noble-minded girls who give their love and persons to these dissipated men knew that some of their future darlings were to in-

herit these diseases and vices, with what honest anger would they spurn them from their presence! Can it be that these gentlemen have so much more consideration for a dog or a horse than for the bodies and minds and characters of their children? We can never look for a higher generation or a nobler race while such tides of the devil's broth go into the veins and lives of our young men. No wonder the womanhood of the country stands appalled, insulted, outraged at the prospect of such a future for the children of their bodies. No one feature of this infamous business entails such fearful wrongs upon humanity as to load the generations to come with vices, diseases, and malignities. O, fathers, if you care nothing for yourselves or the respect of your neighbors, or the counsels of your parents, stop and think what will be your emotions when you pick up a little helpless cripple or a thoughtless idiot from your cradle, and see how terribly are inflicted the sins of the fathers upon their children. When these heirs of your intemperate habits and vile blood meet you at the judgment seat of Christ, what pleasure will it be that you are their father, or in any other way by voice, vote, example, or treating, contributed to deprave other men and curse other children?

Economy. The total abstinence man saves enough to support his family, dress well, sustain the church, pay his taxes, and help the poor. Most of the drinkers live on the verge of beggary a large share of the time. In the history of extravagance there is no parallel of awful waste to that of the reckless patrons of the dramshop. More than all

that is paid for the necessaries of life goes to feed this one hungry vice. Not less than twelve hundred millions of dollars are paid yearly to satisfy this greedy passion that grows hungrier the more it gets.

What a shameful thing it is that Ireland, which has known so much of the grievances of poverty, the shame of beggary, and the horrors of famine, should make it true that, according to Archbishop Ireland, the money wasted for whisky by the Emerald Isle in the last fifty years would have purchased them every inch of land and every item of personal property for their own, and have cured their ills and grievances!

Under the temperance reformation led by Father Mathew the capital offenses in eight years fell off from sixty-six to fourteen per year. The sentences of transportation fell off from nine hundred and sixteen to five hundred and four. The consumption of spirits was reduced one half, and the amount of duties on tobacco decreased by three thousand pounds in a single year. If the Roman Catholic prelates and priests had fallen in with Father Mathew and his coadjutors, the Irishmen might be the money holders of the day and as well educated as the most favored nation. On all other peoples addicted to this vile habit, the curses of poverty have fallen with impartial justice. Nearly all the paupers and tramps and loafers have wasted their substance in riotous living, and ruined their creative powers by this subtle poison.

A man came to me and signed the pledge. I persuaded him to give up his rum and tobacco, seek the Lord, and become a Christian. A few months

after he stood up in prayer meeting to say: "A great many are complaining of hard times, but I thank God wife and I are having good times. I used to earn twenty-five dollars a week, and had nothing and lived in rags. I now have ten dollars a week, and we have plenty of everything and live in plenty, comfort, and domestic peace. So much can the precious blood of Christ do for a human soul."

In 1875 a tall, fine-looking man, but shabby, came into a prayer meeting in Hope Street Church, Providence, knelt at the altar, was convicted and converted. He was without friends, money, or credit, and a dear family of wife and children in rags and want at home. His habits had destroyed him. Soon as he took the pledge his pastor found him employment; he lived up to it, and ten years afterward he wrote to his old pastor, "I am bookkeeper for a large corporation on twelve hundred dollars a year; I am superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, and our home life is as sweet as comfort and religion can make it."

There are many doubtless who think they can afford the money to furnish themselves with all the costliest drinks and finest concoctions of the distiller's art. But can you afford to keep alive the awful habit of making drunkards, to encourage your children to form these tastes, and by your example encourage all these drunkards to plunge into this vice? So long as you drink, the army of drunkards will be full. It was old Dr. Beecher who said sixty years ago, "The genteel tipplers make the drunkards." While you indulge in your dainty way, the accursed saloons will haul in their deluded victims.

To continue to tipple with these inevitable facts before you is the quintessence of selfishness. Do you love virtue? Do you love your fellow-men? Have you any care what the future generations of your country shall be? How can you contribute all the weight of your influence to corrupt and deceive them? Is not the leprosy of this vice universal enough? Are not the wails that come from ten thousand wrecked homes piercing enough? Are not the protests of the Christians and the noble womanhood weighty enough to banish the decanter from your tables? Won't you let Solomon advise you, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?" Won't you say with the great body of Christian people, following St. Paul's noble example, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak?" Or must you go on to feel how much he meant who said, "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him?"

The surest way out of all this confusion and tangle, this turmoil and misery, is to let liquor alone. If the aristocracy of our country had joined with equal cordiality the great body of the yeoman of our country in the grand sweep of the temperance reformation from 1830 to 1860, the liquor business would have gone from the land, and this

nation might have been a paradise of education, of piety, and of peace; but, alas, to-day we are under the domination of Romanism and rum, especially in our cities! Let the old-fashioned tipplers take all the credit.

On the whole, alcohol is a foreigner to the human body, the human mind, human society, and true religion. The implacable enemy of all, it has usurped the scepter and come to the throne through such seas of blood and tears as no other tyranny has ever compelled. It has given us a heritage of disease, pauperism, crime, and misery such as no other cause has ever inflicted on the people. It may be it has its virtues; so had Nero, but he took his life, and millions wish this villain would do the same thing. So had Alexander, and millions wish that this debauch would, like his, end the history of this conqueror. So had Napoleon, but the wronged nations of Europe sent him to a rocky island to die alone, as a thousand devout wishes would send the liquor trade. So had Jeff Davis, but the woes and crimes that lie upon his soul are trivial to those that lie against this infamous traitor to man, to woman, to childhood, and to God.

O, kind reader, will you look at the awful declaration of Jehovah on the portal of the eternal gates, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God," and tell us if this business can have your consent to stay here? This liquor business will never destroy itself. If it goes, you must banish it. To rid ourselves of it, we have shown you *the way out*. Banishment is its due, its destiny. Ye men of Israel, help!

CHAPTER XL.

Holiness.

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii, 14.

I COME to set before you to-day the doctrine of Christian perfection, as I find it taught in the Scriptures and the great body of Methodist theology. I do not care to discuss it merely as a theory, or to take part in the debate which some people are apt to start as soon as this phase of Christian life is mentioned. I fear we have more critics than converts to this doctrine. We want to talk more thoroughly for the edification and strengthening and comfort of believers, and if half of the breath that has been wasted in trying to reduce it to certain definitions and to measure it by their formulas had been spent in reading the Scriptures, Wesley, Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, and some of our American teachers, and in prayer for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, the examples would have been multiplied and the fruits of the Spirit increased.

This is a Bible experience set forth as a practical duty and a possible experience to all believers. How can we contradict it, when God commands us to be holy. "Be ye holy, for I your God am holy." "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." "I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect." "Thou shalt love the

Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, and with all thy strength." These commandments cannot be obeyed except by those whose hearts are cleansed from sin and are quickened by the power of the Holy Ghost. Can anyone say that God is a hard master, that he commands impossible obedience, and that the requirements of the Bible are too broad and austere for us to keep them?

Again, holiness of heart is promised to everybody who seeks it with proper disposition and earnestness. "A new heart also will I give you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh." "I will sprinkle clean water upon you: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." Either the holy experiences promised in these and similar scriptures are real, or these are false promises intended to awaken the expectations which will never be gratified.

Again, this holy state is prayed for in many petitions; David prayed for it, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." "Cleanse

me thoroughly from my sins." "That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." "Now the God of peace sanctify you wholly." "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." "The God of all grace . . . make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." "Now may the God of peace, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will." Now either these prayers of holy men can be answered in the sanctification of believers, or these inspired authors have awakened unreal expectations and false principles.

Again, holiness is made a condition for our entrance into the kingdom: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Blessed and holy are they that partake of the first resurrection." "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart." "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Again, this holy state is declared in the possession of some: "Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he has given us of his Spirit." "Herein is our love made perfect." "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us." "And such were some of ye: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus." Of Job, one of the oldest men in history, it is said, "That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God,

and eschewed evil." "And Enoch walked with God." "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." "Nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days." Paul says, "God is witness, and yourselves also, how holily and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." From all these scriptures we gather that holiness is the highest quality of a Christian character, and that which makes us resemble our Saviour more than any other quality. The most beautiful person is the one cleanest with the spiritual nature and whose affections are most perfectly affianced to the Lord Jesus Christ. God is well pleased with the pure in heart, for he sees his own picture drawn there. Holiness is the angels' glory; they are bright with the reflections of God's nature. They are pure vestal spirits, whose wills never waver from their loyalty, whose hands are never smirched with anything impure, and whose garments shine with the brightness of his light. Those Christian believers who have been washed from all their filthiness are pure in heart, and, like the angels, have glory shining in them and through them. The dove delights in the purest air; so the Holy Ghost, who descended in the likeness of a dove, delights in the purest soul. The Christian who walks with his Saviour has no license to sin, no such miserable liberty as to walk in the dirty streams of lust and vanity, but is commanded to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, "perfecting holi-

ness in the fear of God." Of all the hearts that God loves, the pure heart is the one he loves best. Of all minds which he raises to the heavenly state, the mind which is in Christ Jesus gives us the richest fellowship. In the language of John Wesley, let me ask, "Why are you so averse to having in you the whole mind which was in Christ Jesus—all the affiliations and tempers which were in him while he dwelt among men? Would it be any worse for you were God to work his grace in you this very hour? If not, why should you hinder others from seeking this blessing, or be displeased at those who think they have attained it? Is anything more lovely while you are averse to having the whole fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, fidelity, goodness, temperance? Why should you be afraid of having all these planted in your inmost soul? Surely there is nothing more desirable than that all these tempers should take deep root in your heart; nay, in all that name the name of Christ. Why should you be averse to universal holiness? Is perfection the being sanctified throughout in spirit, soul, and body? And suppose you are possessed of this glorious liberty, would you not wish to continue therein, to be preserved blameless until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? Many persons have enjoyed this blessing without interruption until the day of their departure; have declared it with their latest breath, calmly witnessing that God had saved them from all sin till their spirits returned to God."

A pure heart is a tabernacle of the Father, it is a worthy bride of Christ, and a friend of the Holy

Ghost. The sanctified soul is a delight in all the eyes of the saints. For this holiness all minds in their normal condition will hunger as babes for their milk. Into it will soar all pure aspirations as the birds rise and sail and soar in the blue ether above. They will delight themselves in it, as the fishes swim and sport in their native element. But this is not man's native state; all men are sinners benumbed by sin, enslaved by sin, blinded and confused by sin, deceived and bruised by sin; nor can he save himself, nor change his nature, nor wash his heart clean. "By grace are ye saved, through the exercise of faith in the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." All men have upon their souls the stamp and cramp of sin, and need to be freed therefrom by putting off the old man with his deeds, and putting on the new man which is created in righteousness and true holiness. Holiness is somewhat with the Christian like the heart to the human body, and yet that is but an organ of a higher power. The heart cannot give life, the vitality which makes the soul live comes from supernatural grace. "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sin, that ye might live in newness of life." The true Christian can no more live without him than the body can live without the heart.

"The doctrine of Christian perfection was intended to be the source of infinite blessing to man. The teaching that men grow up into this state by study and culture is false. It is as distinct a grace and blessing as conversion. This religion was not designed to serve on extraordinary occasions, but

that divine power which should keep us evermore in the lines of duty in perfect peace, because our minds are stayed on God. This it is to sanctify the Lord God in our hearts, that whatsoever ye do ye do all to the glory of God. This enables the Christian to believe all things, to hope all things, to endure all things, to overcome the world, and to keep our hearts with all diligence, out of which are the issues of life.

> "With thee conversing, we forget
> All time, and toil, and care;
> Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
> If thou, my God, art here."

About three months after my conversion I resolved to pray wherever I was caught at night. At the home of a dancing, fiddling, railing skeptic I found myself shut in for the night. Timid and bashful, I began to tremble and say, "Can I pray here? He has been ridiculing Christians and their Master all the evening." The crisis came when my host took the candle and started up the ladder to show me to bed. Trembling like an aspen, I cried out, "May I pray with you?" he came down, handed me a Bible, and said, "Yes, pray." I was so impressed I could not read, but fell upon my knees and began to pray. God liberated and blessed my soul. When I closed, the fiddler and his wife were on their knees weeping and begging for mercy. When I retired my heart was filled with the light and love of my Saviour's presence. I could scarce tell whether I was in the body or out of the body. Then I felt that I was all the Lord's, swallowed up in the infinite love of God. I did not know what to call it, but I had a clean heart,

and as soon as I learned all its meaning and all its joyful blessing I knew I had experienced entire sanctification.

From that day I have preached it, exhorted others to share it, made it a special topic for class, and almost always at communion. As we do not teach the higher branches to children in primary schools, so have I refrained from pressing this matter in promiscuous assemblies, but I have always persuaded my brethren to leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection. I have seen hosts of my brethren interested, lifted to a higher plane, and endowed with richer gifts. For thirty years I have attended from four to seven camp meetings annually, and have usually led the altar service. Here many have attained the special blessing while waiting for the power of God, and have been filled with the Holy Ghost. Sinners and saints have mingled together, sometimes a hundred at once, and the baptism of the light and life have fallen upon them.

O, if our ministers would tarry at Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high, so intensely and completely that they should forget all the little and narrow schemes of life, and launch out on his word, what a revival would come down among us, what a divine energy to win sinners to the house of God and wing the word to their hearts! How long will it be before we hear the holy company shouting the high praises of God in the tents of Jacob, and sinners falling down in agony to cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" "Come up, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

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